THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fou[illegible] A.D! [illegible] Franklin

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Always consult an architect!

Just as you have respect for your hard acquired knowledge of your own trade or business you should respect the experience and opinions of architects.

A great mass of buildings now in existence would be far better places to live in or to work in, as well as to look at, if so many men did not feel that because they have been successful in their own business they could instruct and direct an architect in his. Men who would not attempt to tell a cobbler how to make their shoes, or try to teach a tailor how to cut a coat, will as a rule try to instruct the architect.

When a mistake is made in some detail of the planning or execution of the building, no matter whether the architect is innocent of it or not, he knows he will be blamed. The architect may have advised against it—begged and striven to prevent it—it may be clearly understood by the owner that in those details the architect is relieved of the responsibility—but the passer-by or the visitor, who knows nothing of the circumstances, may blame the architect.

There is one feature of a building which, more than any other, all architects unitedly and tenaciously now strive to have adopted. Every architect knows that no matter how clever or unwise the final plan, no matter how harmonious or how lacking in taste are the completed structure, trim and decorations, when the zero days come there will be trouble in that building if it lacks in cozy, genial heating.

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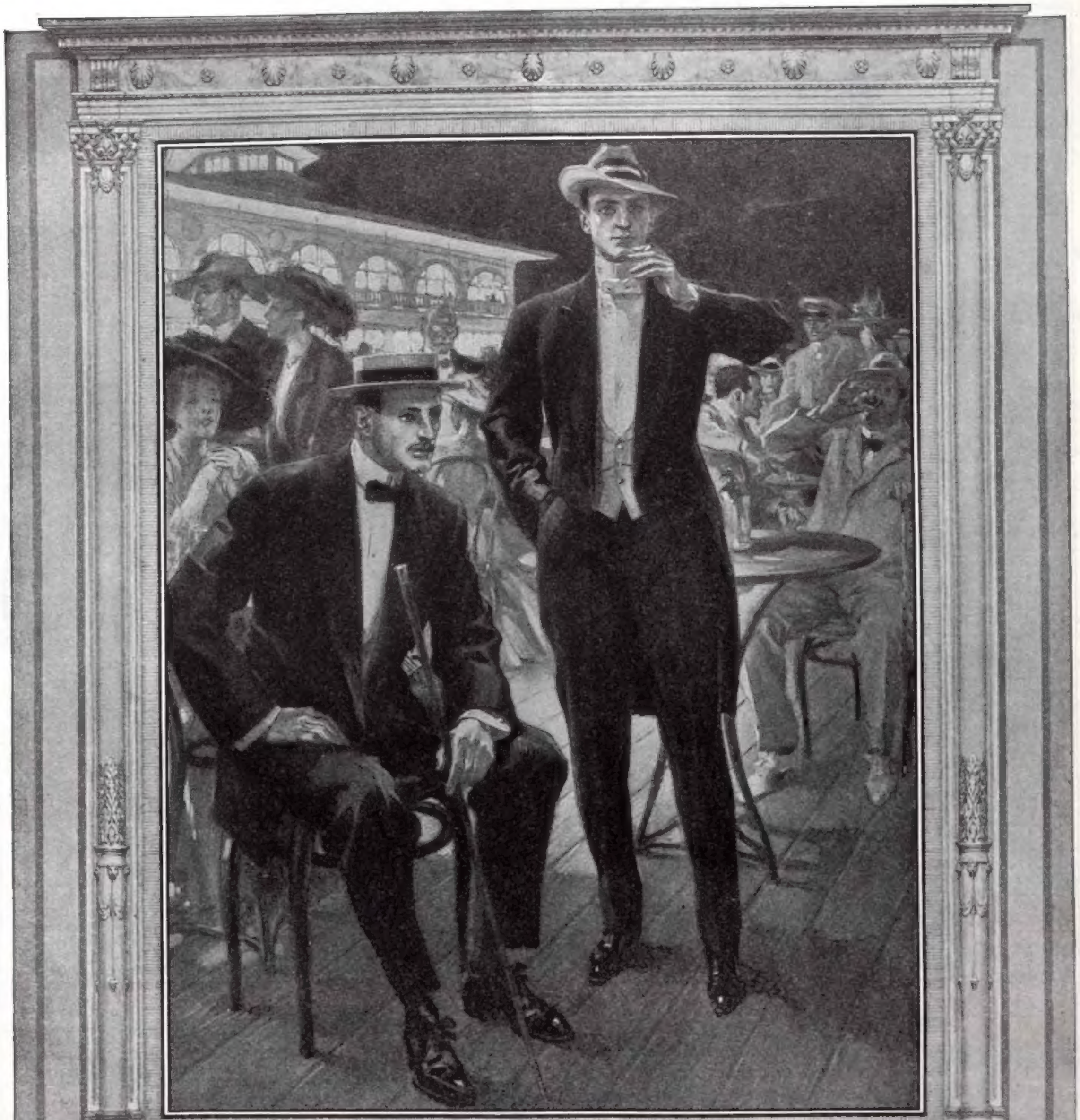

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Billy Fortune and the Able-Minded Lady

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

I'M WISE about women. That's what makes me so foolish about 'em, I expect. And let me tell you, I haven't learned my wiseness out of the dictionary either. I've got it by experience. That's the way I've got the foolishness too. Experience is a terrible valuable thing to a man, ain't it? Teaches him both ways at once so as to keep him from bein' too much one way or the other. Don't you hate them kind of people?

What I started out to tell you was this: There's millions and whillions and skillions of different kinds of women, and they're all just exactly alike. That ain't reasonable, is it? True things never are. The way it is in the picture-books, there's lean ones and fat ones, and good ones and bad ones, and dark ones and light ones, and a great big bunch of other ones, and no two of 'em the same. It ain't so though. That's only for variety and to keep a man guessing, like a pack of cards. Who'd want to play with a deck that was all two-spots? But if you'll set and study about it a minute you'll know that from deuce up to ace they ain't nothing but little pieces of pasteboard with things printed on the front to deceive you. Ain't that right? Well, then, you take any kind of a woman, it don't matter what sort she is, and let her get backed up in a corner so hard that she forgets what she's supposed to be standin' for, and you'll get a look out of her eyes that ain't good nor bad, nor fat nor lean, nor nothin' else but just woman. I've saw it aplenty.

"Young Man," She Says, "How Much a Month are You Getting for Doing That?"

There was Miss Daphne Meadows and the Able-Minded Lady. Nobody in all this whole world wouldn't have thought that them two was ever going to show not even one little thin streak of likeness, not if you waited on 'em all their lives. But they done it, with me helping. You'll see.

The Able-Minded Lady she was one of these tit-tat-to widows, three in a row. When I met up with her first she was Mrs. Pat McGee, deceased; and the time before that she was Mrs. Ed Calloway, deceased; and the time before that she was Mrs. Kid Harbison, deceased. Mebbe there was times before that, but that was before she hit Wyoming, and so nobody knew it on her. Anyway, she'd had three for sure; and it had seemed to agree with her fine, because she was horrible robust and thrifty in her looks.

When she married Harbison he owned the Cross-Bar ranch on Straw Hat Creek, with the long stretch of bottom land and the first water right and the big herd of white-faces. They told me she seemed right sorry when he died. That was before she'd got used to havin' 'em die. She fixed him up a nice grave down on the creek bottom where things would grow, with a square row of wild currant bushes around him and an apple tree and some grass, and took real good care of it—till she married Calloway. Calloway's was the next ranch down the creek.

It was plumb handy for both of 'em, on account of her controllin' the water and him controllin' the open range back. They started to get along first-rate after they threw in together.

After a while Calloway set out to plant all the creek bottom in alfalfa, and he begun fussin' about Harbison's grave being in the way of the mower; so they rooted him out and put him in a new place up on top of the hill back of the barns, where the land wasn't so valuable. That was all right. Harbison didn't complain any. Only pretty soon Calloway was up there beside him; and then she took McGee.

She used awful good judgment. She certainly had the marrying business down to a system by then, because McGee had twice as much land as both of the others, joining on to theirs, and cows till you couldn't count 'em. He was a better husband than the other ones too. I mean he lasted longer. But by-and-by there he was, all snug and comfortable, and her a three-times winner. She'd gone through with her whole string of husbands inside of six years and had forty thousand acres of land to remember 'em by, all fenced and stocked, and barrels of money in the bank, and—oh, well, she sure had showed pretty good management!

I'd been hearin' about her, of course; but I hadn't ever saw her till one time up at Douglas. I'd had my summer's pay in my pocket when I struck town a couple days before, but it had gone from me. I wasn't sad about it any; I hadn't had it long enough to get real attached to it. I knew where I could go and rustle some more if another game was to start. So I was just settin' in the sun on the edge of the sidewalk, cuttin' notches in the end of the board with my jack-knife, till Steve Brainard come up and set down beside of me.

"Why, hello, you Billy Fortune!" he says to me. "Say, they tell me you've quit the Box-X outfit. What was it?"

"Nothin'," I says. "Nothin' but that lonesome feelin' for a change. I'd been there just about so long."

"You'll be huntin' another job, then," he says; and then this: "Billy, the Widow McGee's in town."

"Is she?" says I. "Well, ain't that her privilege?"

"But she's huntin' a man," says Steve. "You'd better duck."

"Duck?" I says. "What would I want to duck for?"

"But think, Billy," he says. "You know her record. Three husbands."

"Well," says I, "what about it? My grandmother on my mother's side had four, and nineteen children."

"But she wears man's boots," says Steve, "and spurs. Wears 'em around the kitchen, even, when she's doin' her cookin'."

"I've knowed 'em that wore dinky gold eyeglasses," says I, "with a dinky gold chain behind their ears. That's worse."

"But she's got a bass voice," he says. "Think, Billy!"

Only I wouldn't think. "What's eatin' you?" says I. "Since when do you figure I've got to be scared of a woman?"

Steve got up quick. "Yonder she comes now!" he says. "I'm gone. I hate to lose you, Billy; but you can't say I ain't told you. So long!"

And there he went. And here she come. I could hear her comin' a block away, steppin' heavy and solid, with her spurs goin' jank-jank-jank on the boards. I set there and kept right on with my whittlin'. I had an uneasy feelin' that mebbe I'd ought to gone with Steve, but I wouldn't budge. I didn't even turn around to look, till pretty soon she come up behind me and stopped, and I could feel little hot and cold spots chasin' each other up and down my back where she was lookin' me over. And in a minute she spoke to me.

"Young man," she says, "how much a month are you getting for doing that?"

I didn't like the sound of her voice a speck. It was like poundin' with a hammer on somethin' hard. It wasn't the kind of a voice a healthy man would think about startin' a pleasant conversation with. I had a stubborn notion at first not to answer her at all; but then I had a funny, creepy notion that mebbe I better. "For doin' this?" says I. "Why, I don't reckon I'll know till pay-day. I ain't made no contract."

It Seemed as if She Kind of Had Me at a Disadvantage Somehow

She give a short, brittle kind of a laugh. "Oh," she says, "you're a humorist, are you? Well, I'm needing a man pretty bad and I reckon I could stand a little of it. I pay twenty-five dollars a month. You look stout. You can go out with me in the wagon right now."

I didn't turn around, but I took a peek at her under the brim of my hat. I didn't love the looks of her much. She had the boots on, all right—thick man's boots—and a yellow corduroy outfit that made her shoulders wide and square as a man's, and a man's hat, and a man's face, with steady blue eyes, a big, sunburnt nose, and a big, square, sunburnt chin. A woman's got no business lookin' like that.

She waited a minute for me to say something. She had a braided quirt in her hand and she kept poppin' the snapper on the sidewalk, makin' little spurts of dust, while she was waitin'. The whip just seemed to match up with the rest of her. I didn't want to go along with her and I knew I didn't; but I couldn't seem able to tell her so somehow. I just set there and kept still till she give another cross flick with her quirt.

"Come, come, young man," she says; "you're keeping me, and my time's valuable. Get up and come along quick."

Yes, sir, that's what she said to me—just them very words. You wouldn't believe it, but there she was, marchin' off down the sidewalk, with me drillin' along behind her. I couldn't explain it to myself; I ain't got it explained yet; but she sure had took all the proud snort out of me and without seemin' to try much either. It comes natural to some people.

Her wagon was hitched down the road a ways, loaded up with boxes of canned stuff, and a sack of sugar, and coffee, and a big mess of truck. It looked like she was a pretty good liver at the ranch anyway. But I didn't pay much attention to that right then, because up on the hind seat of the wagon was something else.

It was a girl. I got just a back look at her at first, but it made me get cheerful again right away. I could see she didn't belong in Wyoming. She was different. A man can tell. There was nothing in sight except the back of her neck; but it wasn't sunburnt, so I knew she was a stranger—East somewhere, most likely. She set up there straight and slim and pretty, with the sun shining on her gold hair and the wind fooling with a soft little curl around her pink ear. It gave me the contented spirit like it always does to get my eyes on a pretty woman. Pretty? Of course she was pretty. I could have told that with both eyes tied behind me, without waitin' to work around for a fair look at her. But I worked around just the same, sort of casual. I was plumb satisfied. Youngness and looks and the things a man takes to in a girl—she had 'em all.

But that look showed me something else too. That girl she had somethin' on her mind. It wasn't young happiness neither. She was keepin' company with Old Man Trouble and he wasn't actin' white with her. I could see it. She was settin' straight in her place, with her little hands held tight in front of her and her pretty eyes starin' ahead and not noticin' anything. When I come up beside the wagon she give me a slow sort of a look; but it was just as if I hadn't been there at all. She didn't give a sign that she saw me; and then her eyes traveled away again to the rim of the hills and hung there, starin' and starin'. I judged it wasn't a brand-new trouble, neither, because it had had time to make her horrible thin and to blot every mite of color out of her young cheeks.

Well, I reckon you can tell what it made me think of, seein' her that way. Cheering her up, of course. I've done some pretty good jobs at that in my time, with different ones, different places. The widow was unhitchin' the team from the post. I set my foot on the wheel-hub and started to climb up to the back seat beside Little One, but the Able-Minded Lady was too speedy for me.

"Here, here!" she sings out to me; "none of that. You get up in front and drive these ponies." And so I crawled up in front just exactly the way she told me, like one of these poor, scared little monkeys on the end of a string. And that was Billy Fortune!

That drive wasn't much for sport. Thirty miles it was, in and out through the hills. The first ten was dead silence till we come to a fork in the trail. "Left," says the Able-Minded Lady. Then ten miles' more silence. "Cold, Daphne?" asks the Able-Minded Lady. "No," says the girl. And that was all. Nice, rollicky sort of a time, wasn't it? I'm awful fond of them sociable afternoons too. Yes, I was enjoyin' myself fine—my teeth tight shut on my tongue for six blessed hours, and afraid to turn my head for fear of gettin' it bit off—me!

It was clear dark when I climb down and opened the last wire gate at the foot of the lane going up to the house. Joy was unconfined all over the place. The house was just a big lump of blackness in amongst the box-elders—not a speck of a light anywheres. A couple of lean staghounds come yelpin' up, bouncin' around and actin' the dunce like they do; and a cow poked her head over the fence beside the lane and commenced to tell us her troubles mournful. The rest was just stillness and lonesomeness. It seemed as if it waked the widow up with a jolt.

"Whisky!" says she. "I'll bet a dollar those boys have got a bottle down in the bunkhouse. Not a bit of fire started for supper. And that cow ain't been milked yet. Young man, you run down there and rout 'em out. Tell 'em I said they're to get action too."

So I stumbled down the path till I found the bunkhouse. It was blacker than the house—just a blur. The door was open, but I couldn't hear a sound comin' out. "Hello!" says I; but nobody answered me. I struck a match and looked in. Nobody was there. They'd been there, but they'd gone. All over the bunks and the floor was a litter of truck like men leave when they move—old boots, and some newspapers, and a couple of broken pipes, and dirty cards, and empty gun-shells and suchlike. And hangin' down by a piece of string, right in the middle of the room where a body couldn't miss it, was a letter. I had to light all the rest of my matches before I got it read. It had been wrote with a piece of a pencil on a piece of pasteboard, and this is what she said:

Well, goodby Mrs. McGee because we are quitting on account that we have had a plenty. There is some things you do not know yet about a man though you have had so many, and the first is that you cannot ride a man with spurs when you have got him hobbled too like you have had this outfit, and the rest it is no use to tell you, but we are going away all of us. There is some money coming to us, not much, and you can keep it and use it for buying a gravestone for your fourth with our compliments. And so no more at present.

And there was quite a bunch of names signed to it. There I was all alone in the dark, thirty miles from Douglas and with the widow waitin' for me up yonder at the house. I stood there and tried to think; but the inside of my head felt just exactly like a mess of bubbles. I couldn't make out what I was going to do, till pretty soon one of the dogs commenced to yap and I saw the Able-Minded Lady comin' down the path with a lantern. That made me think of Steve and what he'd told me.

"Gee whiz, Billy!" says I to myself. "Duck! You'd ought to done it sooner, but do it now quick!" And with that I made a swift dive out of the door toward the fence. I didn't have any notion which way I was going; but good old Wyoming was out there, where I'd feel safe.

Let me tell you there's just two things in this world I hate real hearty. One of 'em is a cigarette when I haven't got a match and the other one is a barbed-wire fence when I'm in a rush. This fence had been put up good, with five strings; and when I got down and started to crawl through it caught hold of my shirt in forty places and wouldn't let go. Half way through, down on my hands and knees in the dark, I was tryin' to reach up between my shoulder-blades with one hand to tear it loose when the dog come up behind me and took me by the scruff of my pants, bracin' himself backward and actin' like he'd got hold of a brand-new plaything. And right behind him come the widow with her lantern.

She got me out of it; and then, with me settin' flat on the ground, she swung her light up close to my face. "Oh, it's you, is it?" she says. "What were you doing in that wire? Where are the boys?"

It seemed as if she kind of had me at a disadvantage somehow. I couldn't make up anything to say to her. I'd sort of lost my ambition. All I could do was just set there and grin at her.

"Well?" says she. "Well?"

Well, I wanted to get her to take her mind off of me. "Say," says I, "the boys have lit out."

"Gone?" says she. "Where?"

"You can search me," says I. "Come here and I'll show you the letter they've wrote you." And I got up and took her in the bunkhouse. She held up her lantern and read it through, slow and careful, with me standin' over close to the door, all ready to jump and run for it. I reckoned she'd be a

"Billy," She Says, All of a Sudden, "Tell Me This: Do You Know What Love Is?"

whole lot hard to suit when she'd got it finished. But she just give another one of them laughs of hers that sounded like breakin' through thin ice into cold water. Then she swung around to me, with the light held up in my face again so she could study me.

"So," she says, "you were fixin' to quit me too?"

"Yes'm," says I. It didn't seem like much of a remark for a real bright man to make to her; but it was the only thing I could think of.

"Ah!" says she; "what's your name?" And when I'd told her: "Well, Billy," says she, "you think you've got me all figured out, don't you?"

"Yes'm," I says, and I changed off to the other foot.

"Well, now, you listen here," she says. "Mebbe you're right and mebbe you ain't. But I'll give you the main point straight. I've had hundreds of men on the ranch since I got it and I don't think much of any of you. You're mostly a worthless lot. And I don't let any man nor any gang of men put it over me. Any man that stays on the place and takes my money has got to do what I tell him and do it right now. You can just make up your mind to that. But I'm square with 'em. I never say I'll do anything that I don't. I'll pay all a man shows he's worth to me. Now you can go or you can stay, whichever you want to. You know I need you to stay. You see the fix I'm in. I'll get some more men as soon as I can find 'em; but I need you right off. It ain't just the work. I could get along without that. But I'm going to need a man handy because I'm going to have some trouble."

"Trouble?" says I. "You mean that girl?"

"Tut-tut!" says she. She kept her eyes on me for a minute steady, sizing me up. "Well, yes," she says, "it's about that girl. I can't tend to it alone. If you'll stay long enough to let me make arrangements I'll pay you ten dollars a month more. Will you?"

"Yes'm," says I. Seemed as if it had got to be a kind of a bad habit with me, this sayin' "Yes'm."

"All right then," says the Able-Minded Lady, and she give me her lantern. "You'll start in now. Put the team up first, and feed 'em and see they're bedded good. Then there's those weaning calves bawling. They're in the corral beyond the stable. Throw 'em plenty of alfalfa off the nearest stack. And then you'll have to milk. After that you can come and get your supper."

You can judge it was some late when I got through and went up to the house. The others had had their supper, but mine was left on the kitchen table, with the lamp turned down low to save the oil, and the coffee-pot settin' down inside the stove on a little pile of coals to save the fire. The girl and the Able-Minded Lady wasn't around, but I could hear 'em upstairs, with the widow's boots goin' round and round on the floor and her bass voice goin' on and on. I hurried up as fast as I could to get through before she might come down; and then I stacked up my dishes and went off to bed.

She rousted me out long before daylight and started me going; and after that she kept me going just a steady trot, trot, trot. I'd sort of figured that if she needed me so bad she'd act like she wanted to get along with me peaceable, but not her. She pitched right straight into me, and long before noon she had me licked. I was licked good too; and after she had me licked she kept me on the dead run, all out of breath and plumb discouraged, with her right after me all over the place, hollerin' at me to go faster. I never seen such a person. A hundred and forty things I done for her that first morning, just the way she told me, and not one of 'em was the way she wanted it.

When she went back up to the house to start dinner I set down on the far side of the big alfalfa stack and commenced to roll me a cigarette. "Now," says I to myself, "I'm goin' to set right here in this very place till I get this all smoked up, and she can holler the top of her voice off and I won't stir a mite."

"Billy!" she sings out from the back porch. "Oh-h, Billy!" And I jumped like a scared jack-rabbit and started up the path on a lope.

"Why don't you come quick when I call you?" she says. "Now go back down to the woodpile and cut me some dry wood for the kitchen stove. Chop some of them pitch knots and split 'em up fine. And hurry up."

She trailed me down and started to pick up her apron full of chips, keepin' her eye on me while I took hold of the ax and spit on my hands.

"Bah!" she snaps at me; "that's a nasty trick. What do you want to spit on your hands for?"

That question changed things. If she'd left that out most likely I'd never have got my courage back on me and I'd be there yet with her, turned into one of these meek men, goin' around lookin' down at the ground and with my shoulders all humped over and my mouth droopin' sorrowful, like one of them pain-killer pictures in the paper. But that question saved me. It struck out a big flock of hot sparks in me. I dropped my ax and stuck my hands in my pockets.

"Who? Me?" says I. "What do I spit on my hands for? Say, if you'll listen I'll tell you. Are you listenin' good? Well, it's so as to get 'em wet."

It surprised her some. She straightened up and let her chips fall out on the ground. For the first time in her whole life her mouth was hangin' open, so that she couldn't do nothing with it but just stutter.

"Why—why—why ——" she says.

"Yes, that's it," says I. "You don't like it; but I've got some more to say besides. Them boys was dead right. A man that's a man won't stand long for your sort of a woman. They'll run off if they get a chance; and if they can't run off they'll die on you." That wasn't kind, was it? But I wasn't feelin' kind. She never said a word; she just stood and gaped at me. "And there's more," says I. "It's none of my business; but the sooner you learn some things the quicker you'll know 'em. You think you know 'em all now, but you don't. A woman like you always thinks the way to manage a man is by fussin' at him—fussin' and fussin' and fussin'. But that ain't because you're wise; it's because you're just one of these natural-born fussers. Say, honest, did you ever know anything worth doin' to get done by fussin'? You know you never did. Your kind reckons the way the Almighty keeps creation goin' is just by chasin' around and fussin' at it. That's the only way you know. You're diseased with it. Every man you've ever had around has been fussed clear off the place; and the trouble with you is you don't know enough to know it. The trouble with you is ——"

The trouble with me is that my mad spells don't ever last long enough to let me finish what I start. This one was clear petered out on me already. My skyrocket had gone up and busted, and now there was nothin' but the burned stick comin' down. "Well," says I, "I expect I get paid off now, don't I?"

She hadn't so much as flickered an eye-winker all the time I was speakin' my piece; all she'd done was to stand stock-still and stare. But what do you think she done now? Laughed! Set down on the end of the choppin'-log and tipped her head back and opened up her mouth and laughed. It was none of her bad-tempered, whip-cracker laughs, but a great big real one, comin' right out of the heart of her as if she was tickled to death and couldn't help it. She laughed until she bent over with her face on her knees, and then rocked backward and forward and laughed till the big tears were runnin' down on both sides of her big nose. When she couldn't laugh any more she begun to wipe the tears away on the edge of her apron.

"Oh, you Billy!" she says, all out of breath with the fun she was havin'; and then she shot this at me: "Man, man! I think I'm going to like you first-rate!"

It sent a cold chill all over me. "Whee! Murder!" says I to myself. "It ain't hardly goin' to be worth while," I says to her, "because I've got my fingers crossed."

She was lookin' at me with her eyes shinin' and the red showin' through the brown sunburn of her cheeks. She wasn't my boss right then; she was human. She didn't pay any attention to what I'd said to her, but commenced to pick up chips again, settin' where she was and droppin' 'em in her lap and chucklin' to herself. When she had enough she got up and looked at me again, a sort of a lazy, comfortable look, with the laugh curlin' up the edges of her mouth.

"You don't need to kill yourself with your woodchoppin'," she says. "Cut me just a little armful and then come on up to dinner. I'm goin' to fry a chicken."

The table was big enough for a dozen. I felt terrible lonesome, bein' the only one. It was an awful good dinner, but I didn't rightly get the good of it, watchin' her and tryin' to make out what was comin' next. She didn't set down with me at first, but kept goin' back to the kitchen, bringin' me more chicken and more hot coffee, and openin' up a can of peaches and askin' me if I'd had plenty. I was right uneasy. I kept hopin' for the girl for company; but she didn't show up. Pretty soon the widow started to fix up a platter with a white napkin, and the wishbone, and a piece of toast, and a cup of tea, and went off with it upstairs. When she come back she brought me in a big chunk of pie and then fetched her own dinner from the stove and set down.

"Have another piece?" she asks me. "Well, then, you don't need to go out to smoke. Smoke in here."

So I tipped my chair back against the wall and rolled me a cigarette. A man's a funny thing. With my dinner in me and my cigarette lit I forgot all about the kind of a morning she'd give me and the row we'd had, and I felt as if I wanted to say somethin' cheerful and friendly to her; but my language had all gone away from me.

"Ain't the young lady feelin' able?" I says, by-and-by.

The widow took a drink of coffee. "Tired out; that's all," says she. "She'll be all right soon as she's rested." She tended to her dinner then till my smoke was half gone, with neither of us sayin' a word. After a while she pushed back her plate and set her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, lookin' across at me the way she'd done down at the woodpile, slow and lazy.

"Billy," she says, all of a sudden, "tell me this: Do you know what love is?"

It brought the shivers back on me. There's plenty of men would have been plumb pleased to have her come

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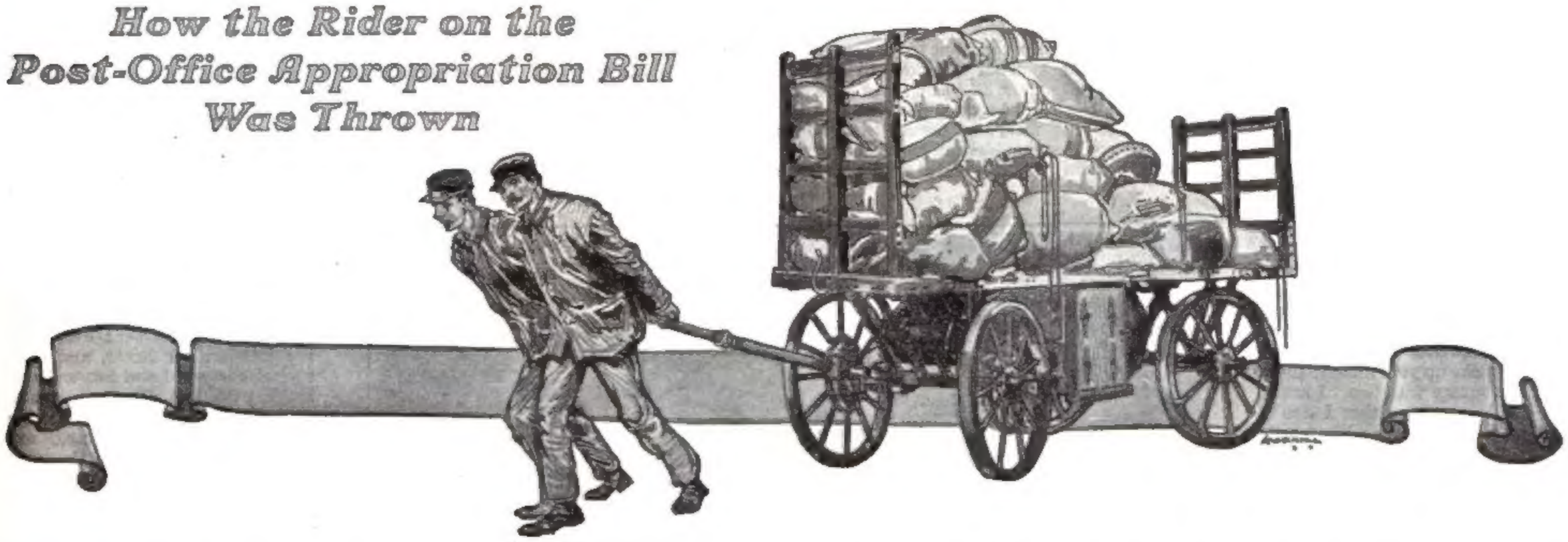
"There's a Dear Boy!" She Says to Me. "You Will, Won't You?" "Yes'm," Says I

A CLOSE FINISH

By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

How the Rider on the Post-Office Appropriation Bill Was Thrown



THE Sixty-first Congress expired by constitutional limitation at noon on March fourth last. On Friday afternoon, March third, the Post-Office Appropriation Bill was up for consideration in the Senate. It was being read for committee amendments. At half past four page 21 of the bill was reached, and with it the amendment proposed by the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads to increase the rate of second-class postage in certain specified cases and in certain contingencies. Second-class postage is the postage paid by newspapers, magazines and periodicals.

There had been several speeches. Senator Carter spoke for the amendment, and Senators Bristow, Cummins and Owen against it. Senator Jones, of Washington, had a few observations in favor of the amendment also. At five o'clock Senator Boies Penrose, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads and in charge of the bill, rose in his place, withdrew the amendment increasing second-class postage, and submitted in its stead an amendment providing for a commission to investigate the question of fact concerning the cost to the Post-Office Department for transportation of second-class mail matter. This amendment was unanimously adopted and the Senate proceeded to the consideration of other sections of the bill.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock sat immediately behind Senator Penrose when this happened. He had been on the floor of the Senate most of that afternoon, and a great portion of the time for several days previous when the discussion of the Post-Office bill seemed imminent. When Senator Penrose withdrew the amendment the Postmaster-General's strenuously urged plan to use the taxing power of the Government to make himself a censor, with almost unlimited power to declare what magazine and what periodical should be taxed and what magazine and what periodical should not be taxed; to give himself the sole determining power to decide what is a newspaper and what is a periodical—his long conceived plan, perfected quietly, put into preliminary execution without warning to those concerned, to be jammed through if possible, failed and failed utterly.

Mr. Hitchcock's Fight Against Investigation

THE Postmaster-General had enlisted the President. He had put it up to the Republicans on the Senate Post-Office Committee as an Administration measure to be supported by Administration men. He got the President to use the same argument. He contrived an amendment, after much labor, so drawn as to give him the greatest powers of discretion in the application of the increase in second-class postage. He had the regulation of the magazine and periodical press of this country in his own hands, he thought; and he was preparing to regulate it according to his ideas—when he met with a sudden check. It was a good scheme, a farreaching scheme, but it didn't go through. The Postmaster-General, being a small-bore politician, took a small-bore view of the situation. He underestimated the force of public opinion.

It is my purpose to tell here the full story of Mr. Hitchcock's attempt to put through this legislation. Before starting, however, there is this to be said: There never has been a minute, since this contention began, considerably more than a year ago, when the publishers of the country have not been willing to submit the disputed question of fact to a proper tribunal, to determine exactly what it should cost the Government to transport second-class mail. There never has been a minute when the publishers of the country have not been willing to pay exactly what, under a businesslike administration of the department, it should cost to transport their publications. They do not desire any subsidy from the Government, and never have. The publishers have held that the statement of Hitchcock that it costs nine cents a pound to carry second-class matter is absurd; and they have further held that if the Post-Office Department were run on proper business principles, instead of being run as a political machine, there would be no deficit.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Hitchcock fought the idea of a commission to the last gasp. He spent day after day at the Capitol, for three weeks before the session closed, in the corridors, in committee rooms, on the floor of the Senate, working for his plan to increase second-class postage, granting concessions here, putting out explanations there, assuring certain publishers they would not be taxed, writing letters to Senators and Representatives showing how their districts or states would not be affected, utilizing every resource of his department, of his political connections as former chairman of the Republican National Committee, to get support. He had the votes in the Senate, too, if he could have brought the matter to a vote. That was where he failed. A united opposition was organized, an opposition composed of men who think and act for themselves and who were prepared to fight until noon on March fourth.

When Frank H. Hitchcock, after being chairman of the Republican National Committee in the campaign of 1908, was made Postmaster-General as a reward for his political services, he inherited, in his department, a deficit, an antiquated, cumbersome and unbusinesslike organization, and several sets of figures. Hitchcock is young and ambitious. He has been in the Government service, in various capacities, most of his life since leaving college. He was anxious to make a record. As Postmaster-General he was political paymaster for the Administration, to a great degree, as there are more postmasters than any one other kind of public officials, and postmasterships are perquisites of the faithful politicians in the Senate and House of Representatives. This kept Hitchcock in politics, in a way, for he knew what the obligations of the Administration were, having made most of them as national chairman, and he paid them off as circumstances permitted.

He thought, too, that if he could put the Post-Office Department on a self-sustaining basis—where it had not been for years, if ever—he would do a great stroke for himself; and he began work along those lines. There need be no discussion here of the methods by which he made apparent reductions in the expenses of the department. Whether by bookkeeping, or otherwise, he did make some apparent reductions, mostly by not spending appropriated moneys, by reductions in force, by elimination of substitute carriers and by other similar means.

When Charles Emory Smith was Postmaster-General he said—in a report or some similar document—that it costs the Government seven cents a pound to carry second-class mail, for which service the Government receives one cent. This statement was elaborated during succeeding Administrations and it grew with Hitchcock to over nine cents a pound. This opened the way to two things. First, he could increase the revenue of the department if he could increase the second-class rate; and second, he could get a whip hand over the magazine press.

He reported his assumed facts to the President in time for Mr. Taft's message to Congress, sent in in December, 1909. In that message Mr. Taft made the statement that it costs the Government nine cents a pound to transport second-class mail matter, the total cost being more than sixty million dollars a year, and asked that there should be an increase in second-class rates. Mr. Taft instanced this as a subsidy for the magazine and periodical press. Mr. Hitchcock's report as Postmaster-General contained substantially the same statements.

The House Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads, where the Post-Office Appropriation Bill originates, took cognizance of these statements by the President and by the Postmaster-General, and ordered a hearing on the matter, which was held early in the session. The various publishers of the country, representing not only the Periodical Publishers' Association but many other organizations of publishers of various classes of periodicals, sent representatives to Washington, and there were full hearings before the committee, extending through several days. The publishers stated their side of the case and the committee took the matter under advisement. The House Committee reported out the Post-Office bill with no recommendation of any kind in it for an increase in second-class postage; and no separate bill providing for the increase was prepared, introduced or reported.

Hunting Down the Nine-Cent Myth

SOME years previously the Congress authorized what was known as the Penrose-Overstreet Postal Commission, composed of members of the Post-Office committees of the Senate and House, of which Senator Penrose was then the Senate chairman and the late Jesse Overstreet the House chairman. This commission met in various places, had long hearings and made a report and prepared a bill. Before making its report or preparing its bill the commission employed, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars, or thereabouts, chartered accountants and business experts to make a thorough examination into the business methods of the Post-Office Department, its expenditures and its resources. The results of the work of these examiners was incorporated in the report to Congress by the Penrose-Overstreet commission. It is notable that this commission asked the late Postmaster-General, Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia, who was responsible for the statement that it cost seven cents a pound to transport second-class mail matter, where he got his figures, and he did not remember, nor would he testify concerning them.

At any rate, when the Penrose-Overstreet bill, providing for the reorganization of the Post-Office Department and the placing of that great institution on a business instead of a political basis, was introduced in the Senate and the House, it contained no recommendation for the increase in second-class postage, *because the commission had been unable to find any figures of cost of second-class transportation on which such an increase could justifiably be demanded*, even after expert examination of the books of the department by unprejudiced men.

After the hearings before the House Committee, and the subsequent failure of the House Committee to report

a bill or a provision in the regular Post-Office bill for an increase in second-class postage, notwithstanding the demand of President Taft and Postmaster-General Hitchcock, the Penrose-Overstreet bill for the reorganization of the department, still without a recommendation for increased second-class postage, was reintroduced by Representative Weeks, of Massachusetts, in the House, chairman of the House Post-Office Committee, and by Senator Carter, of Montana, in the Senate, a member of the Senate Post-Office Committee. The bill was reintroduced with the idea that if it could be passed it would remedy existing abuses in the department, provide for a business instead of a political administration, and place the department on a self-sustaining basis.

This was in March, 1910, after the House Committee had refused to take action on Mr. Hitchcock's recommendation. The Senate Committee took up the House bill, considered it, but did not incorporate a provision providing for increased second-class postage. The bill passed the Senate and became a law. No member of the Senate Committee, nor any other Senator, introduced a separate bill providing for the increase. Congress adjourned without action on this matter, but with the Carter-Weeks bill pending.

Last December, when the President sent his message to the last session of the Sixty-first Congress, he incorporated another recommendation for an increase in second-class postage, using about the same terms he had used in his message of the previous December. Postmaster-General Hitchcock also urged the increase in his report. The Postmaster-General had not been idle in the matter. He had had it on his mind. Moreover, his party had been overwhelmingly defeated at the polls in the previous November, and about the only Republicans who were notably successful were progressive Republicans, against whom the President had admitted, in the famous Norton-Iowa letter, he had been discriminating, and for whom Mr. Hitchcock had no sympathy. The policies and, in many cases, the individuals in the progressive movement had had large support from the magazines and periodicals; and before that, the reactionaries who had ultimately been defeated had been assailed because of their misdeeds.

The Line-up for the Bill

STILL Mr. Hitchcock was in no hurry. He planned his coup and waited for the opportune moment. To this end he made no proposition to the House Committee on Post-Offices concerning an increase in second-class rates. He never appeared before that committee to urge the increase he had recommended for two successive years. He put no proposition before the committee, furnished no figures beyond those in his report and the President's message, and apparently had no interest in the matter. The publishers, finding there was nothing before the House Committee, and that the House Committee reported and passed its bill with nothing in it concerning the increase in second-class postage, were justified in thinking the matter was not to be considered at that session of Congress, and, indeed, had information to that effect from high sources.

This was apparently part of the Hitchcock plan to get initial action before the Senate Post-Office Committee. He had good reason for that, as a glance at the Senate Post-Office Committee will show. If Hitchcock had picked that committee himself he could not have chosen from the entire Senate a group of stronger Administration men. The majority of that committee was made up of Senators splendidly complaisant for any Administration measure, for any proposition put forth by Hitchcock, he being the patronage broker. It was composed largely of Senators who had their careers behind them, for whom the future held nothing but such favors as the Administration might extend.

Look them over: The chairman was Boies Penrose, Senator from Pennsylvania and Republican boss of that state. The position of the Pennsylvania Senator in the matter was easily explainable. He is an organization man. The Administration organization, as personified by the President and the Postmaster-General, wanted this amendment, urged it, was insistent on it, and Penrose saw no reason why he should not do as the organization wished. The ranking Republican was Burrows, of Michigan, repudiated by his state, about to go out of public life, disgruntled, sore, blaming the magazines for his defeat, under fire for his position in the Lorimer matter. He joined with Hitchcock with loud cheers.

The Company of Lame Ducks

THEN came Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, another defeated Senator about to go out of public life, who wanted to be Governor of Porto Rico—although nobody knows why—always in line. Murray Crane followed. He is striving to be an influence in the Senate. He has no love for Hitchcock, but he is in with the Administration, and he went out on the firing line at the demand of the President and of Hitchcock. Senator Carter, of Montana, also defeated in his state, was in the same case with Crane. He did not think the legislation wise, but he was for it because he could not at the close of his career as Senator, when he has always been identified with the Administration, fight this proposition—or he thought he could not, which amounts to the same thing. Next to Carter was Charles Dick, of Ohio, defeated, and one of the lamest of the lame ducks in the outfit. Simon Guggenheim, of Colorado, was another, as inconsequential a person as ever wore a toga. On the Democratic side there was Taliaferro, of Florida, who went out on March fourth; Bankhead, of Alabama, a complaisant Democratic politician, and "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, who voted for the amendment and then had a change of heart, or said he did. Terrell, of Georgia, was not present, being sick.

This left one Republican, Bourne, of Oregon, and one Democrat, Owen, of Oklahoma, not controlled by President, by Postmaster-General or by other members of the committee. They fought and voted against the Hitchcock proposition, and they were the only two on the committee who did.

Early in the session Postmaster-General Hitchcock appeared on the Senate side and had a conversation with Senator Penrose, chairman of the Senate Post-Office Committee, and Senator Carter, of that committee, in which the subject of an increase in second-class postage was touched on. Hitchcock suggested tentatively that it might be a good plan to fix a rate of five cents a pound on advertising matter in magazines and periodicals and let the one-cent rate stand for the reading matter. This was a general conversation and nothing came of it.

Hitchcock was planning for his coup. He was working on the amendment he wanted to put into law. He kept away and, apparently, did and said nothing, nor did he send any report or any figures to the Senate Committee other than his report and the President's message. The House bill came to the Senate Committee in due time. The Senate Committee took it up and went to work preparing the Senate amendments. Still there was no sign from Hitchcock concerning second-class postage.

On the first and second of February Hitchcock disclosed his hand. He went to certain members of the Senate Committee and said he wanted to press the second-class matter. Moreover, he said the President was greatly in earnest and desired the increase to be made, and a White House conference was arranged. Senators Carter, Crane and one or two others were to go to see the President about the matter. It so happened that on the day the conference was to be held the tangle over the Ship Subsidy bill came up in the Senate, and the Senators who were to go to the White House were unable to leave the Senate chamber in time to get there.

The matter dragged along until the following Wednesday, although Senators Penrose, Carter and Crane had it definitely from Hitchcock that he was determined to put the amendment in the bill. On Wednesday, which was February eighth, word came to Senators Crane and Carter to come to the White House to have a talk with the President. In the meantime Hitchcock was sure of his committee. He had lined up Burrows and Scott and Dick and Guggenheim and Bankhead and Taliaferro, and Penrose, of course, was all right. Carter and Crane went to the White House. They found Postmaster-General Hitchcock there. The President told them they must put this amendment in the bill. He minced no words about it, but said *"must!"* Carter and Crane both argued against it on the grounds of policy, inexpediency, and all that, but both the President and Hitchcock insisted, and Carter and Crane agreed. Vice-President Sherman happened to be at the White House that morning and he was called into the conference.

Getting Around Rule Sixteen

THE form of the amendment was discussed. Ordinarily, under Rule Sixteen of the Senate, the amendment would go out on a point of order as general legislation attached to an appropriation bill. They decided they could overcome that objection, and that was Sherman's part, he being the presiding officer of the Senate. The Senators came back to the Senate, and a meeting of the Post-Office Committee was called for that afternoon, February eighth. Up to that time, when the committee went into session, there was not a proposition of any kind before the committee relative to this increase in second-class postage, not a report, not a recommendation—nothing.

Hitchcock attended the meeting. He formulated his proposition, which was that the advertising in the magazines and periodicals should be taxed four cents a pound and the rate of one cent a pound continued on reading matter, as it now is and has been for many years. The committee went into session at two o'clock and remained in session for several hours. The matter was discussed exhaustively, principally by Senators Carter and Crane, the two men who deemed the matter inexpedient, but who had been forced into its support by direct pressure from President Taft.

The committee adjourned without action and met again next afternoon, on Thursday, February ninth. In the meantime Hitchcock had gone from the committee room, where he remained during the entire discussion, and made his report to President Taft. The President, finding the committee was not inclined to act with the promptness he desired, put on some more personal pressure, very

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THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

This Woman Was Not Past the Common Measure of Life, But She Seemed to the Girl to be Very Old

AFTER the door of the jail had closed behind her the girl remained standing on the stone steps. The city was full of sunlight. Winter was departing. April was about to possess the world. In the park across the square the buds were beginning to swell, the sap to move, the grass to appear; and the gray squirrels, colonized in this urban forest, held noisy carnival to the welcome of summer. The crests of the great office buildings rising here and there out of the city were gilded. Along the cobble-paved street, opposite the stone courthouse and the great red-brick jail, the windows of the attorneys' offices shone like reflectors and their gold letters glittered in this brilliant sun.

The girl was slender; the contours of her body were not yet filled out. She was under twenty. Her cloth dress was neat and clean, but it was old. It impressed one that if another spot should be removed, if another seam should be ironed, the worn meshes of the fabric would give way. She wore a little fur piece, but along the collar the fur was gone; and the lining beneath, once silk, had been replaced with some cheaper material. The girl's face was a beautiful oval, her eyes big and gray, her mouth delicate. She dabbed her face with a handkerchief that was already wet.

There was a little iron grating over a wood panel on the jail door. This panel was opened and the jailer spoke to the girl through the grating. His voice was not unkind.

"If I were you," he said, "I'd go over and see the prosecuting attorney; you might find out something." He did not wait for a reply, and when the girl turned the grating was closed.

She put the wet handkerchief into her pocket and went down into the street, crossed the square paved with flagstones and entered the courthouse. The advice of the jailer seemed worth while. It occurred to her that if she could see the prosecuting attorney she might at least learn what he intended to do.

The ground floor of the courthouse was occupied with the offices of court officials. It was badly lighted and persons stood about or hurried from one room to another, as in a railway station.

The girl entered the prosecuting attorney's office. No one gave her the slightest attention. The place was filled with persons evidently representing every variety of distress. The chairs along the wall were occupied with this audience of misery. There was a door marked "Private" going from this room into another, but no one of the persons seated about the wall was permitted to enter it.

A little old man, who seemed to have been designed by Nature and fitted for life into the position of an office boy, heard and dismissed these forlorn visitors. Now and then he went with some message through this door, but usually he got rid of the person without that trouble. Occasionally others—clerks, officials or those evidently not of an impoverished genus—entered this office and, without paying any attention to the old man, went directly through the door marked "Private."

The girl, who had a chair near the door, occasionally heard how these persons were greeted by the official beyond. She sat for some time, oppressed by the atmosphere of this wretched chamber. Then she spoke to the little old man, but he indicated by a gesture that he was hearing visitors in the order of their arrival; and she went back to the chair patiently to await her turn.

Persons continued to come in and to go out, and to these she paid no attention. But presently a man entered who brought the blood into her face. He was about forty and might have arrived here from a fashionable club. All those things that shopkeepers could add to him were of the best; but in a certain conspicuous manner they seemed but to falsify the man. He was pink and fat; there were tiny blue veins along his nose; and his eyes, hard and cruel, seemed to swim in a sort of yellow liquor. He glanced at the girl as he crossed the room, but he evidently did not recall her, for she heard his voice as he entered the private office of the prosecuting attorney. It had a peculiar gurgle which she distinctly remembered.

"Say, Henderson, you've got a snap; who's the peach by the door?"

The girl arose, her face flaming, and hurried out.

As she passed, the little old man spoke to her.

"If it's bail," he said, "go and see Dickerson; he's in that business." Then he added: "The other side of the bridge."

The girl went out of the courthouse. She stood for a moment in the sun like one who has emerged from some subterranean chamber where the air was foul and damp. She seemed bewildered by this brilliant light. For some minutes she walked up and down aimlessly in the square, then she went over to the park and sat down on one of the benches. She sat so quietly that a gray squirrel drew near, climbed on to the bench and approached. She put out her hand and tried to caress the little friendly animal, but it fled chattering. Her mind, under the pressure of disaster, seemed now in a sort of stupor. She looked at the people passing in the park with the vague interest of those steeped in misery—at the carriages with their polished panels, the glittering harness of the horses and the men on the box, formal and elegant. She observed those who rode and those who walked in this thin, vitalizing sunlight. And she wondered how all these persons could maintain this air of unconcern and this appearance of comfort—and by the fortunate possession of what secret they had managed to escape the flying arrows that Destiny loosed from her steel bow. She was moved to stop some one of them—some gentleman who walked thus at leisure as though secure in this immunity, or some lady who drove in her carriage—and to inquire at what place and by what means they had obtained this secret.

Presently a vehicle approached that drew the girl's attention. It was a common hack, such as one takes at any stand for a small fee. As it passed the bench on which the girl sat a woman leaned over into the hack window and with her fingers struck the ashes from a cigarette. This woman was not past the common measure of life, but she seemed to the girl to be very old. Her face, puffy and swollen, was of the color of some ancient manuscript; and her bearing and the gesture which she had made indicated the relaxed muscles of extreme age.

The presence of this hack among the elegant carriages and of this hideous woman among the attractive protégées of Fortune brought the girl to her feet. She stood watching the hack move through the line of carriages until it turned out of the park and entered the street leading to the bridge.

This direction awakened her memory. The old man had said: "Dickerson—the other side of the bridge." And, without any hope that this man would help her, she determined to visit him—and she set out in the direction that the hack had taken. The pressing needs of her own situation had now returned and possessed her.

In ten minutes she had reached the stone bridge spanning the river that bisected the city. She crossed it, walking swiftly. At the farther side, close to the abutment, was a small one-story frame building with a very large glass window. Across the brow of this building a sign extended: "James Dickerson, Real Estate Agent." And the window was covered with white-enamel letters repeating the sign and enumerating the other varieties of business in which the proprietor was engaged: "Rents collected. Loans made on real estate and personal property. Fire insurance. Notary public"—as though, from the rubbish of all legitimate business, this man maintained here a sort of junkshop.

The hack which had passed before her in the park stood now at the door; but she entered without observing it.

The man who sat within before his table was dressed like a country lawyer—a shiny frock coat, a black string tie, a standing collar cut away in front and through which his prominent larynx protruded. His hair was parted in the middle and brushed up to curling edges. But the thing about the man that repelled and dispossessed one of any confidence in him was a manner at once mincing and voluble. Beside him, in an attitude of extreme languor, was the woman of the hack—a cigarette burned in her fingers, her head had fallen to one side. Before them on the table was a roll of bills inclosed by a rubber band. They were evidently casting up accounts and had fallen on a disagreement, for the man was presenting profuse explanations with a variety of arguments; and the woman, in a voice of extreme fatigue, monotonously repeated the same words over and over again—the tone ending in a sort of dreary retrospection:

The Man's Voice Became a Whisper in His Throat. "I Haven't Got Them"

"You're a thief, Dickerson—a thief—a thief!"

The man looked up when the girl entered.

He made a gesture with his hand, as though to silence the woman.

"Do you want to see me?" he said.

The girl was undecided. "Yes," she replied doubtfully.

He got a map of the city from a drawer of his desk and opened it out on the table.

"Where do you live?"

"At 1735 North Market Street."

With a quick gesture Dickerson put his finger on the map.

"Impossible!" he said. "The police wouldn't let you."

Suddenly the woman in the chair beside the table laughed.

"Dickerson, you're a fool—a fool—a fool!"

The voice drooled off into that tone of gentle contemplation with which she had said "A thief—a thief—a thief!" as though these were the words of some soothing refrain that pleased her.

The man scrutinized the girl with a glance that traveled to her feet; then he gave his body a quick, expressive jerk.

"What do you want?" he said.

The girl explained in a dozen words.

Dickerson made a sharp gesture with his hand, the palm extended toward the girl, as though to dismiss her.

"No homicide cases," he said. Then he swept the map from the table and returned it to the drawer. But as he arose an idea flashed on him. He sprang up and called to the girl, who was turning through the door.

"Have you an attorney?"

"No."

"Ah, then I can be of some service to you."

He got a card from his table, wrote something on the margin in pencil and handed it to the girl.

"There," he said, "is the very best firm of attorneys in this city. Give them this card."

The girl thanked him and went out into the street. There she stopped to read what he had given her. The card bore the name of a firm of lawyers which she remembered to have seen in the newspapers often connected with criminal trials; and below were the words:

"Sent by James Dickerson, Esq."

The address was one of the office buildings on the cobble-paved street before the court-house. This definite direction to a firm of good attorneys from one evidently known to them—and perhaps not without influence—encouraged the girl; and she set out to return over the bridge. She walked rapidly, the card in her hand.

Meanwhile, the woman of the hack arose. With a visible effort she moved to the door and stood looking after the girl. Then she asked a question without turning her head:

"How much rake-off . . . those sharks give you, Dickerson?"

The firm of attorneys to which James Dickerson had directed the girl was not difficult to discover. They occupied the entire second floor of a small office building opposite the court-house. The girl went up the steps from the street; there she found herself in a hall that, for economy of space, had been fitted into a waiting room; the frosted-glass panel of every door opening into the hall bore the name of a member of the firm. One or two persons were before her—an actor, a gambler—and some women, over-dressed, painted and reeking with perfume, came out as she entered.

She gave the office boy the card that she bore and sat down. Presently she was conducted through one of the frosted-glass doors. A big man standing before a table turned about as she entered. He had the card in his fingers and indicated a chair with a gesture. The man's face was heavy; his jaws were massive and square and his eyes the color of cold tallow. He was thick, without giving one the idea of fat.

"What's your name?" he said.

"Mary Randolph," replied the girl.

"What other names?"

The girl did not understand.

"Mary Eldridge Randolph," she said.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

The man wrote the name on the card; then he went over to his table, thrust the card on a spike such as banks use to file checks and sat down.

"What's the trouble?" he said.

"It's about my father," the girl replied; "I want to get a lawyer to defend him."

The man repeated the name. "Randolph!" he said. "Ah! Richard Randolph?" Then he touched a bell concealed somewhere about his table and a clerk entered, a thin youth with a jaundiced face. When he was in the room the man called to him:

"Bring me the clippings on the Fanshaw case."

The clerk returned in a moment with a big manila envelope. The attorney opened it and took out several folded newspaper sheets. He examined these clippings for some time in silence. Then he spoke to the girl:

"Are these facts correct? Your father, Richard Randolph, had at one time a considerable fortune by inheritance. He spent it and was forced to work at some trade. He had a certain mechanical turn and was employed for several years by the Empire Tool Company; then he became a freight engineer. One night, on a southern division, he ran through a block and a gate at a crossing, struck a passing freight, knocked a car clear out of the train and was ditched. The fireman was killed; your father escaped. He was discharged. The company held that he was drunk."

The blood mounted to the girl's face.

"But my father was not drunk," she said. "It was very cold and there was a heavy fog. My father was having trouble with the injectors and he did not see what was ahead."

The attorney looked up from his paper.

"Not drunk, eh?—when he ran through a block, a gate and into a passing train! I guess he was drunk all right."

The girl's eyes kindled.

"My father was not drunk," she said. "The injectors were giving him a lot of trouble and he was working with them. The very week before a defective injector had caused the boiler of one of the big passenger engines to go dry. It blew up and killed the engine crew. My father helped clear the wreck and after that he was always watching the injectors. He was not drunk."

"You Mean," She Faltered, "That I Have These Jewels?"

The attorney made a gesture as though to dismiss a controversy.

"Anyway," he said, "your father was drunk a-plenty after that."

"Yes, he was," she said. "The terrible accident affected my father. He felt that his inattention had caused the poor fireman's death. He began to drink then."

The attorney went on: "Your father continued to drink and you became very poor; the house in which you live was mortgaged to its full value. Finally he obtained this position of chauffeur with Miss Fanshaw. As the old woman had a steam car, she got the notion that only a railroad engineer could drive it—and, as she did not know your father's habits, she employed him. He received fifty dollars a month. That was on the first day of September last. He continued in this position until the sixteenth day of November. Right?"

"Yes, sir."

The attorney again referred to his newspaper sheet:

"Miss Henrietta Fanshaw was seventy-three years old. She lived alone, except for her nephew, who occasionally visited her. She resided in a big old-fashioned house on Oakland Avenue. This house was connected by a covered way with a smaller one in the rear, which at one time had been occupied by negro servants. When the old lady purchased this motor car she converted the negro quarters into a garage and it continued to be connected with the main residence by this covered way. In this private garage the steam car which your father drove was always kept, and in going to the house to receive the old lady's directions he always used this covered way. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is stated here that Miss Fanshaw never kept any money or other valuables in the house in which she resided; but, as she was a woman who valued personal adornment, she had always near her jewels of considerable value. What do you know about that?"

"My father told me," replied the girl, "that Miss Fanshaw was a very foolish old woman who painted her face and loaded her fingers with rings."

The attorney bobbed his head.

"So the rings caught his eye—eh?"

"He mentioned them, sir."

"Did he ever say anything about their value?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I guess he knew, all right."

He returned to his newspaper clippings:

"On the morning of November sixteenth Miss Fanshaw was found dead in her bed. She had been this night alone in the house. Her servant, a middle-aged negro woman, had gone on the afternoon before to her daughter's, in a neighboring village. Miss Fanshaw had been killed by a blow from some blunt instrument. Nothing in the house had been disturbed, except that rings and personal ornaments to the value of about five thousand dollars were missing. These jewels Miss Fanshaw was accustomed to drop into a green vase that stood on the mantel when she retired for the night." The attorney paused. "Have the newspapers got these facts straight?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl; "I think that is right."

"The fact," continued the attorney, "that nothing in Miss Fanshaw's room had been disturbed—no drawers opened, no article moved from its place—indicated that the criminal agent was acquainted with Miss Fanshaw's habits and knew exactly the place in which she was accustomed to conceal these rings and jewels. This single incident led the police strongly to suspect that the crime had been committed by some inmate of the house or some one on intimate terms with the deceased. This definition could include only three persons. I will name them in their order."

He paused, held up three fingers of his right hand and continued:

"Chatfield Fanshaw, the nephew; Jane Johnson, the negro servant, and Richard Randolph. The police played no favorites; they set about to discover where these three persons were on the night of the fifteenth of November—and this is what they found out: On that night Chatfield Fanshaw gave a dinner at the Saturn Club, which continued until four o'clock in the morning; at that hour the guests left the club, except those who lived there permanently. Fanshaw did not go out with any of these persons. He went from the table directly upstairs to the club red room. There, with four of his companions, he remained until daylight; then he went down into the basement of the club, took a Turkish bath and at seven o'clock came up into the breakfast room."

The lawyer now doubled one of the three fingers into the palm of his hand.

"That is the history of the night of November fifteenth, so far as Chatfield Fanshaw is concerned; and it is so definite, so certain and so complete that it eliminates Fanshaw."

He remained with his elbow on the table, his forearm raised, the two fingers extended. His left hand held the sheets of newspaper clippings.

"Now for the negro—Jane Johnson. She left the house at four o'clock on the afternoon of November fifteenth and did not return until the evening of November sixteenth—after she had heard of the death of her mistress. The police know where she was and what she did during every

hour of that time. Her daughter's husband, a miner, had been killed by a fall of slate and on this night she sat up with the body—attending the funeral on the sixteenth. . . . Now the fact that this woman was an old and trusted servant and that the event taking her from the house was of such a nature as to preclude any premeditated design to be absent indicates that Jane Johnson had nothing to do with this homicide."

He doubled the second finger into his palm. A moment the third finger remained; then he clenched his hand and struck it heavily on the table.

"This brings us to Richard Randolph," he said. "And from eleven-thirty until daylight no one knows where he was."

The girl began to cry quietly.

"Why, yes, sir," she said; "we know where he was. He was in the engine house down at the power plant."

"Who saw him there?"

"No one saw him; but I know he was there, sir."

"How do you know it?"

"My father told me he was there!"

The attorney made an exclamation of disgust.

"He told you—eh?"

"Yes, sir; and it wasn't his fault. Mr. Fanshaw had no right to take him into the club that evening and give him whisky to drink. He had promised me not to drink again and he had kept this promise. . . . Then he was ashamed to come home."

"On the preliminary examination," continued the attorney, "Fanshaw said that he regarded your father not as an ordinary chauffeur but as a gentleman in reduced circumstances, and that his invitation into the club was a mere act of courtesy—that he did not know your father's habits."

"I don't think that is quite true, sir," replied the girl, "for he had been making inquiries about my father only a few days before."

The attorney returned to his newspaper clippings:

"That's unimportant anyway. The important thing is that, after going from one saloon to another, your father left the Palace Poolroom about midnight, saying that he was going home—and he did not go home. . . . Do not interrupt me. . . . That is not all. The police now carefully examined the garage and this covered way leading to the house. They found bloodstains on the wall of this covered way, near the door of the house, as though one groping his way out in the night had touched the wall with his hands. They removed the entire board containing these stains."

He read from a newspaper:

"'An effort was made to identify the lines appearing in these stains according to the rules of the Bertillon system, but the result was not satisfactory. These were not direct prints, as when one grasps an object, but they were smears, rather, as when one wipes his hands on a smooth surface.'

"And that is not all. In searching for the implement with which the deed was done the police examined the automobile toolbox; there appeared to be some stains on a heavy wrench, although it had apparently been wiped with a cloth."

Again he read from the newspaper:

"'It is interesting to observe how modern science has come to the aid of justice. It used to be taught in the schools that, although a bloodstain could be detected, no one could be quite certain whether it was human blood or that of some animal, for the reason that unless it was quite fresh the difference in dimensions of the red blood corpuscles was too slight to be definitely ascertained. But modern biological chemistry has developed methods so exact and elaborate that measures to the extent of one twenty-thousandth gram are easily established. With these so-called "anti sera" the chemists of this city have been able to say that the automobile wrench submitted to them bears red corpuscles of human origin.'"

The attorney thrust the papers over into a corner of the desk and leaned back in his chair. His eyebrows contracted into a bushy ridge across his forehead, the muscles of his heavy jaw protruded.

"There's your case," he said, "and the man who takes it has got his work cut out for him."

The recital of this evidence revived and freshened the girl's distress. She sat dabbing her eyes with the damp handkerchief. The attorney gave her no attention. He began to walk about the room, his thumbs thrust into the pockets of his waistcoat. Presently an idea struck him and he turned abruptly on his heel.

"Is this case set down for trial?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl; "on next Thursday."

The man made an exclamation of astonishment.

"Why didn't you get an attorney sooner?"

"An old friend in Virginia, a Mr. Lawrence," replied the girl, "promised to defend my father; but today we got a letter saying that he could not come."

"Had you paid him a retainer?"

"No, sir."

"Humph!" The man began again to walk through the room. Finally he stopped directly before the girl.

"There's only one chance," he said, "and that's to prove an alibi. We must find some witnesses who were with your father from eleven-thirty until daylight on the sixteenth day of November."

"But there are no such persons."

"They can be found for the price," continued the attorney. "Now, listen! This thing's going to cost money. You had better bring all the stuff down here and turn it over to me. The newspapers have probably overvalued it, but the junk ought to be worth a couple of thousand dollars—and it will take every cent of that."

The girl arose. "I don't understand you," she said.

The lawyer looked her steadily in the face, his tallow-colored eyes unmoving.

"Oh, yes," he said; "you understand me perfectly."

"You mean—you mean," she faltered, "that I have these jewels?"

"Yes," he said; "that's it exactly. And, what's more, you've got to come down with them."

"But how can I give them to you when I haven't got them?"

"Nonsense! Of course you've got them. Now, look here; I suppose you tried that game on your Virginia lawyer, but you can't work it on me. Get that right out of your head!"

The girl was thoroughly frightened. She began to step backward toward the door. The man followed her, his face menacing and ugly.

"But my father is innocent," she said. "My father didn't kill Miss Fanshaw."

The man's mouth snapped like a dog's.

"Bosh!" he said. "Of course he killed her."

The girl was in terror. She feared that this person would take hold of her, tear her clothes, search her for the jewels. She put her hand behind her, touched the doorknob, seized it and flung the door open.

She sprang through and fled down the steps. The man followed her into the hall. She caught a glimpse across her shoulder of his repulsive face thrust over the banister at the top of the stairs. And she heard him answer to some query, with an oath:

"Sure! Didn't Dickerson send her?"

II

WHEN the girl was in the street she did not cease to hurry. She crossed the cobblestones and the paved square to the bench in the park that had been her first asylum. There she flung herself down, buried her face in the hollow of her arm and gave herself up to the despair that possessed her. Her body did not move; her arm rested on the back of the bench and her face was covered by the bend of the elbow. She seemed only to be resting in the sun. And the world passed, giving her no attention.

Finally the bitterness of this cruel adventure wore itself out. The clock on the courthouse began to strike an hour of the afternoon, and she sat up, put back her hair and turned her face resolutely toward the street from which she had fled. Surely somewhere on that street, among so many lawyers, there must be one to whom she could go who would believe what she said! Surely the leading men in this profession, as in any other, would be honorable gentlemen! She would go to one of these. She vaguely remembered to have seen certain names in the newspapers and she began to search the street, hoping to discover one of these names on some of the lettered windows.

In the line of office buildings of every variety there arose one in white stone, of perfect architecture; and on a window of it the girl saw a name that she remembered. It was a great name, associated with great affairs. She arose and, ignorant of the difficulties that would attend obtaining an audience with so important a personage, she determined to go and see him.

As she approached she noticed the hack that had passed her in the park a few paces below the building. The driver had gone away and a thread of smoke arose from a corner of the window. And, without being able to formulate the idea, this dilapidated hack, like some subterranean thing crept here against the white marble of this clean place, which it was not permitted to enter, encouraged the girl She went into the building, took an elevator and ascended to the floor occupied by the great attorney.

She went along a narrow hall and entered the waiting room. A woman with light straw-colored hair was standing at a window, looking down into the street. A young man was beside her; by his dress and manner he might have been transported at that moment from the athletic field of some university. The woman with the straw-colored hair came forward when Mary Randolph entered.

"What is it?" she said.

Her attitude was that of one who bars the way.

The girl began to explain. The woman interrupted her after the first sentence.

"He doesn't take criminal cases," she said.

"Then I can't see him?"

"No."

The word was like a door closed firmly before one's face. The girl remained motionless, stunned by this swift, this ruthless, decapitation of her hopes. And there, motionless in the sunlight, her eyes wide, her lips parted, the beauty of the girl strikingly appeared.

The young man at the window looked at her, his head thrust forward, his thick under lip falling away from his teeth. Then he turned abruptly and went through several rooms of busy clerks to one near the elevator. The door of this room bore the name of the great lawyer, followed by the abbreviation of the word "Junior." He threw back the door and sat down by a mahogany desk, on which there was an open novel. A moment later, when Miss Randolph came along this hall, he beckoned to her with his finger. When she entered he spoke:

"How about a little dinner at Keator's tonight and a jog in the bubble?"

The girl stood for a moment as though she did not understand—as though these words reached her as mere sounds from some remote distance; then, without a sign that she had heard, she went out of the room and with slow steps into the elevator.

In the street below she began to wander about like one bewildered. The sun lay in the street; the air was soft and warm. Persons passed her, but she no longer paid any attention. She moved aimlessly like one in a sort of somnambulism. Energy and hope had gone out of her. She seemed borne along by the current of some evil fortune, to which she now abandoned herself as to a thing inevitable.

Presently she passed near the hack standing in the street by the curb and a voice spoke to her. She turned. The woman whom she had seen was looking at her from the hack window—her elbow on the sill; her chin resting in the hollow of her hand, as though she had been there always, looking out thus from some eternal window. The woman dropped her hand and pointed to an office in the basement of a building that had once been a residence.

"Go in—see Burton," she said. Then she made a gesture as though to indicate the whole street.

"He's drunk—most—time: but he's—only honest one." In her extreme physical languor the woman omitted the small words in her speech as though from an economy of effort.

The girl went down the steps into this office. A man whose hair seemed prematurely white sat reading a newspaper; a crooked cane was hanging on his arm; his hat lay on the floor beside

(Continued on Page 37)

A Thin Wisp of Smoke Ascending From the Window

MAKING INSURGENTS

How the Shippers Learned to Distrust the Railroads

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

ABOUT the time the present outcry against the railroads first became acute a prominent traffic manager took occasion in my home town to give vent to his views on the situation. Among the topics he touched upon was one that almost invariably nettles every railroad official that sees fit to discuss it. I refer to the right of the public to demand a more drastic regulation of common carriers.

In this instance the speaker first expressed open astonishment at what he termed the country's ingratitude. After asserting that the people were now paying the railroads a shabby return for their services, he tartly added:

"We run our properties for the public, but the public has begun to imagine that it's going to run them for itself."

This is a plain statement, I think. I believe, also, that it clearly reflects the ideas of a majority of traffic managers. But whatever their views in the matter, my years of experience as a shipper make me suspect it is this same expressed attitude toward the community that is largely responsible for the attacks directed against many public utilities. In other words, I mean they are now paying the cost of their old disdain and indifference. Extortionate charges are not alone the cause for the present clamor. It is far more because railroad policy has been to use, rather than to accommodate, the public—to dictate rather than to serve.

Of course there is nothing new in this. On the other hand, however, few even among these officials themselves seem to realize to what extent this attitude has been carried.

A few years ago my attention was called to an unusual case in point. It came out in the course of a hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission. An eastern business man had got into trouble over car service with a line on which he had just organized a new industry. In effect, the contest arose out of his refusal to be "shaken down" by an official of the railroad; the situation was that when the shipper sued to regain his rights all the officials joined in common cause against him.

The Man Who Pays the Freight

NOW clearly understand me: I make no charge that they sought either to shield or to condone their fellow's dishonesty. Instead they took the stand that the shipper, in going to law, had overtly declared his enmity to the management. To express it generally, they resented any appeal to outside influence, whatever the cause; and though the shipper won his suit the victory by no means relieved him of his embarrassment.

However, this was but a part of it. What I more strongly wish to bring out is a point the grafting agent himself made. It lies in the argument boldly advanced by him when he demanded of the business man a block of stock in the new enterprise.

Said the agent bluntly:

"You don't seem to realize how much of a favor we're doing you to let you do business on our line."

No doubt this is an extreme instance. But let me add that it is extreme, perhaps, only in the baldness of its words. I have known more than one railroad man to adopt this demeanor. As I say, it has been my experience that railroad officials not infrequently place themselves in the light of granting their service as an indulgence. Many shippers, especially the smaller ones, will agree with me in this, I think; but whether the roads have found this policy to be profitable I'm not informed. I am sure that it wouldn't pay in my own business.

It is this condition, in fact, that I wish to bring out. I also wish to show why, in my opinion, the air of injury now assumed by some railroad officials is, to say the least, artless. But beyond all this there is one other thing that is even more important. Railroads are not all to blame for the way they use the public. As much is due to the public's inert apathy. Traffic organizers have long banked on this; in fact, they have regularly capitalized the belief of the ordinary individual that whatever the big carriers do among themselves is too high over his head to hurt him. Of course the public has now begun to wake up. Even so, there are still many who fail to see that in each instance of trickery over rates, rebates, discrimination, and so forth, it is the public itself—the individual, in other words—that is invariably made to pay the bill. That this is so the railroads are well aware—a fact that seems to me still another reason why their appeal to sentiment is belated.

But before I go further let me say this: If I seem to attack the roads it is not because they have seriously injured me. Ordinarily complaints against traffic methods come from those that have suffered heavily because of them. Not so long ago a railroad official said to me: "Every business failure, whether he has ever shipped a crate of goods or not, lays all his troubles to us." This is not so with me. My business still scrapes along, thank you. Today we are in a flourishing condition, though I'm still bound to say that if we are it is not because of the roads but in spite of them.

Let me give you my experiences. They will show conclusively, I think, how the railroads use their power not only to the disadvantage of the apathetic shipper but to their own disadvantage as well.

By occupation I am a manufacturer. My concern produces a well-known household staple that enters both the domestic and foreign markets. At present we have two plants, neither of which is large, though in the aggregate their output furnishes a nice amount of business for the roads. One of the two, our original plant, is in Pennsylvania; the other is in Illinois.

At the outset I was not much concerned in the railroad situation. We began in a small way; our production was limited and we required little service from the roads. In the matter of rates I was equally unconcerned. Our market was purely local then—there was no competition worth mentioning; and though I knew the carriage charges to be high, they seemed in no way to restrict our trade. My attitude, in effect, was like that of many business men—I figured that high rates needn't worry me so long as I was not called upon to pay them out of my own pocket. The truth that high rates added heavily to high prices and that high prices must necessarily limit sales hadn't struck me as yet. However, my first difficulty with a railroad was not over these rates. It was due, instead, to a question of service.

The rub I speak about started in a roundabout way. In brief, it arose out of a fuel shortage during the big anthracite strike of 1901. As it will be recalled, during the flurry hard coal was difficult to obtain at any price, while soft coal rose to quadruple its ordinary value. Finally it became difficult to get even bituminous fuel. At the time our business was brisk. We had some heavy orders on our books, and in the effort to make deliveries before the end of the current year we were working double shift. Then, just when the factory run was at its height, the concern supplying us with coal lay down on its contract.

I don't mean they deliberately abandoned us. Instead, it was because they couldn't help themselves. A curious situation had developed. Plenty of soft coal at a fair price was to be had west of a certain junction point, but east of it there was little. It turned out that the road had placed an embargo on mines west of the junction; and, since our fuel merchant during the strike had been buying from these mines, his supply was now cut off.

How Manufacturers Were Tied Up

NOW I can't prove why this embargo was ordered. I can say, however, that many shippers allege it was done to favor certain coal producers east of the junction. In at least three concerns railroad officials were interested. Originally their privileged companies had been shielded from western competitors by a fifteen-cent differential in the eastbound freight rate. But let me add that no such differential existed in the westbound rate to shut out the eastern companies from the westerners' territory. However, when strike prices had risen high enough to overcome the fifteen-cent differential the independents had begun to ship eastward, and had done much—until the embargo was ordered—both to supply the demand and to keep prices from growing prohibitory.

Of course it's questionable whether any court would have upheld the road's right to enforce such a restriction. Even so, no coal concern had seen fit to go to law. Why they didn't seems pretty clear, judging by what happened to us presently when we got mixed up in the matter.

We were in imminent risk of shutting down. As this would entail a heavy loss we spared no effort to find a supply of coal; but though we offered an exceptional price no shipper would guarantee us immediate delivery. Eventually an independent producer offered us the coal, provided we could get the railroad to move it.

The mine of this operator was on a branch south—not west—of the junction point. No rates had ever been quoted on this branch for through shipment to the east, in consequence of which it had always been shut out from our market. But since our situation was critical, I asked the general freight agent to have the coal moved for me.

"Sorry," he said; "we have no rate from that point."

"I know that," I replied; "but unless I get the coal my plant will have to shut down." On top of this I offered to pay any charge within reason. The rate clerk still declined

"Because, Between Ourselves," Was the Reply, "it Won't be Very Healthy for You Afterward"

to quote a rate. "You'll have to get coal elsewhere," he said, and added that it was no use for me to argue; his orders were explicit.

Just at this point our coal man offered a suggestion. He called our attention to the fact that, though no through rate had ever been quoted from the branch, there was in existence a local rate of thirty cents from the branch to a point inside the unrestricted territory. Here a through rate was in effect, so that after shipping to this point we could then reconsign the coal to destination at our plant.

An Unhealthy Route for Much-Needed Coal

WHEN he sought in this way, however, to take advantage of his rights, what happened was this: The cars were loaded at the mine and billed out, when the railroad, without questioning the movement, hauled them to the point covered by the thirty-cent rate. But there, once the shipper tried to rebill the shipment, trouble began. Hardly had he sent in his order to reconsign the coal when he was called to the telephone by one of the officials of the road.

"We understand," announced this official summarily, "that you've ordered a string of cars reconsigned eastward."

"Correct. Why shouldn't I?" answered the coal man.

His attention was called to the fact that an embargo was in force. In return he pointed out that he had shipped on an existing rate—the thirty-cent toll—and that the cars were now in a territory not covered by the embargo.

"All right. If you insist we'll move the coal," said the official. "But, just the same," he added confidentially, "I shouldn't advise you to insist."

"Why not?" inquired the shipper.

"Because, between ourselves," was the reply, "it won't be very healthy for you afterward."

Need I say the coal was not reconsigned?

However, this doesn't end the affair. When I heard what had happened to our fuel I got on a train and rode in to division headquarters. After a time I was admitted to the freight agent, who asked what he could do for me.

"You can keep my plant from shutting down," I told him bluntly. Then I rehearsed my troubles. He listened silently until I described the coal we'd bought, when he shook his head.

"That's not eastern coal," he declared positively. "No matter where it is now we're not going to move it."

Nor would he alter his position when I demanded whether our factory was to be shut down for the benefit of other interests.

"Our ruling stands," he replied definitely. "We're running this road, and if our methods don't suit you that's no concern of ours."

Our plant was forced to close, of course. What is more, many others were placed in the same fix. But, if each instance of this cost some manufacturer heavily, I believe it cost the road even more. It was so in our own case anyway. At the time we were planning to rebuild; in fact, the contracts had already been let. But after my experience I began to figure the wisdom of remaining so completely under the domination of one road. As a result we sold our property and removed to a site where we could obtain service from two different systems. After this we refrained from giving the first road any freight that could be moved through other channels.

There is one thing else to be said about this affair. I doubt whether any shipper would have suffered had we been organized, or had even a few of us taken the stand adopted by a business man in a well-known case out in Portland, Oregon. In this case the shipper found he was not getting the cars he was entitled to, but that a favored rival was amply supplied.

"The road's short of empties," he was informed. "We can't spot cars for you when we haven't got them."

In response the shipper demanded how it was that his rival had all he wanted.

"Oh, it just happened," was the unconvincing reply.

"Very well, then," retorted the shipper; "every time it *happens* that he gets a car and I don't, I'll file suit against the road for discrimination." He got his cars then, let me say.

Of course a traffic manager could not waste time over such isolated cases. One protesting shipper cuts but a small figure. He is almost invariably informed that what has seemed to harm him has not harmed others, and that the policy of a railroad must be to do the greatest good for the greatest number.

However, my next experience included an example of railroad methods somewhat more general in character than these I have just mentioned.

With the enlargement of our plant we began to enlarge our territory. Eventually we established connections on the Pacific Coast, our commodity being distributed out there through various jobbing houses. As is generally known, traffic conditions have thrown all this section into a state of constant turbulence. Through railroad strategy shippers have not only been forced to fight the roads for existence but have also been drawn into disastrous struggles between themselves. Not infrequently these trade wars have been deliberately fomented by the roads in their effort to build up business in districts where there is no water competition at the expense of other districts in which such competition exists. In every case they have effected this not by the quality of service provided but by the juggling of terminal and distributive rates.

Let me explain.

Along the west coast the area in which a jobbing house may seek trade is determined by these two forms of rates. The so-called terminal rate is the charge for the through haul from the eastern manufacturing base to the coast distributing centers. This tariff is based ostensibly on ocean competition—that is, via the Horn or by way of Panama. The other or distributive rate is, as its name implies, the carriage charge from these distributing centers to local markets, usually at points inland. It can be seen from this how the roads work the rates. Suppose that there are two distributing centers, each competing for trade in a common territory; as long as both enjoy the same rate into this territory they are on equal terms. Raise the rate on one, however, and that distributive center is put out of business in the former neutral ground. This was exactly what had happened when my attention was drawn to the matter.

The Diplomatic Traffic Manager

AT FIRST my interest was purely impersonal. If we lost trade by reason of one set of jobbers being put out of business it would instantly come back to us through the channel of the more favored section. Nor was I much concerned in that the roads were raising rates, not only in the district I speak about but at many other points along the coast. My attitude was, in fact, what a railroad official suggested to me it should be.

"You producers don't need to feel worried," he observed in offhand tones. "I don't see how any of you will be burned, however we hoist our rates."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Why, none of you will have to fork out the extra charge," he idly replied. "You'll make the consumers pay it."

Naturally that was exactly what we'd have to do, and in truth did do—a fact that, in my opinion, has a pretty strong bearing on the present high cost of living. But, as it turned out, if we manufacturers were content to remain passive the jobbers certainly were not. One after the other of the affected districts began to put up so vigorous a protest that before long the roads offered to arbitrate. They sent traffic men into each disturbed territory, and as a result some of us began to get a glimmer of what really was going on.

It all proved to be another sample of railroad methods; in other words, they had deliberately planned and encouraged a contest. At any rate, such was the case in this specific instance, the reason for which will appear presently.

As was the case elsewhere, the road's representative conferred with the local commercial exchange. At this meeting the official—an able traffic strategist—offered what he was pleased to term a concession.

"Now, gentlemen," said he blandly, "my road purposes to recede from its original proposition. We have decided not to raise the distributive rates in the first three classes."

A murmur of applause greeted this announcement. The exchange represented mainly jobbing houses whose chief concern lay in this particular class of rates. After beaming upon the assemblage the traffic manager spoke again.

"On heavy freight, however—that coming under the lower class rates—we are losing money. . . . Therefore," he added suavely, "in view of the great concession we offer I feel sure none will object if we raise rates on these carload commodities."

He was quite right. None objected, because no one present realized there was a nigger in the woodpile. So the rate schedule was accepted. It was even proclaimed a great victory; and it was one, too, though not just the sort of a victory the shippers at first thought. But after the smoke of battle had cleared a few began to sit up and take notice. Then they began to howl. What had happened was a plenty.

By obtaining a free rein to raise the carload class rates the railroad had cozened the community out of much of the advantage it would subsequently have obtained from the opening of the Panama Canal. This is so because the bulk of canal freight that is to be distributed through coast ports will be made up of commodities that take these particular rates.

Neat, wasn't it?

But the noise made over this was nothing to compare with the noise the jobbers presently set

"Business Has Been Slack for a Long Time All Through the Waterfront Districts"

up. It appeared there was still another joker in the agreement. As it promised, the road made no change in the light freight distributive rates. But as to terminal rates it had made no promises whatever. Before long it began to juggle with these. By rearranging them here and there it again diverted business into those districts that lacked water competition, thus continuing to build them up at the expense of the other communities.

Even neater than the other dodge, some will say!

But whether in the end such trickery pays, I question. At any rate, in this instance it cost the road heavily—or, if what it lost was not due to this one case alone, it was due certainly to a succession of such cases. For years several of the affected districts had been trying to get through Congress a bill to extend navigation on various western waterways. Every time these measures had come up the railroad lobby had easily been able to knife them. But now the communities put up a roar that frightened even the old guard legislators, accustomed as they were to figuring on public apathy. Therefore several of the measures passed. As a result of improvements made in one river alone thousands of square miles in which the railroad had formerly held undisputed sway were thrown open to water competition. Considering this, I doubt whether the able traffic strategist was as able as he thought he was.

But, like others, I was at first inclined to regard his sample of railroad art as somewhat of a joke. It seemed also to be a pretty shrewd stroke of business. But after a while I got to looking at it from a new angle. I began to wonder how I should have liked it myself had the trick been played on me. I also pondered whether any organization that indulged in such methods might safely be trusted by any one—whether it wouldn't try to turn on me as it had on these others. A short time afterward I was definitely able to settle my ruminations by reason of the fact that my firm did get a taste of much the same sort of medicine.

It came through our export trade. What is more, the dose that was administered to my firm—mind you, by an American railroad, too—was actually, literally "made in Germany." Now I mean this seriously. We were severely injured by a foreign interest as the result of collusion between this interest and railroads here at home.

"You Don't Seem to Realize How Much of a Favor We're Doing You to Let You Do Business on Our Line"

In shipping abroad I had occasionally patronized a small independent line of freight steamships that ran out of Philadelphia. This concern had been established at the invitation of certain western exporters, also independent. These shippers, it appeared, had become tired of the domination of the big trans-Atlantic lines and so had sought a less restricted outlet—especially to British and Baltic ports—for their several commodities: largely flour, oil cake, rough provisions and similar products.

Shipping by an Independent Line

OF COURSE, in organizing an independent line they had known they must face abroad the strongest sort of competition. There were, for instance, all the foreign subsidized fleets to buck against; there was, in addition, the strong position these lines enjoyed abroad in doing business with firms of their own nationality.

However, the American steamship company thought it could balance this with a similar advantage at home, barring the fact, of course, that it would have no government subsidy. So it had started up in full confidence that it would get at least its proportionate share of home trade.

It seems not. It got anything but its share. The reason for this became pretty clear from my own experience, once I planned to give the independent company a heavy shipment from our western plant.

The first intimation that anything was wrong came in a telegram from our western manager: "Under no circumstances ship by Philadelphia boats. See letter." As the line had offered me a low rate and as the margin of profit on our goods was small and foreign competition keen, I was naturally disturbed. The arrangement meant a good deal to us, so you may be sure I awaited the letter with impatience. When it came, however, it only added to my perturbation. Briefly it said this: "Owing to a mutual pooling agreement between the roads and certain trans-Atlantic lines, if we ship by independent boats we shall be unable to obtain through bills of lading at the rates allowed our competitors."

As the matter was urgent I wired our manager to come to the office and explain. When he arrived he seemed to feel even more irritated than I was. "Yes, that's right," said he, when I pointed to the statement in his letter; "we're tied up tight." Then he asked me whether I'd ever heard of what I'll call the Anglo-German Pool.

At the time I hadn't. Since then, however, to my cost I've heard a great deal about it. This association, which still exists, is composed of four foreign steamship corporations. Under their pooling agreement one line takes 56 per cent of Baltic business originating in the United States; another gets 24 per cent; a third takes 17.5 per cent, while the share of the fourth, an English concern, is 2.5 per cent. In so many words, these lines have united in a combination to divide among themselves the bulk of the trade between the United States and the Baltic ports.

After explaining these details—all of which, by the way, are now embodied in a suit before the Interstate Commerce Commission—our manager further enlightened me.

"The case is just this," said he: "we can make the present shipment without a loss, but at any time later, should we try to ship elsewhere, it will cost us heavily."

He went on to explain that he had just been approached by an agent of the ocean pool. This emissary had warned him we must quit shipping through independent channels. He had also informed our man what the rate of ocean freight would be for the ensuing year, to what ports we would be required to ship, and what volume of our output must be shipped to each of these ports.

He gave notice that we would be directed from time to time over which railroads we must route our goods. Furthermore, we would be required to sign a contract subscribing to each of these terms.

"What if we refuse?" I asked.

"Just what I wrote you," was the answer. "If you refuse to sign, or if you do sign and then break the contract, it will be all the same. The railroads will refuse us the same rates given to those that submit to dictation."

It was so, too. Rather than submit to such dictation I shipped my goods by the American boats, and, as my man warned me, it cost us heavily. It resulted in virtually shutting us out of many European markets.

Now I wish to be just about this. The railroads deny they have any hand in this discrimination. As they say, they quote a straight through rate that may be obtained by any one at any time. This is true. Such discrimination as occurs is effected only by the Anglo-German Pool through rebates given by its members to obedient shippers. I do not charge that the railroads give this drawback. I do charge, however, that the discrimination is made possible only through the mutual agreement between them and this foreign monopoly.

That such an agreement exists not even the roads are able to deny. The ocean pool, besides dictating to our exporters over which trunk lines they must ship, diverts import freight destined for inland points in the states. This is at the behest of the trunk lines' pool. To maintain their own internal agreement these roads protect the foreign steamship monopoly, which, in return, protects them. That all this is done at the expense of American business doesn't seem to affect our traffic managers. At any rate, in this instance I failed to hear any express qualms that my trade should be hurt, or that the independent steamship company should be put out of business, as it presently was. However, it all goes back to what I've said: The railroads place themselves in the light of granting their service as a favor, and, if I didn't like it when my trade was handed over to the Germans and the English, that was my lookout.

But the deeper one gets into the traffic matter the more will he see how the entire situation is dominated by illegal combinations. During our trouble in the export trade I asked a traffic man whom I knew personally whether railroad managers found it necessary to form alliances with outside interests. "No, they're seldom necessary," he replied bluntly; "usually they are imperative." As this was somewhat too subtle for me I asked what he meant.

"Just what I say," he answered. "The same moneyed interests that own the railroads own also other large interests. It follows that they're going to take care of these industries, no matter what happens to others."

The Cement Puzzle

TO BE exact, this doesn't relate to the ocean pool. The traffic manager referred, instead, to discriminations in favor of large domestic industries. In response to my request for particulars he asked whether, for example, I'd ever had need to use cement. As a matter of fact I hadn't. We had planned to employ reinforced concrete in making over our plant, but had found it cheaper to use other materials. Aside from this, however, in looking up the matter I'd found that cement cost at or near Philadelphia—a haul of seventy-four miles from the nearest cement works—fifty-five cents more a ton than it does at Jersey City—a haul, mind you, of ninety-five miles. However, this is not the only astonishing feature of the cement rate. It is only a mile across the Hudson River from Jersey City to New York, but though the cement rate to Jersey City is only eighty cents, to New York it is one dollar and forty cents. In other words, sixty cents a ton is allotted for lighterage of one mile.

"Well, what's the answer?" I asked my friend, the traffic man.

He idly shrugged himself. "Judge for yourself; some of the cement directors happen also to be railroad directors."

As I still felt vague I asked what this had to do with Jersey City's fifty-five-cent differential against Philadelphia and its sixty-cent differential against New York.

He laughed, explaining that the cement company did its own lightering. "Out of the dollar-and-forty-cent rate the cement directors in the railroad allow the railroad directors in the cement trade sixty cents a ton for this lighterage. As near as I can figure," he added, "about half of it—thirty cents a ton—is pure profit."

"In a word, a rebate," I asserted.

But here he vigorously shook his head. "There is no longer any rebating by the railroads," he declared positively.

When I asked him what they called it he laughed again. "This? Oh, it's what we call an accessorial charge."

All railroad officials unite in a chorus of protests nowadays whenever it is suggested that they rebate or otherwise discriminate. A few years ago the Government contracted for nine hundred thousand tons of Portland cement to be used on the Panama Canal. Philadelphia was seventy-four miles from the source of supply; Jersey City was ninety-five. However, since the cement directors were thirty cents to the good on each ton loaded at Jersey City, Philadelphia naturally didn't get the business. Instead, at the fifty-five cent difference in the rate the city

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The Business Side of Invention

By VALENTINE KARLYN

EVERY one of us has met the man who insists on pointing out a railway signal, a sewing-machine attachment or a new brake for automobiles and explaining: "D'ye see that? I had that idea ten years ago. Blinkins & Company said it was great and advised me to patent it. The fellow to whom I showed it in their office must have stolen it." He is the twin brother of him who writes a hot letter to the editor of a magazine and assures him that the detective story by Conan Doyle, in the last number, is a shameless plagiarism of an idea of his that had won the praise of a hundred friends.

Not a day passes but we hear the tale of a genius who died in abject poverty, the victim of some merciless capitalist. Any one can tell you that the inventor of the monkey-wrench had to be buried by a few sympathetic friends; that the sewing-machine was stolen from the man who really conceived it; and that Edison is merely an improver of other electricians' schemes. No doubt if the primitive savage, who first saw a bird wheeling in the air and wondered if it were possible to do likewise, were still on earth he would denounce the Wright Brothers as mechanical thieves.

The truth is that we all think with brains that are physiologically alike—that we all have the same ideas. Not all of us have the energy or the skill to give concrete expression to our ideas. In invention, in story-writing and in love-making it is not the happy thought but the deed that counts—the right kind of a deed. Just what deed in invention is of the right kind it remains for the business man to decide, and unless the inventor has the business man's knowledge of what is wanted he is doomed to failure.

The successful inventor is the man who knows what and how to invent. I shall not readily forget what Edison once told me when I asked him how he had succeeded in producing so many marvelous and highly profitable inventions.

"First of all I read," he answered. "See these books?" We were in that library of his in Orange, New Jersey—an enormous room, lined on every side with volumes on chemistry, physics, mechanical engineering, and even biology—one of the most remarkable technical private libraries in the world. "I've read every one of them at some time or other."

"How have they helped you?" I asked.

"When an idea comes to me," Edison answered, "that seems worth carrying out, I make it my business to find out what has been done before along that line. I tell one of my patent lawyers to get me every patent from Washington that has ever been issued on the subject. I read them all. Those that are obviously foolish I throw aside. The rest I study to find out why they failed. Then I get more patents from Germany, France, England. I order my bookman to get me every book that bears on the problem before me. Sometimes it takes months to read all these, and generally I have to make experiments to see whether the men who went before me really knew what they were inventing—whether they haven't overlooked something. Not until then do I begin work on my own account."

He did not say it, but he meant that he approached his subject like an expert; that he wasted no time in repeating the failures of others.

How Industry Influences Inventions

BECAUSE definiteness of purpose is the keynote of success, the man untrained in mechanics is not likely to shine as an inventor. He has no idea how to attack his problem. Usually he knows nothing of the art in which he is striving to reap a fortune and earn a lasting name. If he does not invent something that is mechanically absurd he invents something that is old—which fact is pitilessly driven home to him by the patent office in a dozen or more patents granted years before he was born, revealing in every detail the very machine or process that cost him sleepless nights and, perhaps, hundreds of dollars for models. His chance of producing an invention of commercial value is little better than a gambler's chance of breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. When he talks of his plans he draws a picture of a revolution in prime movers, a revolution in printing machinery, a revolution in street sweepers.

The captain of industry hates revolutionary inventions as cordially as a czar hates nihilist bombs. A modern industrial plant often represents an investment of millions in buildings and machinery. The orders on hand will usually keep every wheel turning for months. Is it likely that a manufacturer will smile pleasantly when an invention is exhibited to him that may necessitate a complete abandonment of his plant? Rather than do that he will often buy the patents that are offered to him, tuck them away in a safe and let them sleep away their statutory life of seventeen years. No rival can legally work them, and the manufacturer can proceed with his orders in the old way. That is why we occasionally hear of a bill introduced in Congress to compel the working of patents within a definite period.

Few, however, are the inventions worth suppressing. Too often they would, if practicable, necessitate the destruction of our entire industrial system. Most of them are intended to utilize, instead of coal or the force of a Niagara torrent, the vast amount of free energy with which we are surrounded—the heat of the sun, the electricity of the atmosphere, the rise and fall of the tides. Unspeakably dry as are the patents in which these projects of epic magnitude are described and painstakingly "claimed"—to use the technical expression of the patent lawyer—they may well be compared with the rhapsodies of great poets. Nearly every one of these queerly couched documents embodies a mechanical Paradise Lost or an electrical Iliad—dreams that may be realized aeons hence.

Almost in the same class are the inventions that are conceived and patented before the world is ready for them. If we needed an example of such an intellectual product we have only to examine the patent record for rapid page-printing telegraphs. The ordinary printing telegraph is familiar to all of us in the form of the stock ticker. But the page-printing telegraph that transmits a message at high speed and records it, not on a tape but on a page, so that it can be easily read, is not yet a vital part of our system of communication, nor is it likely to be for some years to come. The invention is there complete, but the commercial conditions are not ripe for it.

One of the most efficient machines of this class was tried by the inventor on the telegraph lines of America, England, France, Russia and Germany. "As a means of spending money," he told me, "experimenting with page-printing telegraphs beats horse-racing and is quite as exciting. I spent about fifteen years of my life in making my instruments, inducing American and European officials to try them in service, and imploring prejudiced American, English, French, German and Russian operators to handle them with care. I learned much that I should have learned before, and enough about the manifold phases of human nature to write a novel. When my patents have expired, and those of other inventors, too, the world will be about ready to take up the page-printing telegraph. Not one of us will probably ever earn a cent in royalties."

Even though it may seem unwise to invent for posterity, a man with a knowledge of patent law and a good chance of living a score of years may reap a fortune from a device that cannot be commercially introduced for decades after its conception. The famous Selden patent is a case in point—a patent that, until it was declared invalid by a Circuit Court of Appeals a few months ago, dominated the entire automobile industry of this country.

George B. Selden was a patent attorney practicing in Rochester when, in 1876, he conceived the idea of a carriage propelled by a gasoline engine. He filed an application for a patent on May 8, 1879, for a "road engine." Had that patent been issued in the regular course of patent office events it would have expired about the year 1896, just when the first motor cars were seen in our streets, and Selden would have had absolutely nothing to show for whatever time, money and thought he had spent on his invention. But Selden, being a patent lawyer, knew more than the ordinary inventor. He knew that he was ahead of the times, that he must file an application for a patent to forestall any subsequent inventor who also would devise a "road engine," and yet he realized that no patent must issue to him before the world was ready to pay him royalties. So admirably did he succeed in carrying out his purpose that the famous patent did not issue until November 5, 1895—sixteen years after the application had been filed in the patent office. Under the law that was in force up to 1897, an application for a patent could always be prosecuted within two years of the last official action. If, for example, the patent office rejected an application on May 8, 1888, the inventor was not required to amend his papers in order to traverse the rejection until May 8, 1890. By complying with the letter of the law Selden managed to keep his application alive until he was ready to have it granted. In pugilistic parlance, he took advantage of the count.

The record of the case in the patent office shows that the application was rejected on May 31, 1879, and that an amendment was not filed until May 26, 1881, nearly two years later. A second rejection on June 17, 1881, was followed on May 15, 1883, by another amendment. An official letter sent to Selden on June 15, 1885, was not acted upon until June 13, 1887, only two days before the expiration of the two years of grace allowed by law. Another rejection on June 21, 1887, was answered by a letter dated April 13, 1889, and by an amendment filed on June 10, 1889. The original specification and claims were now such a tangled mass of corrections that the patent office demanded a "smooth copy" on June 14, 1889. Although the case was ready for issue the demand was not complied with until June 5, 1891, nine days before the statutory limit. An official letter, which required the filing of a new oath, was not answered until June 28, 1892. The case was then transferred to another examiner, by whom some of the claims previously allowed were rejected on July 29, 1893. An amendment in reply was not filed until April 1, 1895. Finally on November 5, 1895, the patent was definitely issued, but without a single one of the original nineteen claims.

Making Money by a Patent Process

ALTHOUGH the statutory period in which answers to official actions must be filed is now only a year, it is safe to maintain that there is probably a score of applications in the patent office that are being held back in the same way. In the profession these are known as "dragnet cases," because they are kept alive simply to enter into conflict with applications for similar inventions. When a conflict arises the patent office immediately institutes what are known as "interference proceedings," to ascertain to whom the patent should finally issue. Such proceedings are expensive. The attorney's fees alone may amount to one hundred dollars a day, and the interference may last for weeks. It is frequently advisable to buy out the senior applicant so that the later case may issue without protracted interference proceedings. Hence the prior applicant—the man who has cast the dragnet and has trawled along patiently for years—makes a catch that may mean thousands of dollars to him, although he never receives a patent.

Obtaining a patent is one thing; earning respect for it is another. Until a patent has passed through the ordeal of an infringement suit triumphantly—which, with its many appeals, may consume five, ten and even twenty years, and burn up more money than even the noble husband of an American heiress can toss to the winds of the Riviera—it is not likely to command a princely revenue in the form of royalties. Selden's patent was always looked upon askance by automobile makers and laughed at by patent lawyers. Its validity was ever in doubt. Yet it was made to earn a fortune despite the cloud that hovered over it. After passing into the control of a manufacturing company it was eventually acquired by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. That association hit upon the

ingenious expedient of charging such a small royalty for the right to manufacture under this patent of doubtful validity that most automobile makers decided to pay rather than to engage in litigation that would prove a thousand times more expensive and would probably drag along for a decade. The royalty paid by the licensees has fluctuated from one and a quarter per cent to a fraction of one per cent. Small as this tribute was, the sum total must have amounted to several million dollars.

Making a patent pay in this awe-inspiring fashion is not a frequent phenomenon. The more startling the invention the more difficult it is to gain a hearing. Some of the great inventions of our time—"brutally practical" inventions, as Edison once called them—were introduced with misgivings by capitalists. It is said that the associates of Parsons, the inventor of the turbine that bears his name, tried hard to dissuade him from carrying out his idea. Read Bessemer's autobiography, and you will find there recorded the disheartening struggles of the greatest of English inventors with the steelmakers of Europe. Siemens passed through a similar experience with the open-hearth process. The existence of electric waves, which are employed in wireless telegraphy, was recognized by the late Professor David E. Hughes; but his experiments in wireless signaling were checked by Sir Gabriel Stokes, who stoutly maintained that every one of the effects observed could be explained by the ordinary theories. In general, progress is made inchwise. Whenever a gigantic step is necessary—when, for instance, it becomes advisable to lay a cable across the Atlantic Ocean instead of across a channel—the weight of authority is against the project.

The nine hundred thousand odd patents granted in this country alone ought to prove that not every step is gigantic, that not everything that is new is valuable. Probably less than five per cent have ever passed beyond the paper stage. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest applies to inventions as well as to animals; and the laws of supply and demand govern the output of patents as well as the production of bricks. A lawnmower in a New York apartment is no more useless than hundreds of misfit inventions annually patented. What, for example, could be commercially expected of a tapeworm-trap to be swallowed by suffering humanity? Or of a process for embalming in glass, so that a dead relative can be kept for all time in a parlor beside the cabinet organ? Or of a bed that automatically discharges a sleepy servant on the floor at a given hour in the morning? Or of a counting device that is to be worn by a hen to register the number of eggs laid? Or of a contrivance to lower a latch-key from an upper window at a certain hour for the convenience of the morning milkman? Or of a burial shoe extensible in length, so that it can be used for dead feet of different sizes? Or of a bootjack that can be folded up into the counterfeit presentment of a revolver to frighten away burglars? Or of a "pedal calorificator," consisting of a pair of tubes leading from the nostrils to the feet for the purpose of warming cold toes? Or of treadmills to make domestic animals take gymnastic exercise? Or of spectacles that will protect the eyes of fighting cocks? Silly as they are, these inventions have all been patented.

Some day a brilliant psychologist will explain why, year after year, the same old useless idea finds expression in patents taken out by men who know nothing of business, nothing of engineering, nothing even of other inventions of the same kind. Pick up at random any issue of the Official Gazette of the United States Patent Office, and you are almost certain to find the drawings and claims of a rotary engine that will never be constructed; an inoperative nonrefillable bottle that costs more to make than the whisky it is supposed to contain; mechanical music-leaf turners that no pianist would dream of using; or so-called "mechanical movements," which are supposed to multiply the power put into a machine in some mysterious way and are really perpetual motion machines in disguise.

Inventions such as these are as old as the patent law. They never had and never will have even a fighting commercial chance. The only men who made money out of them are the patent attorneys whom the inventors engaged.

Back of all these patents of the mechanically and commercially incompetent is an element of pathos. These Edisons of the nonrefillable bottles, these Morses of the perpetual motion machines for a time soar off far away from the narrow, uneventful lives that they lead. In their dreams they pile up royalties in comparison with which the revenues of a Rockefeller seem beggarly. They build marble palaces on Fifth Avenue; they loll on the decks of yachts more luxurious than those pictured in the Sunday newspapers; they cram their imaginary stables and garages with horses and motor cars; and they array their families in the clothes of London and Paris. Only too soon the waxen wings on which they have been carried away are ruthlessly melted, and they crash to the solid earth of reality again. Once more the discarded spade is picked up or the horses are harnessed to the rusty plow. Once more the old narrow life is resumed. The dream automobile is a farmwagon now, the dream palace a weather-beaten, rickety farmhouse.

It is not the contrivance of the sporadic inventor that finds its way into commerce, but the carefully thought-out machine or process of the professional inventor, the man who is paid by the week to invent, just as if he were a bookkeeper or a factory hand. Usually an engineer is connected with an industry for years before he attempts to improve its machinery or methods. He is a product of the modern trust, or at least of the modern corporation. He is not a genius and dislikes to be called one, because the

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Sic Transit Gloria All-America

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER TITTLE

HOW did the Siwash game come out Saturday? Forget it, my boy. You'll never know in this oversized, ingrowing, fenced-off, insulated metropolis till some one writes and tells you. Every fall I ask myself that same question all day Saturday and Sunday, and do you suppose I ever find a Siwash score in one of those muddy-faced, red-headed, ward-gossip parties that they call newspapers in New York? Never, not at all, you hopeful tenderfoot from the unimportant West. After you've existed in this secluded portion of the universe a few years you'll get over trying to find anything that looks like news from home in the daily disturbances here. And I don't care whether your home is in Buffalo, Chicago or Strawberry Point, Iowa, either. Go down on the East Side and beat up a policeman, and you'll get immortalized in ten-inch type. Go back West and get elected governor, and ten to one if you're mentioned at all they'll slip you the wrong state to preside over.

Excuse me, but I'm considerably sore, just as I am every Sunday during the football season. Here I am, eating my heart out with longing to know whether good old Siwash has dusted off half a township with Muggledorfer again, and what do I get to read? Four yards of Gale; five yards of Jarhard; two yards of Ohell; and a page of Quincetown, Hardmouth, Jamhurst, Saint Mikes, Holy Moses College and the Connecticut Institute of Etymology. Nice fodder for a loyal alumnus eleven hundred and then some miles from home, isn't it? Honest, when I first hit this seething burg I used to go down to the Grand Central station on Sunday afternoon and look at the people coming in from the trains, just because some of them were from the West. Once I took a New Yorker up to Riverside Park, pointed him west and asked him what he saw. He said he saw a ferryboat coming to New York. That was all he had ever seen of the other shore. He called it Hinterland. That made me mad and I called him an electric-light bug. We had a lovely row.

Nights We Were His Adoring Young Friends Again

But we're blasting out a corner for the old coll, even back here. We've got things fixed pretty nicely here now, we Siwash men. Down near Gramercy Park there's an old-fashioned city dwelling house, four stories high and elbow-room wide. It's the Siwash Alumni Club. There are half a hundred Siwash men in New York, gradually getting into the king row in various lines of business, and we pay enough rent each year for that house to buy a pretty fair little cottage out in Jonesville. Whenever a Siwash man drops in there he's pretty sure to find another Siwash man who smokes the same brand of tobacco and knows the same brand of college songs. We've got one legislator, four magazine publishers, two railroad officials, a city prosecutor and three bankers on the membership roll, and maybe some day we'll have a mayor. Then we'll pass a law requiring the boys and girls of New York to spend at least one hour a day learning about Siwash College, Jonesville, the big team of naughty-nix and the formula for getting credit at the Horseshoe Café. We'll make it obligatory for every newspaper to publish a full page about each Siwash game in the fall, with pictures of the captain, the coach and the fullback's right leg. Hurrah for revenge! I see it coming.

Join the club? Why, you don't have to ask to join it. You've got to join it. Ten dollars, please, and sign here. When we get a little huskier financially we won't charge new-fledged graduates anything for a year or two, but we've got to now. The soulless landlord wants his rent in advance. You'll find the whole gang there Saturday nights. Just butt right in if I'm not around. You're a Siwash man, and if you want to borrow the doorknob to throw at a hackman you've a perfect right to do it.

I'll tell you, old man, you don't know how nice it is to have a hole that you can hunt in this hurricane town, when you're a bright young chap with a glorious college past and a business future that you can't hock for a plate of beans a day! Leaving college and going into business in a big city is like taking a high dive from the hall of fame into an ice-water tank. Think of that and be cheerful. You've got a nice time coming. Just now you're Rudolph Weedon Burlingame, Siwash Naughty-several, late captain of the baseball team, prize orator, manager of two proms and president of the Senior class. Tomorrow you'll be a nameless cumberer of busy streets, useful only to the street-car companies to shake down for nickels. Tomorrow you're going around to the manager of some firm or other with a letter from some customer of his, and you're going to put your hand on your college diploma so as to have it handy, and you're going to hand him the letter and prepare to tell the story of your strong young life. But just before you begin you'll go away, because the manager will tell you he's sorry, but he's busy, and there are fourteen applicants ahead of you, and anyway he'll not be hiring any more men until 1918, and will you please come around then, and shut the door behind you, if you don't mind.

Yep, that's what will happen to you. You'll spend your first three days trying to haul that diploma out. The fourth day you'll put it in your trunk. I've known men to cut 'em up for shaving paper. You'll stop trying to tell the story of your life and in about a week you'll be wondering why you have been allowed to live so long. In two weeks a clerk will look as big as a senator to you and you'll begin to get bashful before elevator men. You'll get off the sidewalk when you see a man who looks as if he had a job and was in a hurry. You'll envy a messenger boy with a job and a future; you'll wonder if managers are really carnivorous or only pretend to be. You feel as tall as the Singer Building today, but you'll shrink before long. You'll shrink until, after a long, hard day, with about nine turndowns in it, you'll have to climb up on top of the dresser to look at yourself in the glass.

That's what you're going up against. Then the Siwash Club will be your hole and you'll hunt it every evening. You'll be a big man there, for we judge our members not

by what they are, but by what they were at school. You'll sit around with the boys after dinner, and the man on your right, who is running a railroad, will be interested in that home run you made against Muggledorfer, and the man on your left, who won't touch a law case for less than five thousand dollars, will tell you that he, too, won the Perkins debate once. And he'll treat you as if you were a real life-sized human being instead of a job hunter, knee high to a copying clerk. You'll be back in the old college atmosphere, as big as the best of 'em, and after you've swapped yarns all evening you'll go to bed full of tabasco and pepper, and you'll tackle the first manager the next morning as if he were a Kiowa man and you had the ball. And sooner or later you'll get old Mr. Opportunity where he can't give you the straight arm, and if you don't put a knee in his chest and tame him for life you haven't got the real Siwash spirit, that's all.

Funny thing about college. It isn't merely an education. It's a whole life in itself. You enter it unknown and tiny—just a Freshman with no rights on earth. You work and toil and suffer—and fall in love—and climb and rise to fame. When you are a Senior, if you have good luck, you are one of the biggest things in the whole world—for there isn't any world but the campus at college. Freshmen look up to you and admire men who are big enough to talk with you. The Sophomores may sneer at faculties and kings, but they wouldn't think of sassing you. The papers publish your picture in your football clothes. You dine with the professors, and prominent alumni come back and shake you by the hand. Of course, you know that somewhere in the dim nebulous outside there is a President of the United States who is quite a party in his way, but none of the girls mention it when they tell you how grand you looked after they had hauled the other team off of you and sewed on your ear. They talk about you exclusively because you're really the only thing worth talking about, you know.

When commencement comes you move about the campus like some tall mountain peak on legs. The students bring their young brothers up to meet you and you try to be kind and approachable. They give you a tremendous cheer when you go down the aisle in the chapel to get your prizes. You are referred to on all sides as one of the reasons why America is great. The professors when they bid you goodby ask you anxiously not to forget them. Then commencement is over and college life is past, and there is nothing left in life but to become a senator or run a darned old trust. You leave the campus, taking care not to step on any of the buildings, and go out into the world pretty blue because you're through with about everything worth while; and you wonder if you can stand it to toil away making history eleven months in the year with only time to hang around college a few weeks in spring or fall. You're done with the real life. You're an old man, you've seen it all; and it sometimes takes you two weeks or more to recover and decide that after all a great career may be almost as interesting in a way as college itself. So you buck up and decide to accept the career—and that's where you begin to catch on to the general drift of the universe in dead earnest.

Take a man of sixty, with a permanent place in Who's Who and a large circle of people who believe that he has some influence with the sunrise and sunset. Then let him suddenly find himself a ten-year-old boy with two empty pockets and an appetite for assets, and let him learn that it isn't considered even an impertinence to spank him whenever he tries to mix in and air his opinions. I don't believe he would be much more shocked than the college man who finds, at the conclusion of a glorious four year slosh in fame, that he is really just about to begin life, and that the first thing he must learn is to keep out from under foot and say "Yes, sir," when the boss barks at him. It's a painful thing, Burlingame. Took me about a year to think of it without saying "ouch."

The saddest thing about it all is that the two careers don't always mesh. The college athlete may discover that the only use the world has for talented shoulder muscles is for hod-carrying purposes. The society fashion plate may never get the hang of how to earn anything but last year's model pants; and the fishy-eyed nonentity, who never did anything more glorious in college than pay his class tax, may be doing a brokerage business in skyscrapers within ten years.

When I left Siwash and came to New York I guess I was as big as the next graduate. Of course I hadn't been the one best bet on the campus, but I knew all the college celebrities well enough to slap them on the backs and call them by pet names and lend them money. That of course should be a great assistance in knowing just how to approach the president of a big city bank and touch him for a cigar in a red-and-gold corset, while he is telling you to make yourself at home around the place until a job turns up. Allie Bangs, my chum, went on East with me. We had decided to rise side by side and to buy the same make of yachts. Of course we were sensible. We didn't expect to crowd out any magnates the first week or two. We intended to rise by honest worth, if it took a whole year. All we asked was that the fellows ahead should take care of themselves and not hold it against us if we ran over them from behind. We didn't think we were the biggest men on earth—not yet. That's where we fell down. We've never had a chance to since. You have got to seize the opportunity for getting a swelled head just as you have for everything else.

It took us just six weeks to get a toe-hold on the earth and establish our right to breathe our fair share of New York air. At the end of that time neither one of us would have been surprised if we had been charged rent while waiting in the ante-rooms of New York offices to be told that no one had time to tell us that there was no use of our waiting to get a chance to ask for anything. Talk about a come-down! It was worse than coming down a bump-the-bumps with nails in it. It was three months before we got jobs. They were microscopic jobs in the same company, with wages that were so small that it seemed a shame to make out our weekly checks on nice engraved bank paper—jobs where any one from the proprietor down could yell "Here, you!" and the office boy could have fired us and got away with it. If I had been hanging on to a rope trailing behind a fifty-thousand-ton ocean liner I don't believe I should have felt more inconsequential and totally superfluous.

But they were jobs just the same and we were game. I think most college graduates are after they get their feelings reduced to normal size. We hung on and dug in, and sneaked more work into our positions, and didn't quarrel with any one except the window-washer's little boy who brought meat for the cats in the basement. We drew the line at letting him boss us. And how we did enjoy being part of the big rumpus on Manhattan Island. We had a room—it wasn't so much of a room as it was a sort of stationary vest—and we ate at those hunger cures where a girl punches out your bill on a little ticket and you don't dare eat up above the third figure from the bottom or you'll go broke on Friday. By hook or crook we always managed to save a dollar from the wreckage for Sunday, and say, did you ever conduct a scientific investigation into just how far a dollar will go providing a day's pleasure in a big city? We did that for six months, and if I do say it myself we stretched some of those dollars until the eagle's neck reached from Tarrytown to Coney Island. We saw New York from roofgarden to subcellar. We even got to doing fancy stunts. We'd dig out our dress suits, go over to one of those cafés where you begin owing money as soon as you see the head waiter, and put on a bored and haughty front for two hours on a dollar and twenty cents, including tips. And what we didn't know about the Subway, the Snubway and the Grubway, the Clubway, and the various Dubways of New York wasn't worth discovering or even imagining.

We hadn't been conducting our explorations for more than a week when a most tremendous thing happened to us. You know how you are always running up against mastodons in the big town. You see about every one who is big enough to die in scareheads. Taking a stroll down Fifth Avenue with an old residenter and having him tell about the people you pass is like having the hall of fame directory read off to you. Well, one Sunday night when we were blowing in our little fifty cents apiece on one of those Italian table d'hôte dinners with red varnish free, Allie looked across the room and began to tremble. "Look at that chap," says he.

"Who is he?" I asked, getting interested. "Roosevelt?"

"Roosevelt nothing," he says scornfully. "Man alive, that's Jarvis!"

I just dropped my jaw and stared. Of course you remember Jarvis, the great football player. At that time I guess most of the college boys in America said their prayers to him. Out West we students used to read of his terrific line plunges on the eastern fields and of his titanic defense when his team was hard pushed, and wonder if any of us would ever become great enough to meet him and shake him by the hand. There we were soaking in the achievements of Achilles and Hector and Hercules and other eminent has-beens, at the rate of forty lines of Greek a day. They had old Homer to write them up—the best man ever in the business. But what did we care for them? I've caught myself speculating more than once on what Achilles would have done if Jarvis had tried to make a gain through him. Achilles was probably a pretty good spear artist, and all that, but if Jarvis had put his leather-helmeted head down and hit the line low—about two points south of the solar plexus—they would have carted Ac. away in a cab right there, invulnerability and all.

That's about what we thought of Jarvis. We had his pictures pasted all over our training quarters along with those of the other super-dreadnoughts from the colleges that break into literature, and I imagine that if he had suddenly appeared back in Jonesville we should have put our heads right down and kow-towed until he gave us permission to get up. And here we were, sitting in the same café with him. I'll tell you, I had never felt the glory of living in the metropolis and prowling around the ankles of the big chiefs more vividly than right then.

We sat and watched Jarvis while our meat course got cold. There was no mistaking him—some people have their looks copyrighted and Jarvis was one of them. We would have known it was he if we had seen him in a Roman mob. After a while Bangs, who always did have a triple reënforced Harveyized steel cheek, straightened up. "I'm going over to speak to him," he said.

"Sit still, you fool," says I; "don't annoy him."

"Watch me," says Bangs; "I'm going over to introduce myself. He can't any more than freeze me. And after I've spoken to him they can take my little old job away from me and ship me back to the hayfields whenever they please. I'll be satisfied."

"You ought to bottle that nerve of yours and sell it to the lightning-rod pedlers," says I, getting all sweaty. "Just because you introduced yourself to a governor once you think you can go as far as you like. You stay right here ——" But Bangs had gone over to Jarvis.

"Roosevelt Nothing," He Says Scornfully. "Man Alive, That's Jarvis!"

Came Right Up to Our Little Three by Twice and Wouldn't Even Sit in the One Chair

I sat there and blushed for him, and suffered the tortures of a man who is watching his friend making a furry-eared nuisance of himself. There was the greatest football player in the world being pestered by a frying-sized sprig of a ninth assistant shipping clerk. It was preposterous. I waited to see Bangs wilt and come slinking back. Then I was going to put on my hat and walk out as if I didn't belong with him at all. But instead of that Bangs shook hands with Jarvis, talked a minute and then sat down with him. When Bangs is routed out by the Angel Gabriel he'll sit down on the edge of his grave and delay the whole procession, trying to find a mutual acquaintance or two. That's the kind of a leather-skin he is.

Presently Bangs turned around and beckoned to me to come over. More colossal impudence. I wasn't going to do it, but Jarvis turned, too, and smiled at me. Like a hypnotized man I went over to their table. "I want you to meet Mr. Jarvis," said Bangs, with the air of a man who is giving away his aeroplane to a personal friend.

"Glad to meet you," said Jarvis kindly.

"M-m-m-mrugh," says I easily and naturally. Then I sat down on the edge of a chair.

Well, sir, Jarvis—it was the real Jarvis all right—was as pleasant a fellow as you would ever care to meet. There he was talking away to us fishworms just as cordially as if he enjoyed it. He didn't seem to be a bit better than we were. I've often noticed that when you meet the very greatest people they are that way. It's only the fellows who aren't sure they're great and who are pretty sure you aren't sure either, who have to put up a haughty front. Jarvis offered us cigarettes and put us so much at our ease that we stayed there an hour. It was a dazzling experience. He told us a lot about the city, and asked us about ourselves and laughed at our experiences. And he told us that he often dined there and hoped to see us again. When we got safely outside, after having bade him goodby without any sort of a break, I mopped my forehead. Then I took off my hat. "Bangs," said I, "you're the world's champion. Some day you'll get killed for impudence in the first degree, but just now I've got ten cents and I'm going to buy you a big cigar and walk home to pay for it."

Incredible as it may sound, that was the beginning of a real friendship between the three of us. Jarvis seemed to take a positive pleasure in being democratic. And he was wonderfully thoughtful too. He realized instinctively that we had about nine cents apiece in our clothes as a rule, and he didn't offer to be gorgeous and buy things we couldn't buy back. We got to dropping in at the café once a week or so and eating at the same table with him. Why on earth he fancied eating around with grubs like us, when he could have been tucking away classy fare up on Fifth Avenue, we couldn't imagine. Some people are naturally Bohemian, however. It seemed to delight Jarvis to hear us tell about our team, and our college, and our prospects, and how lucky we had been up to date, not getting stepped on by any financial magnate or other tall city monument. He wasn't a talkative man himself. It was especially hard to pry any football talk out of him, probably because he was so modest. When we insisted he would finally open up, and tell us the inside facts about some great college game that we knew by heart from the newspaper accounts. And he would mention all the famous players by their first names—you can't imagine how much more alarming it sounded than calling a president "Teddy"—and we would just sit there and drink it in, and watch history from behind the scenes until suddenly he would stop, look absent and shut up like a clam. No use trying to turn him on again. Presently he would bid us good night and go away. The first time we thought we had offended him and we were miserable for a week. But when we ran across him again he seemed as pleased as ever to see us. It was just moods, after all, we finally decided, and thought no more about it. Great men have a right to have moods if they want to. We admired his moods as much as the rest of him, and were only glad they weren't violent.

It was a couple of months before we got up courage enough to ask him to drop in at our room. Even Allie got timid. He explained that he didn't want to break the spell. But finally I braced up myself and invited him to drop around with us, and he consented as kindly as you please. Came right up to our little three by twice and wouldn't even sit in the one chair. Sat on the bed and looked over our college pictures, and chatted until Allie asked him if he was going back for the big game that fall. Then he said sort of abruptly that he couldn't get away, and a few minutes afterward he went home. We thought we'd offended him again, but a week afterward he turned up and called on us—we'd asked him to drop in any time. We decided that he didn't like to have too much familiarity about his football career and we respected him for it. It's all right for a man like that to be affable and democratic, but he mustn't let you crawl all over him. He's got his dignity to maintain.

As the winter came on Jarvis dropped up to see us quite frequently. He never asked us to come and see him and we were really a little grateful—for I don't believe I should have had the nerve to go bouncing into the apartments of a national hero and hobnob with the mile-a-minute class. Anyway we didn't expect it or dream of it. And we didn't ask him any more questions about himself. We didn't care to try to elbow into his circle. If he chose to come slumming and sit around with us, we were more than content. We had seen enough of him already to keep us busy paralyzing Siwash fellows for a week when we went back to commencement. "Jarvis? Oh, yes. Fact is, he's a friend of ours. Comes up to our rooms right along. We happened to meet him in a café. And say, he tells us that when he made that fifty-yard run—and so on." We used to practice saying things like this naturally and easily. We could just see the undergrads at the frat house sitting around in circles and lapping it up.

All this time we were plugging away down at the plant, early and late, with every ounce of steam we had. There's one good thing about business in this Bedlam—when you break through you keep right on going. By the time commencement rolled around we were getting checks with two figures on them, and had a better job treed and ready to drop. Ask for a vacation? Why, we wouldn't have asked for four days off to go home and help bury our worst enemy. That's what business does to the dear old college days when it gets a good bite at them. There we were, one year out of Siwash, breaking forty-five reunion dates, and never even sitting around with our heads in our hands over it. This business bug is a bad, bad biter all right. Just let it get its tooth into you, and what do you care if some other fellow is smoking your two-quart pipe back in the old chapter house? And for that matter, what do you care about anything else until you get up far enough to take breath and look around? Sometimes, after a couple of weeks of extra hard work, I've taken my mind off invoices long enough to wag it around a bit and I've felt like a swimmer coming up after a long dive.

There He Was Talking Away to Us Fishworms Just as Cordially as If He Enjoyed It

We landed those promotions in July and went right after another pair. I got mine in August—Allie in September. And along in December they called us both up in the office, where the big crash was. He said nice things to us about getting a chance to fire our own chauffeurs if we kept on tending to business, and first thing we knew we had offices of our own in the back of the building, with our names painted on the doors, and call-bells that brought stenographers and the same old brand of office boys that used to blow us out of the other offices along with their cigarette smoke. And we realized then that if we worked like thunder for thirty years more and saved our money and made it earn one hundred per cent, perhaps some of the real business kings would notice us on the street some day. That's about the way the college swelling goes down.

All this time we hadn't seen much of Jarvis. He'd stopped coming to the café and we'd really been so busy that we almost forgot about him. It's simply wonderful the things business will drive out of your mind. It wasn't until late in the winter that we realized that we'd probably lost track of Jarvis for good—that is, until we climbed up into his set and discovered him at some dinner that was a page out of the social register. We mixed around a lot more now. We went to the million-candle-power restaurants every now and then, and ate more than sixty-five cents' worth apiece without batting an eye; and we went to see a play occasionally and didn't climb up into the rarefied atmosphere to find our seats either. And whenever we broke in with the limousine crowd we kept a bright lookout for Jarvis. We wanted to see him and show him that we were coming along. We wanted him to be proud of us. I'd have given all my small bank balance to hear him say: "Fine work, old man; keep it up." I'll tell you when a big chap like that takes an interest in you, it's just as bracing as a hypodermic of ginger. Baccalaureates and inspirational editorials can't touch it.

I was holding down the proud position of shipping clerk and Allie was my assistant the next spring, and it seemed as if we had to empty that warehouse every twenty-four hours and find the men to load the stuff with search-warrants. Help was scandalously scarce. We couldn't have worked harder if we had been standing off grizzly bears with brickbats. I'd just fired the fourth loafer in one day for trying to roll barrels by mental suggestion, when the boss came into my office.

"Can you use an extra man?" he asked me.

"Use him?" says I, swabbing off my forehead—I'd been hustling a few barrels myself. "Use him? Say, I'll give him a whole car to load all by himself, and if he can get the job finished by yesterday he can have another to load for today."

"Now, see here," said the boss, sitting down; "this is a peculiar case. This chap's been at me for a job for months. There's nothing in the office. He's a fine fellow and well educated, but he's on his uppers. He can't seem to land anywhere. I'm sorry for him. He looks as if he was headed for the bread line. He's too good to roll barrels, but it won't hurt him. If you'll take him in and use him I'll give him a place as soon as I get it; let me know how he pans out."

"Just ask him to run all the way here," I said, and put my nose down in a bill of lading. After a while the door opened and some one said, "Is this the shipping clerk?" It was the ghost of a voice I used to know and I turned around in a hurry.. It was Jarvis.

I don't suppose it is strictly business to cry while you are shaking hands with a husky you're just putting into harness at one-fifty per. I didn't intend to do it, but somehow when your whole conception of fame and glory comes clattering down about your ears, and you find you've got to order your star and idol to get a hustle on him and load the car at dour four damquick, you are likely to do something foolish. I just stood and sniveled and let my mouth hang open, and my brain buzzed like a cheap taxicab. Neither of us said a word, but presently I put my arm around his shoulders and led him out into the shipping room. "There's the foreman," I said, in a voice like a wet sponge. "And you report here at six o'clock sharp." Then I went and hunted up Allie and for once we let business go hang in business hours. We couldn't work. We kept clawing for the solid ground and trying to readjust society and the universe and the beacon lights of progress all afternoon.

When quitting time came we waited for Jarvis. We didn't say anything, but we loaded him into a cab and took him up to the old café. Then he told us his story, while we learned a lot of things about glory we hadn't even vaguely suspected before. He was one of the greatest football players who ever carried a ball, Jarvis was. Of that there was no doubt. He admitted it himself then. I might say he confessed it. He'd come to his university without any real preparation—you know even in the best regulated institutions of learning they sometimes get your marks on tackling mixed with your grades on entrance algebra. He'd spent two hours a day on football and the rest of his time being a college hero. He'd had to work at it like a dog, he said. How he got by the exams. he never knew. It seemed to him as if he must have studied in his sleep. By the time he graduated he'd had about every honor that has been invented for campus consumption. He belonged to the exclusive societies. The President of the United States had shaken hands with him. He had a scrapbook

(Concluded on Page 56)

His Succulency—the Oyster

SHOWING HOW THE OYSTERMAN HAS MADE HIS OWN BED

While the tongers and the dredgers rob each other,
While constabulary duty's to be done,
Taking one consideration with another,
The oysterman's life is not a happy one.

By Harry Snowden Stabler

THIS paraphrase of the policeman's song in the Pirates of Penzance changes its Gilbertian humor into cold, sober fact. For, notwithstanding the nature and the number of the difficulties under which he labors, the oysterman has ever been his own worst enemy. Indeed in some parts of the United States he still is often but little better than a genuine pirate, and so stupid, too, that he robs himself as well as others.

The history of the oysterman in all countries has been the same from the beginning. To be quite fair, however, it may be said that this is not altogether his own fault. Like the element from which he gets his living he has ever been and always will be impatient of restraint. But, more to the point, it has always been hard to impress upon any coastwise community the fact that the lands under its waters can be damaged at all, until they have been brought to the verge of ruin.

For instance, there were in the harbor of Emsworth, England, between the years 1840 and 1850, so many oysters that one man in five hours could gather from twenty-four thousand to thirty-two thousand. In consequence of overfishing, in 1858 scarcely ten vessels could get loads, and ten years later a dredge in five hours could not find more than twenty oysters. Again, in a little bay on the northwest coast of France the decrease due to overfishing was in a few years from sixteen million to less than one million of these mollusks—they count single oysters over there as we count bushels of them here. Two years later the bottom of this bay was in a complete wreck, and it could only be remedied by a total prohibition of the fisheries.

Packing and Floating Tubs—the Old Way

Fit Subjects for Persecution

IN OUR own country, as early as 1766, there were laws passed prohibiting the wholesale destruction of oyster beds; this was in New England. But there never have been and probably never will be laws governing this industry that could be made satisfactory to all concerned in it. The laws regulating the closed season wherein oysters may not be taken are certainly not satisfactory.

Human nature, as reflected by the average oysterman, being the same now as then, the futility of the closed season is best illustrated by Ingersoll's graphic account of the destruction of the natural oyster beds near New Haven, Connecticut, many years ago: "The law was 'off' on the first day of November and all the natural beds of the state became open to any person who wished to work them. In anticipation of the date great preparations were made in the towns along the shore and for twenty miles back from the sea side. Boats, rakes, baskets and bags were put in order. The day before, large numbers of wagons came toward the shore from the back country, bringing hundreds of men with their utensils. Among these were not infrequently seen boats borne in the rigging of a hay cart, ready to be launched on the expected morning.

"It was a time of great excitement and nowhere greater than along the Quinnipiac. On the day preceding, farmers flocked into Fair Haven from all the surrounding country and brought with them boats and canoes of antique pattern and ruinous aspect. These rustics always met with a riotous welcome from the town boys, who hated rural competition. They were likely to find their boats, if not carefully watched, stolen or hidden before they had a chance to launch them, or they were even disabled temporarily. These things diversified the day and enlivened a community usually very peaceful, if not dull.

"As midnight approached, men dressed in oilskins and carrying oars, paddles, rakes and tongs collected all along the shore where crowds of women and children assembled to see the fun. Every sort of craft was prepared for action and they lined the whole margin of the river and harbor on each side in thick array. As the 'witching hour' drew near the men took their seats with much hilarity and nerved their arms for a few minutes' vigorous work.

"No eye could see the face of the great church clock on the hill, but lanterns glimmered on a hundred watch dials and were then set down, as only a coveted minute remained. There was a hush in the merriment along the shore, an instant's calm, and then the great bell struck a deep-toned peal. It was like an electric shock. Backs bent to oars and paddles churned the water. From opposite banks waves of boats leaped out and advanced toward one another in the darkness, as though bent on mutual annihilation. The race was to the swift and every stroke was the mightiest.

"Before the twelve blows upon the great bell had ceased their reverberations the oyster beds had been reached, tongs were scraping the long-rested bottom and the season's campaign upon the Quinnipiac had begun. . . . The more thickly covered beds were quickly cleaned of their bivalves. The boats were full, the wagons were full, and many had secured what they called their 'winter's stock' before the day was done; and thousands of bushels of oysters were packed away under blankets of seaweed in scores of cellars.

"The first day was the great day. By the next day the rustic crowd had departed, but the oysters continued to be sought. A week of this sort of attack, however, usually sufficed to clean the bottoms so thoroughly that subsequent raking was of small account."

Today there are, comparatively speaking, no natural beds along these shores. And the same is true of the European countries, where the oyster is now cultivated under difficulties undreamed of by the oysterman in America.

Farming the Deepest Waters

NEVERTHELESS, should you take a steamer at New York and go by the inside route to Providence, you will soon begin to see innumerable stakes and buoys, far too great in number to be marking navigation channels. As far as the eye can reach they may be seen extending out to the very middle of the sound, in many instances giving the expanse of water the appearance of a vast bean field full of bare poles.

You would never suspect that they mark the boundaries of farms under water; that the bottom over which your vessel is plowing her way has been prepared, swept and garnished—sown with seed and tended as carefully as the finest tillable land above water. You momentarily fear that your ship may run aground, until you are told that a great majority of these farms lie from twenty to eighty—some of them as much as a hundred—feet below the surface. Nearly all the way to Providence your vessel passes through these cultivated fields, which are made to yield their rich harvests in the face of difficulties unknown in the waters farther south.

These lands, many of them depleted bottoms and waste places formerly useless, have been strewn with cultch or replanted

A Modern Packing Room

with seed oysters. But before that could be done they were carefully surveyed and platted, then rented, sold or leased; so that they would bring a revenue to their respective states.

In these cold Northern waters a regular set of spat or spawn cannot be depended upon; so nearly all of the few natural beds remaining after the ruin formerly wrought upon them are protected by law for the sole purpose of furnishing seed oysters. These are taken up at certain seasons of the year and planted as carefully as the dry-land farmer sows his wheat and corn.

The Northern oysterman is busy all the year round. In the summer he gets his ground in shape by clearing it of rubbish and planting fresh, clean shells or broken stone, upon which he hopes to get a good set of spat. Along in August he looks eagerly through his magnifying glasses for the tiny coveted specks to appear on shell and stone, or other kinds of cultch that he may prefer as collectors. A good set or strike means the replenishment of his stock—perhaps enough to last him over a couple of bad years.

Failing in this, he must buy seed oysters from some locality more fortunate than his. This is often a dangerous and uncertain process, for the planter knows that the young bivalve does not readily bear transplanting in waters that differ much in temperature and salinity from those in which it was born. But neither he nor the scientist can tell you why one section of a body of water may have a good set of spat, while another section nearby and seemingly just as favorably situated may have comparatively none. Nor can either say positively why during one season oysters in one part of a bay or sound may be fat, while in another part of the waters usually just as productive the oysters may be of poor quality and condition.

This fact is one of the many mysteries that the scientist will solve one of these days. It is common more or less to all waters, but the industry that has reached such development in Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York is the result of intelligent work along sane, scientific lines. The people have stopped laughing at the man in the laboratory.

The shellfish laws in the states bordering on Long Island Sound are different from each other in many respects. But without them this great and growing industry could not have been built up; for except here and there in comparatively small quantities the wild oyster of marketable size is practically extinct. These laws have not all been adopted at once. Each progressive step has been met with bitter, stubborn opposition on the part of the very men who are most benefited by them. The bottoms have been surveyed and platted as carefully as the lands in a township. Heavy penalties are imposed upon the oyster pirate and the man who destroys or shifts the buoys and stakes.

Rhode Island furnishes perhaps the best example of wise administration. There the shellfish lands are leased to planters at so much an acre, the fee being reserved by the state; so that each plat of land taken up means an increased income. The income derived by the state of Connecticut is from taxation of the franchises that are perpetual in character. New York now has a modified leasing system, after having given away to individuals and townships quantities of land that should be bringing in a good annual income.

The producing powers of these Northern fields are nowhere near their limit. In the sounds and bays of New York alone there are many thousand acres of lands under water upon which shellfish grow. Not all of this land is fit for cultivation, but in nearly every locality as far up as Cape Cod oyster lands may be selected and made to pay. There are about eighty thousand acres of cultivated lands in Long Island Sound. These eighty thousand acres, together with those in nearby waters, have been sufficient to place this region far ahead of any other in the number of oysters produced and in their average size.

The value of some of these under-water farms is enormous. Lying in Great South Bay are approximately fifteen thousand acres, which produce about eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of oysters each year. Over seven-eighths of these are shipped in the shell. It is true that these particular oysters are the famous Blue Points, which you may find on the menu card of every hotel in America and in all the first-class hotels of Europe.

It takes only three months for any plebeian member of the tribe of *ostrea virginica* to become an aristocratic Blue Point—that is the custom. In that time the small oyster transplanted in this part of Great South Bay is presumed to have acquired the flavor peculiar to those that are to the manner born. The same may be said of the Lynnhaven Bay, that prince of bivalves, or of any other of the famous brands.

There are many thousand barrels of oysters sold under well-known names that never saw the locality whence they are supposed to come, and none but an expert could tell

(Continued on Page 65)

THE BLUE ENVELOPE

VII

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

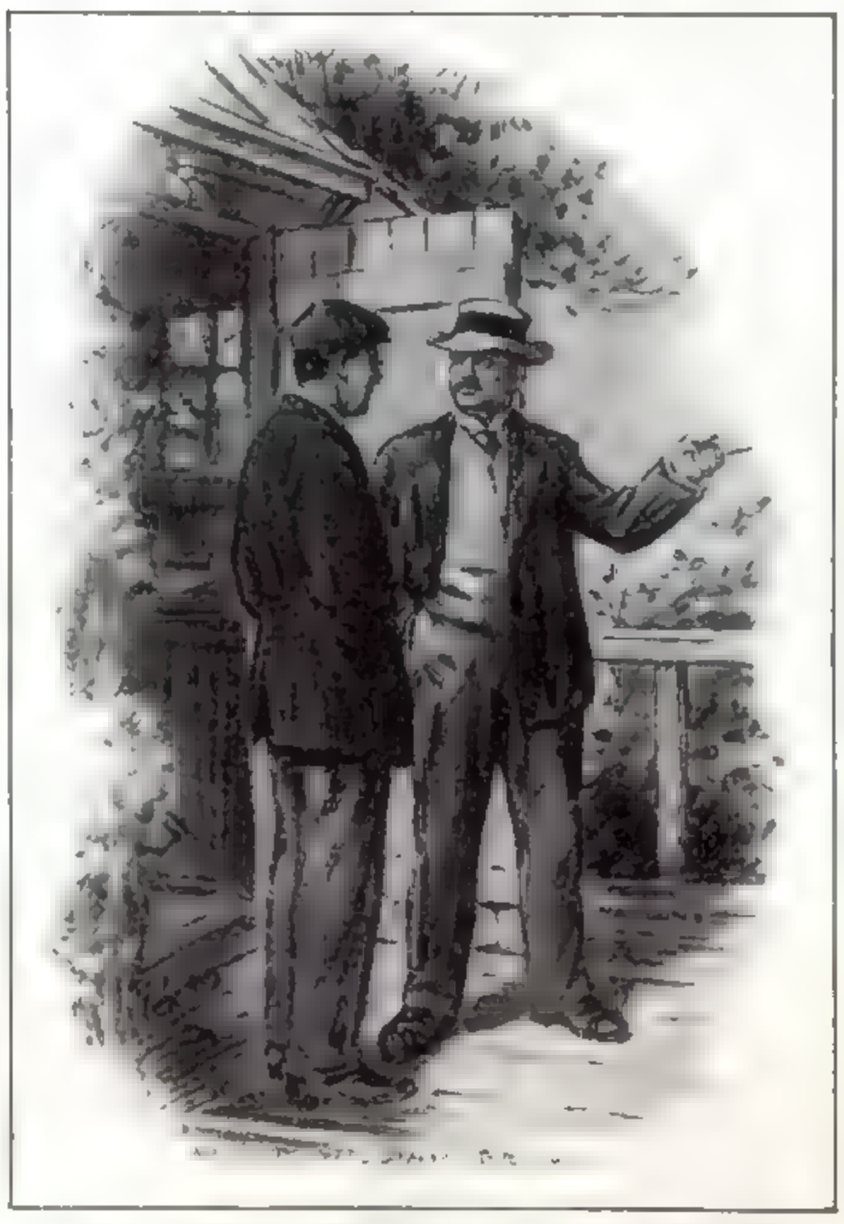
AFTER we had been in the place almost four months an important problem suddenly confronted us. The secretary of the bank wrote me that changes in the estate that owned our home rendered it necessary to sell. He said that under the circumstances I certainly ought to have the first chance. He was ready to sell for two hundred and fifty dollars less than the price he had first named to me and a cash payment of one thousand dollars would be sufficient, leaving the rest on mortgage at six per cent. "Even in this short time, real estate out there has a slightly better tone," he wrote, "and I can sell to some one else at twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars if you do not care for it; but I really hope you will take it."

The chance for a home actually our own was thus forced upon us and it was too good a chance to lose. I did not have one thousand dollars, but went to the secretary and explained, offering seven hundred dollars. He smiled and hesitated, but accepted—and the place was ours!

We were immensely elated, in spite of facing the fact that, instead of having money for three years of living, we all at once found ourselves with only about one hundred dollars.

Well, then, our spending must be made still lighter. Everything looked hopeful. The garden was greening up beautifully; the hens were laying or sitting; we should be all right if we could keep our heads above water and keep out of debt.

I went at the fence possibilities more eagerly than ever and especially because I now had the use of a horse and runabout. I got a good county road map and planned a comprehensive presentation of my fence-selling propositions. This having a horse to use reminds me of going in and seeing the Sunday editor of my old paper—he knew me only as a successful reporter—and getting him to order a page article on the spring roads and automobiling, then a new and adventurous sport. "It must be great—living out there!" he said. "Have you got a saddle-horse yet? If you haven't you ought to get one right away, for there is nothing to equal the joy of horseback riding. It's ahead of your automobile!" Whereupon I felt glad that I still looked as if I owned an automobile and could buy an occasional saddle-horse.



"I'll Give You Five Dollars for the Privilege of Having My Medicine Sign Painted Up There for One Year"

One of the staff artists came out to get pictures. Of course we had him to luncheon and killed for the occasion two cockerels of our own first hatching. He was in ecstasies over everything. He wanted to go through every room in the house and even the garret and cellar. "I've often heard of your being out here!"—and I had been rather of the opinion that I had pulled the hole in after me and had been lost and forgotten!—"The boys often talk about you. It's great! You've certainly got the right idea of life. I'll never forget this chicken as long as I live!"

He bubbled with enthusiasm and the right sort of envy. It was clear to me that if a few had ever suspected I had gone to the country in wretchedness and heartbreak, it was a few only; and they had not made their knowledge or suspicions general. All of which lightened my heart immensely. The artist got his pictures and went back to the house with me and sat talking with us in front of an open fire until the midnight train. It put me in touch with all my old friends again, removed the feeling of hiding and was a good tonic for me. Everything seemed brighter.

For quite a while we ran desperately close to the edge as to money. Always there were unexpected expenses and unexpectedly large totals of little spendings. If either of us had fallen sick I don't know what we should have done; but fortune was very good to us in regard to health—and, indeed, all the conditions, except the important one of overanxiety, were for health. We lived in absolutely pure air and were too busy and too much occupied to be sick.

That first summer, when we were short of money to a degree that I do not even now like to think of—when we were at times almost desperate—was the time chosen by a number of visitors to come to see us uninvited—relatives and others at whose homes we had scarcely if ever slept. We wanted to be hospitable, but could not afford to be. And yet, we could not turn the visitors away. We had a good-looking house, seemed prosperous and had to live measurably up to the part. The visitors took our time and everything else with that curious freedom that people exhibit when visiting in the country and which they never dream of offering in return when the country dwellers visit them in the city. No doubt they thought us mean because we were not more liberal livers, even though we were spending money for which, when left alone, we should have to economize so fiercely that it hurts even now to think of it.

It was almost as annoying that some of our visitors would stand on the porch and comment on the passers-by with small care or no care at all about their words being heard. "See that one! You couldn't beat those whiskers in Denman Thompson!" I always stopped such genial manifestations of humor, but it was after the mischief was done. I remember, too, a brother coming in one day and telling gleefully of how he had just been taken for me by a couple of old ladies, who had gravely bowed to him; and how he had returned the bows with a facetious face and flippant greeting, thinking it awfully funny because it was in the country. I remember his surprise when I did not seem fully aware of the humor of it.

In spite of worries, our life was happy. So delightful was the idea of ownership, so inspiring, that we dug our flower-beds and planted vines from the roadsides—Virginia creeper and wild clematis could be had for the uprooting—in a sort of ecstasy of happiness; but, unconfessed to each other, we suffered from the fear of spending money, the fear of debt at the store and the fear of an unprovided-for winter. Our taste in tea, coffee and butter did not permit of economy in quality. Our morning coffee was still the old good kind from the city, which we bought in quantity and at a lower price than the country-store "best"; but we drank it only at breakfast. The butter seemed to last in a way unheard of in our household before. As time went on we used more jelly and marmalade of home making. Outdoor life and activity seemed to call for more sugar—the doctors now call it "the power behind the blow"—and sugar at least is low in price! We never said, "Let us be careful of this or that"; but we became very careful of the necessary luxuries that called for money expenditures

It Was the Custom for the Grocer to Bawl the Name Down the Street

and very free in indulgence in all our home products: milk, berries, eggs, chickens, fruit, green peas, cantaloups, apples. Our table never seemed bare.

A little thing I did, which could have been done by any one of fair intelligence and without newspaper training, was to establish relations with two of the city newspapers, one afternoon and one morning, as local correspondent. The happenings were few and the pay small, but still it was something. In any country town, where there is no local paper, this is one of the small openings; but where there is a country weekly the men connected with it are given preference as correspondents for the city papers.

My wife was anxious to increase our live possessions by some Belgian hares and some pigeons. We started with a pair of each, traded for settings of eggs, for our chickens were good-lookers; and we had several trades offered of small things, rosebushes, tiger lilies, white phlox, a quaint old table, for eggs or pullets from our yard. The hares lived in hutches on the barn wall and the pigeons were made at home in a packing-box high up in the loft, with holes in the gable. Both the hares and pigeons increased in number; and when we had five hares and eight pigeons we decided to begin eating rabbit and squab. We had many a savory dish from these two sources; but we never tired of them, because our stock didn't increase very fast. They paid for the care bestowed upon them, but did not tempt us to go into business as raisers.

I learned, not all at once but in course of time, as I watched and studied what went on about me, that there are more openings in the country for the city-bred than I had at first supposed.

I have already mentioned the laborer, the job-man; but there are other and better possibilities, and they are not only possibilities for the city-bred man but are such as the country-bred man is generally unfitted to take advantage of.

Set the right man down in such a country neighborhood as I have described and let him become established, either renting or owning, with a good vegetable patch, fruit and chickens, and he can make a comfortable living and continue to do this into old age. The country is ready to use a man as long as he can totter. He may go to his work leaning on a cane, but he is welcome. There is not the heartlessness of the city in throwing aside men with gray hairs or a bald spot.

A city paperhanger would be cordially welcomed. In the town we settled in, the only man who could be hired always had his time bespoken two months in advance. Some work that we needed was done promptly by a city paperhanger who chanced to be visiting relatives for a few months to recover his health, and he picked up a good summer's living by doing such work as came literally knocking at his door, for he did not seek any of it.

The only painter available within a radius of a good many miles, unless one sent to the county-seat or the city, which most of the people were not rich enough to do, was a retired sailor, who was puffed up with pride at being in constant demand. He was so humorously high-handed that the paint he used had not only to be secured through his efforts but also whoever employed him had to pay for the paint in advance.

I found, too, that there was a fine chance for a man to act as a commission merchant and middleman between producers and city dealers. Many a carload of fine winter apples rotted on the ground for want of handling; and many a farmer could have made money out of his eggs, chickens, cherries, berries, peaches and butter if there had been a man ready to see to getting his things handled for fair prices in the city.

In short, the country needs business men; and the curious thing about it is that, up to forty or fifty years ago, there were plenty of men doing just the kinds of work I have mentioned. The movement of the best has been uninterruptedly toward the city. Those who stayed behind were mainly inefficients or weaklings. In a broader sense than is ever supposed, there could well be a movement of "back to the country." Of course I am not referring to commuters, who, though they sleep in the country, have all their business interests in the city.

Here is another point. The city man who goes to the country with daughters old enough to teach can, if they are qualified, find schools for them. In the district I am speaking of, which includes a number of townships, every school-teacher had come from "upstate." The district did not even raise its own school-teachers.

I did not myself take advantage of the points I have just been mentioning because I had no daughters, I was not a paperhanger, and I had not the business experience or acquaintance to act successfully as a commission merchant. My experience in trying to organize the labor market taught me to be shy of attempting business organization of any sort.

For a time I was very strongly tempted to study law, even though I was over forty; for I saw what an admirable opening there was. Any lawyer who is drudging in a great city to make ends meet can find comfort in a rural community such as I am describing. I do not mean the county-seats—they have their lawyers; but I mean the small towns, and there are many such, where there is no lawyer, but where there is a constant chance to draw up deeds and contracts, make wills, give advice regarding questions that may arise and take neighborhood cases for trial at the county-seat. With the basis of home garden and chicken yard, a country lawyer can be not only independent but also hold a position of consideration.

He must be of a kind to impress people favorably and gain confidence; he must also have much tact—a quality curiously necessary to an outsider going into a country community; for otherwise, no matter what his character and ability, he would be frozen out. A man is talked over in a rural community in a way a city dweller knows nothing about; and he may unconsciously incur the dislike of an entire neighborhood through some relatively small thing.

A young doctor came to this very town, but found himself persistently without patients and gave it up. He had education, skill and a good presence, and afterward succeeded elsewhere; he never knew that here his mortal sin was putting a pig in his lot within sight of the street, an unheard-of offense in this place of trim tradition.

In spite of evident advantages, I did not study law, for I realized not only that I needed abstract knowledge of the profession, which I could acquire by two years of study, but also that a lawyer isolated in a country town would require such a wide working knowledge of detail and forms and practice as could only be acquired through previous experience.

The result of all this was that I could readily see fine opportunities, but was still to find the opportunity that was best for me!

Meanwhile, economical though we were, more money was needed and I decided to sell my small collection of first editions. They were not many. I had had a good deal of personal enjoyment in picking them up, one at a time, when opportunity offered; but I had often told myself, truly enough, that it was not a first-class taste, as a book, if at all worth while, is worth while in its best edition, whether the first or the fiftieth; and if not intrinsically worth while it ought not to be owned in any edition. I did not tell my wife in advance that I was going to sell, as I knew she would strenuously argue to keep the books from fear of the sale giving me unhappiness; but when I told her that the sale had been made, and for one hundred dollars, there was a look of positive relief on her face that was worth all the first editions ever printed. And here is a queer thing: I never missed them! They were essentially of false value and in my new life I was getting right down to realities. I knew now that I was becoming a better judge of men and books and things through getting down toward primitive principles.

It was astonishing how far that one hundred dollars tided us over. Only a week's earnings in my old life—and yet here it meant the cost of living for many weeks! For our vegetables were coming up freely, our chickens were laying, so many little chicks had hatched that our total approached the hundred mark, and we were, therefore, having many a roast and broil.

I should like again to emphasize that cash was needed only to make up what was, after all, a small deficit. I could not make my place self-supporting; it is foolish to talk of that unless a man sets out to make farming and the selling of the produce his sole business; but one can make his garden and accessories so productive that the margin needed for necessaries is small. As to extras that is another matter. For the present I felt I should be more than satisfied if I could keep abreast of the necessaries.

My story has been picturing us as feeling both happiness and misery, elation and depression; and that is because we really felt first one and then the other. Often, indeed, the transformation was rapid. Our life was a life of alternations of feeling caused by shifting changes in outlook and by favorable or unfavorable happenings.

It was fortunate that there was a great deal of actual work for me to do about the place, for it kept me from much of the brooding and worry that would otherwise have incapacitated me for serious mental effort. Still, a great deal of actual worry could not be avoided; and I remember with intense vividness my feelings when I wanted to send five dollars for an absolutely needed pair of shoes and decided that I could not afford to do it, having struck a period of keen money shortage. The definite realization that I could not afford the needed shoes was such a blow that it made me feel on the point of throwing up everything and going back to the city. Then I felt bluer and more despondent still when I realized that there was nothing to look forward to there. It was really a dismal outlook, but I shall not try to set down much of my thoughts. I remember how rich and sweet was the smell of the astrakhan apples as I walked downcast through the orchard and how pleasant it was to see the little chickens come bevying toward me as to their protector. I looked at the house—my own house, my home—and I caught a glimpse through a window of the white dress ——

At that moment a light runabout drew up in front of the house and a well-dressed man, a stranger, jumped out and walked briskly toward me.

"There's a good broad gable on your barn," he said.

I nodded, indifferently assentive.

He at once went on briskly: "I'll give you five dollars for the privilege of having my medicine sign painted up there for one year."

"It Must be Great—Living Out There! Have You Got a Saddle-Horse Yet?"

I looked at him blankly. For a moment I did not see him. I saw the pair of shoes.

"Five dollars a year—and I'll keep it repainted," he said.

But I could not do it. I could not let down the bars of my pride. It had become a savage pride and it would not permit me to take all the poetry out of my place, even if it did promise an annual pair of shoes.

"No," I said quietly; but I felt a queer catch in my throat.

"Sure?" he continued, for he divined a doubt.

"Sure," I replied.

"Oh, well, some like it and some don't," he said. His glance roamed along the street. "Who owns that place over there?"

Who did own that place over there? His question suddenly opened possibilities to me. The thought swiftly grew that herein lay the germ of my opportunity.

VIII

THE house down the street, whose barn had caught the man's eye, was staidly square-fronted—a house rather bare and plain, save for a charming porch and a delicate line of cunningly wrought dentals. It had been last occupied by two maiden sisters, who had uneventfully lived out their ninety years apiece there, amid softly rustling lawn and an aroma of ancient lavender; and, learning of them, I had more than once found myself rather sentimentally wondering whether, in the simple bleakness of their lives, there had not been at least a touch of delicate romance. Now, all at once, sentiment vanished. The practical came. This man saw a place to paint his sign. I saw more, for I saw the chance to begin to get my real foothold in life.

The property belonged to distant heirs and I found that it was in the hands of a lawyer in the city. That very evening's mail carried a letter to him asking on what terms he would sell or rent the place and if he would give me a commission for successful handling of it.

The answer was prompt and favorable: Two per cent if I should sell; five per cent if I should rent.

This was the kind of thing I wanted; for I had determined to be the real-estate man for that entire countryside. That was my opportunity.

Now, in a sense, there was no shortage of real-estate men. Somewhere there were men ready to handle such property as was for sale; but in the entire territory they were inactive. They had not awakened to the coming expansion.

I determined to make myself the man on the ground, the specialist for the territory, and to be ceaselessly active. I planned to get in touch, right and left, with owners and with distant agents, and to act for each class. I had located in advance of an increase of population and an uplift of prices, and felt sure both would shortly come.

To say that I made myself competent to discuss real-estate prices may sound rather simple; but I did not take the work itself simply. I set about canvassing thoroughly to find who owned land, who wished to sell, who could be induced to sell if properly approached. Naturally, those who wished to sell offered the best preliminary material for business, but there were greater possibilities with owners of special sites, who needed to be interviewed and argued with. I came to know the value of a view and felt that such a site, at a reasonable price, ought almost to sell itself as soon as the movement should begin; and I thereupon made myself acquainted with every view for miles around. I knew that for some time to come my work must be mostly preparatory, but I was ready to work hard in preparation.

Some houses were excellent to sell, practically as they stood; other houses would need great alterations; others would need to be pulled down; some of the very best sites had no house at all but were excellent to offer for building only. As there were to be all sorts of buyers, it was well to have every variety to offer them.

I listed the properties in groups of two-hundred-acre places; one-hundred-acre places; places of fifty and twenty and ten acres. Near the town itself I was prepared to sell little more than lots. Many a rich man likes to go far off into seclusion and still keep within touch of the city, and many a commuter cares for little more land than he can put a house on.

I made trips to the county-seat and spent hours in studying maps and records. I learned about what proportion of purchase price banks would assume on mortgage. I studied building and estimates to familiarize myself with cost of construction and alterations.

It was not difficult to make arrangements with real-estate firms to act as their local representative and handle property for them on the basis of divided commissions, and to meet the clients they should send up; for I convinced them that I was the right kind of man to talk with people, and it was still undeveloped and inactive territory. Of course my working arrangement was made with my own bank, as I called it, among the first.

In getting about the country for real-estate preparatory work I kept at fence selling at the same time; and I eagerly hoped for the coming in of enough money to let me feel rather free financially, so that, on my own place, I could put up the different kinds of fencing. I knew it would create almost excitement if I should fence with horse-high fencing, with hog-tight, with rabbit-and-poultry. It would make not only the proper fencing for my own needs but would be an excellent demonstration and advertisement.

Real estate was very, very slow in beginning to move, but now and then came a nibble that set our hearts fluttering. But I knew that all that was needed was to get things fairly started—for one city man would bring other city men by making them wish that they, too, had a hilltop, a stream, an orchard, a never-failing spring.

And after a while the current began to set in; slowly, very slowly, at first, but gradually strengthening. Nothing is more curious in real estate than the quietude and sluggishness in any district until the actual movement begins. Even though every one knows, theoretically, that population is coming, no one is willing to act practically on that knowledge. The actual arrival of a real-estate movement always comes as a surprise, even though everybody has long known it to be due.

She Stared in Fascination at the Envelope—for It Was Blue!

When the movement began here the first indications were like the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand; but those first slight indications set me more busily than ever at my gathering of information. It is positively surprising how, when one is looking for information, it drops in from every quarter. Even the peripatetic butcher discoursed to me of farms for sale.

For a long time there was not what even exaggeration could call a rush of inquirers, but there was a steadily though slowly increasing interest. I was myself instrumental in quickening this by interesting city real-estate men in the district, and they began to ask, now and then, if I could find properties to answer the requirements of certain inquirers. Here was where my comparative tables were of value; and, in addition, I was always ready to meet any possible purchaser on any train.

I made a special point of having all information not only reliable but exact. Whether I wrote to an agent or talked with a possible purchaser as I drove him over a country road, I knew precisely how many miles it was to a railway station, how many acres there were in the place under consideration, and precisely how much of the purchase price could be left on mortgage.

A great aid was photographs; and my wife found that she had a faculty of photographing old places so admirably and attractively as to draw city folks like a magnet. Her pictures gave poetry to farms, made a hill with a few cedars on it suggestive of a park, and made little ponds seem dreams of beauty; and there was really beauty and charm when the people came out looking for it.

I learned to talk the necessary points, according to the character of the potential purchaser. For one with an automobile, distance from the railway was an advantage; but the next inquirer might need to be within hailing distance of the station. For one, seclusion was the thing; for another, I was ready to point out neighboring houses. For one, it was an old house to remodel; for another, it was a chance to build a house—spick-span new and up to date.

I arranged to be sent for at any time to answer a long-distance telephone call. A telephone was too expensive a luxury for me to have in my own house as yet. The store had, in fact, the only telephone in town. It was the custom for the grocer or his boy, when any one was called for, to walk leisurely to the store door and bawl the name down the street; and, if there was no reply, to walk leisurely back and declare that "the party isn't in." I offered a twenty-five-cent tip to the boy for getting me whenever I was called, and it worked like magic; for that quarter of a dollar would, if the boy was absent delivering goods, turn out the village prune-and-cracker eaters, lock the front door, and fetch the grocer himself to my house. When I gave him the twenty-five cents "for the boy," he knew, and I knew, and I knew that he knew that I knew, that it was for himself. In summarizing all this I am necessarily looking far ahead in my story. Even the first sale and first commission did not come until after a time of weary waiting and tremendously hard work; for, with the various things that I had taken upon myself, there was assuredly no idle time. I shall say nothing more of the fierce scrimping that was at times necessary.

The very first sale, when it was really made, was for a twelve-thousand-five-hundred-dollar property and my commission was to be two hundred and fifty dollars. I remember how my hand trembled when I opened the envelope and drew out the check. The figures seemed too incredible to be true. Not until this check came did I realize under what a tremendous strain I had been laboring.

I took it to my wife. Her face whitened as she looked and read. Not until then did I realize under what a strain she, too, had been living.

And she stared in fascination at the envelope in which this good fortune had come, the envelope that had brought us this assurance of success—for it was blue!

AND so there came to me redemption and deliverance. I need not go farther into details; all I am trying to point out is that there is no lack of opportunities. The many thousands who are today confronting conditions similar to those that confronted me may likewise work out a road to prosperity. It may not be and need not be the road I followed; it may be that of the village lawyer, the village paperhanger, the commission merchant, the sales agent; it may be that of the busy man-of-all-work. As there are people various, so there are paths various; but each one leads to happiness, to health, to essential prosperity. Individual aptitude, ability, standards, ambitions, personality—these are what direct into one line or another.

Nor have all the possibilities been set down. There are others that I might mention and still others waiting for the eyes of the men who can discover them.

Politics holds out important possibilities. The justice of the peace, the road commissioner, the county commissioner, the state legislator—such offices are worth while as a means not only of accession of income but at the same time of such an advance in public consideration as in itself would work for financial good. It is always possible to aim still higher than the offices I have named. Other things being equal, the country dweller with political aspirations stands a far better chance of realizing them than does the city dweller, for the countryman lives out in the open and is from necessity a man of mark—a man seen; he is not hidden away like the city dweller.

"Out in the open"—somehow, as I write the words, it comes to me that they typify the basis of success in the country; for it is the free and open life, the life of fresh air, the life of individual effort, the life that sets one far back toward primitive conditions that counts. A man who goes to the country and works out his salvation there strips away false conventionality, gets down to first principles, and shows his kinship with primitive man.

But thus to win success is not easy. It requires strain and stress; it may require a very agony of effort. But success is sure if the effort is made.

(Concluded on Page 49)

THE BRITISH BUSINESS MIND

Some of its Kinks and Notions—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

"What Do You Think of England's Future?"

WHEN the American has got his bearings in London and has made acquaintances among English business men he finds them asking him a curious question over the lunch table:

"What do you think of England's future?"

The query is often put in a depressed way; and the Yankee is astonished to find that the English themselves regard the outlook as rather hopeless and John Bull almost persuaded that he is done for. To the man from New York, Chicago or Kansas City this is a new way of looking at the future; for, all his life, he has understood that if there is one thing in this world upon which he holds a sound first mortgage it is the future. From the future he has expected all good and nothing but good. To him the future has always been an asset. It is something odd to find men treating it as a liability.

When he knows the British business mind better he learns that it is curiously restricted by a number of self-imposed limitations. It still believes in certain economic witches from which we are fairly free. One of these is the "law of supply and demand." Another is the British disposition to deal with competition chiefly in terms of prices. Still another is an instinct for secrecy in business matters; and there are yet others.

In the United States we have found out either that there is no such law on the economic statute books as that of supply and demand or that it is unconstitutional and nobody need be bound by it. But this is still a very real statute to John Bull. He thinks of demand as a limited amount of trade and of supply as a volume of goods bigger than this supposed demand. If the other fellow gets a fat order for goods it looks to him as though his own margin of possibilities had been shrunk by just that much; and if the other fellow happens to be a German it throws John Bull into a patriotic funk.

If it Were Possible to Add an Inch to the Tail of Every Chinaman's Shirt

A few years ago somebody calculated that, if it were possible to add an inch to the tail of every Chinaman's shirt, the extra demand for cloth would keep ceaselessly busy all the cotton mills in either Great Britain or the United States. The British business mind thinks these figures are interesting, but that the Chinaman won't do it. Moreover, China is becoming occidental and in the next generation will make all her own cotton cloth herself—and most of the present generation will live to see the last British business house driven out of Hongkong.

The American business mind, on the contrary, believes that the Chinaman can be made to go further. It knows the use of fashion in extending sales and, if the Chinaman gets rich by developing his country's resources, the American would undertake to sell him a dozen new shirts on account of the designs. Even if John Bull concedes that this might be done, he protests despondently that the Chinaman would not be so happy as he is now; for the Britisher has a vague distrust of a higher scale of living. Even if he is comfortable himself, he will read a sermon on the deteriorating effect of comfort upon the masses and the heathen. But the American understands that when John Chinaman puts on a fresh shirt each morning he will look better, feel cleaner, think straighter and earn a larger income.

The Britisher's conception of demand is different from ours because he seldom deals directly with the consumer. All of his goods go through middlemen and brokers. He weaves cotton cloth in the north country, turning out a staple quality and design, and is so far from the consumer that he does not always certainly know whether his customers are black, brown, yellow or white. The exporter takes this staple cloth and ships it overseas, where it perhaps passes through the hands of a Hindu or Chinese wholesale merchant, who in turn parcels it out to petty native dealers. Even the payments are handled through middlemen—the bankers. Naturally the consumer's preferences and wishes travel back to the manufacturer very slowly over that long road; and most of them never finish the journey. The manufacturer has no way of stimulating trade; his goods lack individuality; he is at the mercy of every competitor who can quote a lower price and is continually losing trade through the passing of foreign tariffs.

How John Bull Considers His Customers

THIS indirect way of dealing gives John Bull narrow views of competition. In the United States we are coming to understand that brisk competition in a trade greatly increases the volume of demand, provided all of the competitors make honest stuff and deal squarely. We also see that competition turns on individuality and quality rather than on price.

True, we have no such conditions to face as John Bull. Tariff schedules have protected us against foreign competition in our home trade, where he must meet the manufacturers of all nations in his home market. No tariff other than a rise in freight rates can rob the American manufacturer of trade built in the United States, whereas very often the British manufacturer's carefully nursed market in a foreign country disappears in a night by the imposition of a higher tariff in that country. Against these odds he has made a magnificent fight. In his cotton mills he has more spindles than the United States or Continental Europe and at the same time takes a smaller quantity of cotton than either of these competitors, because, as other countries have come into this industry, the Lancashire mills have spun finer and finer yarns and made cloth of far higher value a yard. In his woolen industry cost has come down and quality has improved by the most thorough specialization, beginning with the shipment of fine breeds of British sheep to wool-growing countries and ending with a comprehensive organization for marketing cloth through old trade channels.

John Bull's fight, however, has been waged almost entirely on price. In business matters he is a drab, unimaginative soul. His idea of competition is to quote a lower figure. It seldom occurs to him that merchandise can be made individual and can exert a fascination. Even at home his conception of a customer is a woman coming into his shop with her mind all made up about width, weight, color and price. We Americans have found that when a woman shops she doesn't really know what she wants. So we spread out everything under the sun and let her walk about unmolested. When she buys we stand ready to exchange goods or refund the money if she changes her mind. And it pays. But the British merchant makes few concessions to the psychology of shopping at home and does not presume to meddle abroad with what may be passing in the soul of the black, brown or yellow consumer. Therefore he has not profited yet by the forces of fashion, educational advertising and direct dealing generally. When he understands these new forces of trade, however, and applies them, his international business is bound to expand to such proportions that his belief in the law of supply and demand must be considerably modified.

These views of competition make John Bull secretive in business matters. He keeps visitors out of his factory, discusses plans in a remote, curtained office, and in many instances limits the usefulness of his own employees because he will not trust them with confidential details of his business.

Some time ago a prominent American automobile manufacturer visited London. His cars are sold extensively in England and the London selling agent invited men prominent in the British auto world to meet his chief at lunch. It was about two o'clock when the tablecloths were cleared away. The American began talking and held his guests until five. He told of the struggles he had undergone to bring his factory and product to their present development, starting from the uncertain days of the first "horseless carriage." In the room there were British competitors in rivalry with him for sales, as well as technical representatives from the British auto press, ready to publish any trade secret he might let drop. Yet he talked freely, gave the fullest technical details, answered questions and seemed to be afraid only that he might be tiresome. He invited them to visit his plant in America, and offered to send his best technical men around with them to show how things were done. This frankness seemed very indiscreet to his listeners.

The American Business Mind Knows the Use of Fashion

"Why do you give away results that have cost you so much money and time?" they asked.

"Gentlemen," was his reply, "the biggest job in our industry today is to convince the average man that a good automobile can be maintained at reasonable cost. The average man still thinks of repair bills and breakdowns on the road. Every car made by a manufacturer without sound technical knowledge hurts us all. It is to our interest to give competitors any knowledge that will enable them to build better cars. Everything we do to raise the general standard pays far more than any individual advantage we might keep for ourselves by sitting tight on petty trade secrets."

It is only recently that there has been enough community of interest among the big British railroads to bring about tests and exchange of information that will tend to reduce operating expenses. Practically all the leading roads, for instance, build their own locomotives, cars and other equipment. It is believed that the cost has been higher than if the companies had bought in the open market, but each has stuck to its policy and maintained its secrets. A year or so ago the first mutual tests in running locomotives from different lines in competition, to determine the best and most economical types, were arranged for. The information secured has been kept secret, but it is reported to be so far reaching that the roads may adopt a new policy, standardizing equipment and perhaps building their rolling stock in joint shops.

The British business mind has a weakness for petty economies. It is forever trying to solve the problem of feeding the golden goose on shavings, pulling out all its feathers and yet getting the usual number of golden eggs. American methods are apt to be extravagant; yet it may be doubted if our thoughtless waste of materials, labor and time really costs us more than British cheeseparing.

A certain manufacturing company engaged a production engineer to investigate its affairs and suggest more profitable methods. It had paid no dividend for ten years, and the losses to stockholders, based on profits earned before that, amounted to a sum equal to its capital stock. Moreover, the factory, by desperate economies, had been run down to such a degree that it would not have sold for one-fifth the face value of the shares. The expert found that the managing director was a relative of the directors, had a staff of relatives and was conducting the business with the sole purpose of getting enough out of it, by economies, to pay salaries to himself and the staff. A change in management was suggested, along with a selling plan that would have rehabilitated the business. The directors put the selling plan in a pigeonhole, got the managing director another place and replaced him with another relative, still more parsimonious and shortsighted.

A promising little British company built an addition to its factory, but lacked five thousand dollars to complete it. Instead of borrowing that sum, the directors let the addition halt a year until the business made enough to complete it, thereby losing the profit on the additional output that might have been turned out with larger facilities.

Economy of management is the highest ideal of the average Briton. It leads the little shopkeeper to save all the old string and wrapping paper. It brings the typical British shareholder to company meetings with his ceaseless demands for retrenchment, no matter what the profits.

Just the other day a company with a chain of tearooms in London declared its customary dividend of twenty-five per cent. The report had barely been finished when a shareholder rose to protest against the extravagance of the management. He had lately taken the trouble to visit several of their tearooms, he said, and in his opinion the public was being given far too much for its money.

An accountant in New York contemplated building a home in the suburbs. His savings would purchase a lot, but he would need a loan for the house. A friend suggested that he deposit some money in a certain building and loan association, become a member and later, when he was ready to build, apply for his loan and also get advice. The office of this association was upstairs over a saloon and very plainly fitted. It had been prosperous for twenty years, handling millions of dollars safely. But the accountant,

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THE GRAIN OF DUST

XX

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

GALLOWAY accepted Norman's terms. He would probably have accepted terms far less easy. But Norman as yet knew with the thoroughness that must precede intelligent plan and action only the legal side of financial operations; he had been as indifferent to the commercial side as a pilot to the value of the cargo in the ship he engages to steer clear of shoals and rocks. So, with the prudence of the sagacious man's audacity, he contented himself with a share of this first venture that would simply make a comfortable foundation for the fortune he purposed to build. As the venture could not fail outright, even should Galloway die, he rented a large place at Hempstead, with the privilege of purchase, and installed his wife and himself, with a dozen servants and a housekeeper.

"This housekeeper, this Mrs. Lowell," said he to Dorothy, "is a good-enough person as housekeepers go. But you will have to look sharply after her."

Dorothy seemed to fade and shrink within herself, which was her way of confessing lack of courage and fitness to face a situation: "I don't know anything about those things," she confessed.

"I understand perfectly," said he. "But you learned something at the place in Jersey City—quite enough for the start. Really, all you need to know just now is whether the place is clean or not, and whether the food comes on the table in proper condition. The rest you'll pick up gradually."

"I hope so," said she, looking doubtful and helpless; these new magnitudes were appalling, especially now that she was beginning to get a point of view upon life.

"At any rate, don't bother me for these next few months," said he. "I'm going to be very busy I shall leave early in the morning and not be back until near dinnertime—if I come at all. No, you'll not be annoyed by me. You'll be absolute mistress of your time."

She tried to look as though this contented her. But he could not have failed to see how dissatisfied and disquieted she really was. He had the best of reasons for thinking that she was living under the same roof with him only because she preferred the roof he could provide to such a one as she could provide for herself whether by her own earnings or by marrying a man more to her liking personally. Yet here she was, piqued because of his attitude—because he was not thrusting upon her gallantries she would tolerate only through prudence!

"You will be lonely at times, I'm afraid," said he. "But I can't provide friends or even acquaintances for you for several months—until my affairs are in better order and my sister and her husband come back from Europe."

"Oh, I sha'n't be lonely," cried she. "I've never cared for people."

"You've your books and your music and riding—and shopping trips to town—and the house and grounds to look after."

"Yes—and my dreams," said she hopefully, her eyes suggesting the dusky star-depths.

"Oh—the dreams. You'll have little time for them," said he dryly. "And little inclination, I imagine, as you wake up to the sense of how much there is to be learned. Dreaming is the pastime of people who haven't the intelligence or the energy to accomplish anything. If you wish to please me—and you do—don't you?"

"Yes," she murmured. She forced her rebellious lips to the laconic assent. She drooped the lids over her rebellious eyes lest he should detect her wounded feelings and her resentment.

"I assumed so," said he with a secret smile. "Well, if you wish to please me you'll give your time to practical things—things that'll make you more interesting and make us both more comfortable. It was all very well to dream while you had little to do and small opportunity. But now —— Try to cut it out."

It is painful to an American girl of any class to find that she has to earn her position as wife. The current theory, a tradition from an early and woman-revering day, is that the girl has done her share and more when she has consented to the suit of the ardent male and has intrusted her priceless charms to his exclusive keeping. According to that same theory, it is the husband who must earn his position—must continue to earn it. He is a humble creature, honored by the presence of a wonderful being, a cross between a queen and a goddess. He cannot do enough to show his gratitude. Perhaps—but only perhaps—had Norman married Josephine Burroughs, he might have assented, after a fashion, to this idea of the relations of the man and the woman. No doubt, had he remained under the spell of Dorothy's mystery and beauty, he would have felt and acted the slave he had made of himself at the outset. But in the circumstances he was looking at their prospective life together with sane eyes. And so she had, in addition to all her other reasons for heartache, a sense that she, the goddess-queen, the American woman, with the birthright of dominion over the male, was being cheated, humbled, degraded.

At first he saw that this sense of being wronged made it impossible for her to do anything at all toward educating herself for her position; but time brought about the change he had hoped for. A few weeks, and she began to cheer up, almost in spite of herself. What was the use in sulking or sighing, or in self-pitying, when it brought only unhappiness to oneself? The coarse and brutal male in the case was either unaware or indifferent. There was no one and no place to fly to—unless she wished to be much worse off than her darkest mood of self-pity represented her to her sorrowing self. The housekeeper, Mrs. Lowell, was a "broken-down gentlewoman" who had been chastened by misfortune into a wholesome state of practical good sense about the relative values of the real and the romantic. Mrs. Lowell diagnosed the case of the young wife—as Norman had shrewdly guessed she would—and was soon adroitly showing her the many advantages of her lot. Before they had been three months at Hempstead, Dorothy had discovered that

she, in fact, was without a single ground for serious complaint. She had a husband who was generous about money, and left her as absolutely alone as if he were merely an occasional visitor at the house. She had her living—and such a living!—she had plenty of interesting occupation—she had not a single sordid care—and perfect health.

The dreams, too —— It was curious about those dreams. She would now have found it an intolerable bore to sit with hands idle in her lap and eyes upon vacancy, watching the dim, luminous shadows flit aimlessly by. Yet that was the way she used to pass hours—entire days. She used to fight off sleep at night the longer to enjoy her one source of pure happiness. There was no doubt about it, the fire of romance was burning low, and she was becoming commonplace, practical, resigned. Well, why not? Was not life over for her?—that is, the life a girl's fancy longs for. In place of hope of romance there was an uneasy feeling of a necessity of pleasing this husband of hers—of making him comfortable. What would befall her if she neglected trying to please him, or if she, for all her trying, failed? She did not look far in that direction. Her uneasiness remained indefinite—yet definite enough to keep her working from waking until bedtime. And she dropped into the habit of watching his face with the same anxiety with which a farmer watches the weather. When he happened one day to make a careless, absent-minded remark in disapproval of something in the domestic arrangements, she was thrown into such a nervous flutter that he observed it.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing—nothing," replied she in the hurried tone of one who is trying hastily to cover her thoughts.

He reflected, understood, burst into a fit of hearty laughter. "So, you are trying to make a bogy of me?"

She colored, protested faintly.

"Don't you know I'm about the least tyrannical, least exacting person in the world?"

"You've been very patient with me," said she.

"Now—now," cried he in a tone of raillery; "you might as well drop that. Don't you know there's no reason for being afraid of me?"

"Yes, I know it," replied she. "But I feel afraid, just the same. I can't help it."

It was impossible for him to appreciate the effect of his personality upon others—how, without his trying or even wishing, it made them dread a purely imaginary displeasure and its absurdly imaginary consequences. But this confession of hers was not the first time he had heard of the effect of potential and latent danger he had upon those associated with him. And, as it was most useful, he was not sorry that he had it. He made no further attempt to convince her that he was harmless. He knew that he was harmless where she was concerned. Was it not just as well that she should not know it, when vaguely dreading him was producing excellent results? As with a Christian the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom, so with a wife the fear of her husband was the beginning of wisdom. In striving to please him, to fit herself for the position of wife, she was using up the time she would otherwise have spent in making herself miserable with self-pity—that supreme curse of the idle, both male and female; that most prolific of the breeders of unhappy wives. Yes, wives were unhappy, not because their husbands neglected them—for busy people have no time to note whether they are neglected or not—but because they gave their own worthless, negligent, incapable selves too much attention.

One evening she, wearing the look of the timid but resolute intruder, came into his room while he was dressing for dinner and hung about with an air no man of his experience could fail to understand.

"Something wrong about the house?" said he finally. "Need more money?"

"No—nothing," she replied, with a slight flush. He saw that she was mustering all her courage for some grand effort. He waited, only mildly curious, as his mind was busy with some new business he and Tetlow had undertaken. Presently she stood squarely before him, her hands behind her back and her face upturned. "Won't you kiss me?" she said.

"Sure!" said he. And he kissed her on the cheek and resumed operations with his military brushes.

"I didn't mean that—that kind of a kiss," said she.

He paused with a quick, characteristic turn of the head, looked keenly at her, resumed his brushing. A quizzical smile played over his face. "Oh, I see," said he. "You've been thinking about duty. And you've decided to do yours. . . . Eh?"

"I think —— It seems to me —— I don't think ——" she stammered, then said desperately: "I've not been acting right by you. I want to—to do better."

"That's good," said he briskly, with a nod of approval—and never a glance in her direction. "You think you'll let me have a kiss now and then—eh? All right, my dear."

"Oh, you won't understand me!" she cried, ready to weep with vexation.

"You mean I won't misunderstand you," replied he amiably as he set about fixing his tie. "You've been mulling things over in your mind. You've decided I'm secretly pining for you. You've resolved to be good and kind and dutiful—generous—to feed Old Dog Tray a few crumbs now and then. . . . That's nice and sweet of you"—he paused until the crisis in tying was passed—"very nice and sweet of you—but —— There's nothing in it. All I ask of you for myself is to see that I'm comfortable—that Mrs. Lowell and the servants treat me right. If I don't like anything I'll speak out—never fear."

"But—Fred—I want to be your wife—I really do," she pleaded.

He turned on her, and his eyes seemed to pierce into the chamber of her thoughts. "Drop it, my dear," he said quietly. "Neither of us is in love with the other. So there's not the slightest reason for pretending. If I ever want to be free of you I'll tell you so. If you ever want to get rid of me all you have to do is to ask—and it'll be arranged. Meanwhile, let's enjoy ourselves."

His good humor, obviously unfeigned, would have completely discouraged a more experienced woman, though as vain as Dorothy and with as much ground as he had given her for self-confidence where he was concerned. But Dorothy was depressed rather than profoundly discouraged. A few moments and she found courage to plead: "But you used to care for me. Don't I attract you any more?"

"You say that quite pathetically," said he, in good-humored amusement. "I'm willing to do anything within reason for your happiness. But really—just to please your vanity I can't make myself over again into the fool I used to be about you. You'd hate it yourself. Why, then, this pathetic air?"

"I feel so useless—and as if I were shirking," she persisted. "And if you did care for me it wouldn't offend me now as it used to. I've grown much wiser—more sensible. And—I always did like you."

"Even when you despised me?" mocked he. It irritated him a little vividly to recall what a consummate fool he had made of himself for her, even though he had every reason to be content with the event of his folly.

"A girl always thinks she despises a man when she can do as she pleases with him," replied she. "As Mr. Tetlow said, I was a fool."

"I was the fool," said he. "Where did that man of mine lay the handkerchief?"

"I too," cried she eagerly. "You were foolish to bother about a little silly like me. But, oh, what a fool I was not to realize ——"

"You're not trying to tell me you're in love with me?" said he sharply.

"Oh, no—no indeed," she protested in haste, alarmed by his overwhelming manner. "I'm not trying to deceive you in any way."

"Never do," said he. "It's the one thing I can't stand."

"But I thought—it seemed to me—" she persisted, "that perhaps if we tried to—to care for each other, we'd maybe get to—to caring—more or less. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps," was his careless reply. He added: "But I, for one, am well content with things as they are. I confess I don't look back with any satisfaction on those months when I was making an ass of myself about you. I was ruining my career. Now I'm happy, and everything is going finely in my business. No experiments, if you please." He shook his head, looking at her with smiling raillery. "It might turn out that I'd care for you in the same crazy way again, and that you wouldn't like it. Again you might get excited about me and I'd remain calm about you. That would give me a handsome revenge; but I'm not looking for revenge."

He finished his toilet, she standing quiet and thoughtful in an attitude of unconscious grace.

"No, my dear," resumed he, as he prepared to descend for dinner, "let's have a peaceful, cheerful married life, with no crazy excitements. Let's hang on to what we've got, and take no unnecessary risks." He patted her on the shoulder. "Isn't that sensible?"

She looked at him with serious, appealing eyes. "You are sure you aren't unhappy?"

It was amusing to him—though he concealed it—to see how tenaciously her feminine egotism held to the idea that she was the important person. And when women of experience thus deluded themselves it was not at all strange that this girl should be unable to grasp the essential truth as to the relations of men and women—that, though a woman who makes her sex her profession must give to a man, to some man, a dominant place in her life, a man need give a woman—at least, any one woman—little or no place. But he would not wantonly wound her harmless vanity. "Don't worry about me, please," said he in the kindest, friendliest way. "I am telling you the truth."

And they descended to the dining-room. Usually he was preoccupied and she did most of the talking—not a difficult matter for her, as she was one of those who by nature have much to say, who talk on and on, giving lively, pleasant recitals of commonplace daily happenings. That evening it was her turn to be abstracted or, at least, silent. He talked volubly, torrentially, like a man of teeming mind in the highest spirits. And he was in high spirits. The Galloway enterprise had developed into a huge success; also, it did not lessen his sense of the pleasantness of life to have learned that his wife was feeling about as well disposed toward him as he cared to have her feel, had come round to that state of mind which he, as a practical man, wise in the art of life, regarded as ideal for a wife.

A successful man, with a quiet and comfortable home, well enough looked after by an agreeable wife, exceeding good to look at and interested only in her home and her husband—what more could a man ask?

. . . . . .

What more could a man ask? Only one thing more—a baby. The months soon passed and that rounding out of the home side of his life was consummated with no mishap. The baby was a girl, which contented him and delighted Dorothy. He wished it to be named after her; she preferred his sister's name—Ursula. It was Ursula who decided the question. "She looks like you, Fred," she declared. "Why not call her Frederica?"

Norman thought this clumsy, but Dorothy instantly assented—and the baby was duly christened Frederica.

Perhaps it was because he had less pressing business in town; but, whatever the reason, he began to stay at home more—surprisingly more. And, being at home, he naturally fell into the habit of fussing with the baby, he having the temperament that compels a man to be always at something, and the baby being convenient and in the nature of a curiosity. Ursula, who was stopping in the house, did not try to conceal her amazement at this extraordinary development of her brother's character.

Said she: "I never before knew you to take the slightest interest in a child."

Said he: "I never before saw a child worth taking the slightest interest in."

"Oh, well," said Ursula; "it won't last. You'll soon grow tired of your plaything."

"Perhaps you're right," said Norman. "I hope you're wrong." He reflected, added: "In fact, I'm almost certain you're wrong. I'm too selfish to let myself lose such a pleasure. If you had observed my life closely you'd have discovered that I have never given up a single thing I found a source of pleasure. That is good sense. That is why the superior sort of men and women retain something of the boy and the girl all their lives. I still like a lot of the games I played as a boy. For some years I've had no chance to indulge in them. I'll be glad when Rica is old enough to give me the chance again."

She was much amused. "Who'd have suspected that you were a born father?"

"Not I, for one," confessed he. "We never know what there is in us until circumstances bring it out."

"A devoted father and a doting husband," pursued Ursula. "I must say I rather sympathize with you as a doting husband. Of course, I, a woman, can't see her as you do. I can't imagine a man—especially a man of your sort—going stark mad about a mere woman. But, as women go, I'll admit she is a good specimen. Not the marvel of intelligence and complex character you imagine, but still a good specimen. And physically"—she laughed—"that's what caught you. That's what holds you—and will hold you as long as it lasts."

"Was there ever a woman who didn't think that?—and didn't like to think it, though I believe many of them make strong pretense at scorning the physical." Fred was regarding his sister with a quizzical expression. "You approve of her?" he said.

"More than I'd have thought possible. And after I've taken her about in the world a while she'll be perfect."

"No doubt," said Norman. "But, alas, she'll never be perfect. For you're not going to take her about."

"So she says when I talk of it to her," replied Ursula. "But I know you'll insist. You needn't be uneasy as to how she'll be received."

"I'm not," said Norman dryly.

"You've got back all you lost—and more. How we Americans do worship success!"

"Don't suggest to Dorothy anything further about society," said Norman. "I've no time or taste for it, and I don't wish to be annoyed by intrusions into my home."

"But you'll not be satisfied always with just her," urged his sister. "Besides, you've got a position to maintain."

Norman's smile was cynically patient. "I want my home and I want my career," said he. "And I don't want any society nonsense. I had the good luck to marry a woman who knows and cares nothing about it. I don't purpose to give up the greatest advantage of my marriage."

Ursula was astounded. She knew the meaning of his various tones and manners; and his way of rejecting her plans for Dorothy—and, incidentally, for her own amusement—convinced her that he was in earnest. "It will be dreadfully lonesome for her, Fred," she pleaded.

"We'll wait till that trouble faces us," replied he, not a bit impressed. "And—don't forget—not a word of temptation to her from you." This with an expression that warned her how well he knew her indirect ways of accomplishing what she could not gain directly.

"Oh, I sha'n't interfere," said she in a tone that made it a binding promise. "But you can't expect me to sympathize with your plans for an old-fashioned domestic life."

"Certainly not," said Norman. "You don't understand. Women of your sort never do. That's why you're not fit to be the wives of men worth while. A serious man and a society woman can't possibly hit it off together. For a serious man the outside world is a place to work, and home is a place to rest. For a society woman the world is a place to idle, and home is a workshop, an entertainment factory. It's impossible to reconcile those two ideas."

She saw his point at once, and it appealed to her intelligence. And she had his own faculty for never permitting prejudice to influence judgment. She said in a dubious tone: "Do you think Dorothy will sympathize with your scheme?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied he.

"If she doesn't ——" Ursula halted there.

He shrugged his shoulders. "If she proves to be the wrong sort of woman for me she'll go her way and I mine."

"Why, I thought you loved her!"

"What have I said that leads you to change your mind?" said he.

"A man does not take the high hand with the woman he adores."

"So?" said Norman tranquilly.

"Well," said his puzzled sister by way of conclusion, "if you persist in being the autocrat ——"

"Autocrat?—I?" laughed he. "Am I trying to compel her to do anything she doesn't wish to do? Didn't I say she would be free to go if she were dissatisfied with me and my plan—if she didn't adopt it gladly as her own plan also?"

"But you know very well she's dependent upon you, Fred."

"Is that my 'ault? Does a man force a woman to become dependent? And just because she is dependent should he therefore yield to her and let her make of his life a waste and a folly?"

"You're far too clever for me to argue with. Anyhow, as I was saying, if you persist in what I call tyranny ——"

"When a woman cries tyranny it means she's furious because she is not getting her autocratic way."

"Maybe so," admitted Ursula cheerfully. "At any rate, if you persist unless she loves you utterly—your life will be miserable."

"She may make her own life miserable, but not mine," replied he. "If I were the ordinary man counting himself lucky to have induced any woman to marry him—afraid if he lost his woman he'd not be able to get another—able to give his woman only an indifferent poor support, and so on—if I were one of those men what you say might be true. But what deep and permanent mischief can a frail woman do a strong man?"

"There's instance after instance in history ——"

"Of strong men wrecking themselves through madness. But, my dear Ursula, not an instance—not one—where the woman was responsible. If history were truth instead of lies you women might have less conceit."

"You—talking this way!" mocked Ursula.

"Meaning, I suppose, my late infatuation?" inquired he, unruffled.

"I never saw or read of a worse case."

"Am I ruined?"

"No. But why not? Because you got her. If you hadn't ——"

"If I hadn't got her," said Norman, "I'd have got well, just the same, in due time. A sick weak man goes down; a sick strong man gets well. When a man who's reputed to be strong doesn't get well it's because he merely seemed strong, but wasn't. The poets and novelists and the historians and the rest of the Nature-fakers fail to tell all the facts, dear sister. All the facts would spoil a pretty story."

Ursula thought a few minutes, then suddenly burst out with:

"Do you think Dorothy loves you now?"

Norman rose to go outdoors. "I don't think about such unprofitable things," said he. "As long as we suit each other and get along pleasantly, why bother about a name for it?"

In the French window he paused, stood looking out with an expression so peculiar that Ursula, curious, came to see the cause. A few yards away, under a big symmetrical maple in full leaf, sat Dorothy with the baby on her lap. She was dressed very simply in white. There was a little sunlight upon her hair, a sheen of gold over her skin. She was looking down at the baby. Her expression ——

Said Ursula: "Several of the great painters have tried to catch that expression. But they've failed."

Norman made no reply. He had not heard. All in an instant there had been revealed to him a whole new world—a view of man and woman—of woman—of sex—its meaning so different from what he had believed and lived.

She Was Looking Down at the Baby

"What are you thinking about, Fred?" inquired his sister.

He shook his head with a mysterious smile, and strolled away.

XXI

THE baby grew and thrived, as the habit is with healthy children well taken care of. Mrs. Norman soon got back her strength, her figure, and perhaps more than her former beauty—as the habit is with healthy women well taken care of. Norman's career continued to prosper, likewise according to the habit of all healthy things well taken care of. In a world where nothing happens by chance, mischance, to be serious, must have some grave fault as its hidden cause. We mortals, who love to live haphazard and to blame God or destiny or "bad luck" for our calamities, hate to take this modern and scientific view of the world and life; but, whether we like it or not, it is the truth—and, as we can't get round it, why not accept it cheerfully, and so appear a little less ignorant and ridiculous?

During their first year at the Hempstead place the results in luxury and comfort had at no time accounted for the money they cost and the servants employed—that is to say, paid. But Norman was neither unreasonable nor impatient. Also, in his years of experience with his sister's housekeeping, and of observation of other women, he had grown exceedingly moderate in his estimate of the ability of women and in his expectations from them. He had reached the conclusion that the women who were sheltered and pampered by the men of the successful classes were proficient only in those things that call for no skill or effort beyond the wagging of the tongue. He saw that Dorothy was making an honest endeavor to learn her business, and he knew that learning takes time—much time.

He believed that in the end she would do better than any other wife of his acquaintance at the business of wife and mother.

Before the baby was two years old his belief was rewarded. Things began to run better—began to run well, even. Dorothy—a serious person, unhampered by a keen sense of humor—had taught herself the duties of her new position in much the same slow, plodding way in which she had formerly made of herself a fair stenographer and a tolerable typewriter. Mrs. Lowell had helped—and Ursula too—and Norman not a little; but Dorothy, her husband discovered, was one of those who thoroughly assimilate what they take in—who make it over into a part of themselves. So her manner of keeping house, of arranging the gardens, of bringing up the baby, of dressing herself, was peculiarly her own. It was not by any means the best imaginable way. It was even what many energetic, systematic and highly competent persons would speak contemptuously of. But it satisfied Norman—and that was all Dorothy had in mind.

If those who have had any considerable opportunity to observe married life will forget what they have read in novels, and will fix their minds on what they have observed at first hand, they will recognize the Norman marriage, with the husband and wife living together, yet apart, as not peculiar, but of a rather common type. Neither

(Continued on Page 69)

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The Price of Coffee

MANY of the things you eat cost you forty or fifty per cent more than the producer or manufacturer received for them. As to coffee, the Secretary of Agriculture pointed out that the price was multiplied three or four times between the dock at New York and the consumer's kitchen. An experienced and successful retailer writes us: "This is because it is absolutely necessary for the grocer to make up on his coffee the losses or absence of profit in handling sugar, flour, packing-house products and coal oil. As to these goods, it is made almost obligatory upon the retailer to sell them at a margin less than the actual cost of distribution. This is done in devious ways, but it is very plain to us because we have been in the game a long time."

Three at least of the commodities mentioned are trust products; and the trusts, it seems, practically fix the terms upon which the retailer must handle them—terms so strict that the retailer must "make it up" on his coffee.

There are great wastes in the retail trade; but the sugar trust, the beef trust and the oil trust do not propose that their goods shall be taxed with these wastes. They want the largest possible consumption and the least possible handicaps in the way of their goods between the factories and the consumer's table; and their justly celebrated trade organizations, it appears, are sufficiently powerful to enforce their views upon the retailers.

This seems very luminous to us as to the disorganized, chaotic state of the retail trade. If somebody got up an efficient coffee trust and demanded that that commodity also be distributed practically at cost, we suppose the helpless retailer would have to "make it up" on prunes or dried apples. Will it come to that? Or will the retailers organize their own business and be able to have their own say as to what articles they shall make a profit on?

Arizona's Constitution

WE SUPPOSE that not even Senator Bailey would insist upon putting Oregon out of the Union because she has amended her constitution to provide initiative, referendum and recall. Other states have adopted some of these democratic features.

In still others, movements are afoot to secure them by constitutional amendment. If Arizona came to Congress with a copy of the constitution of Rhode Island, say, and immediately after admission as a state substituted, by due amendment, the constitution that her people want, nobody would pretend that Congress or any other state had the slightest right to interfere.

Opposition to the admission of Arizona with the constitution that her people have deliberately adopted is mere soreheadedness. A technical situation arises, which gives reaction an opportunity of expressing its grouch against the democratic advance. Reaction seizes the opportunity. That the people of a state may elect their judges in any way and for any term that pleases them, no one thinks of denying. In some states the judiciary is selected by one or two sets of party managers; and, though the results of that system are often not admirable, no one suggests that it is any affair of the Federal Government. Neither should any one suggest that Congress has the right to prevent Arizona from adopting a method that every state in the Union is admittedly free to adopt. To say that a method of judicial election is not "republican" within the meaning of the phrase in the Federal Constitution, when the same method of electing a governor or any other state officer would be "republican," is manifestly absurd.

Perhaps reaction is all the more anxious to take a kick at initiative, referendum and recall in the Arizona constitution because reaction has an irritating suspicion of its helplessness to prevent their advance elsewhere.

Hamilton at Weehawken

IF THE citizens of Weehawken erect a new statue to Alexander Hamilton, near the spot where he met his death, they might make it symbolic of public opinion.

No one could imagine the chief of a great party nowadays either fighting a duel or deliberately publishing, as Hamilton did, the story of his scandalous complications with an adventuress—any more than one could imagine his launching into criticism of churches other than his own or eating public dinners in his shirtsleeves. He would be loath to adopt a course sure to bring him into contempt before an important body of public opinion. The problem was essentially the same in Hamilton's day, but the terms were different. He detested dueling; felt its folly and wickedness. He must have felt, too, that in staking his life against Burr's he was really offering huge odds. He was deeply attached to his wife and children—but a short time before he had witnessed and shared their terrible grief over the death of his son in a duel. His duel exposed them not only to a repetition of that heart-breaking experience but to loss of their means of support. Dueling, however, was a conservative institution then, upheld by conservative opinion; and Hamilton was the chief of the Conservatives. He would not refuse Burr's challenge.

It is generally agreed nowadays that the opinion which supported dueling was wrong and that the opinion which condoned the intrigue was somewhat dubious. That public opinion today, or some important body of it, is wrong at some point or other is quite certain. This side the millennium it can hardly be all right at all points. It can, however, tend to grow more modest about itself and to become more tolerant of honest nonconformity

A Man's Reputation

SOME minds plume themselves especially upon not being taken in by any appearance of masculine virtue. To them the really attractive points in American history are that Washington drank rum before breakfast or that a jocular allusion in one of Douglas' speeches suggested youthful conviviality on Lincoln's part. Any man's reputation for domestic morality provokes in them the same interest as a conjurer's trick. They'd like to know how the fake was worked, and wait in astute assurance that time will expose it. As to such persons, it is quite true that in some respects no man can, properly speaking, have a reputation. If he has shown unblemished probity in money matters for many years, that, they will admit, constitutes strong presumptive evidence that he did not steal the gold watch that was missing after a conference at which he was present. If he has been uniformly kind and temperate all his life they will not readily believe that he murdered the stranger who was found dead in the alley behind his house. If no one has ever caught him in a lie his word will carry greater weight with them than that of an habitual prevaricator; but, though he has lived to threescore and ten untouched by any breath of domestic scandal, the moment an insinuation in that direction is raised against him he might as well—so far as these astute citizens are concerned—have been a notorious sinner all his life. His record counts for nothing with them except to aggravate his assumed offense. Their judgment is: "He was certainly a sly old dog; but he's been found out at last."

There are such people—but, fortunately, there are others.

Antivivisection et Cetera

THAT the antivivisection movement has reached the point of having its bill reported favorably to the New York Senate simply emphasizes the point that there is at large in the world a great deal of will to be helpful that doesn't know what to do with itself.

H. G. Wells is said to be a Socialist. His New Machiavelli observes: "To understand Socialism is to gain a new breadth of outlook; to join a Socialist organization is to join a narrow cult which is not even tolerably serviceable in presenting or spreading the ideas for which it stands." Mr. Wells' Machiavelli turned out to be an undesirable citizen and very likely his view was prejudiced; but it has occurred to us before that perhaps the great obstacle to reform is some reformers. The temperance movement, for example, here and there develops a bigotry, malignancy and disregard of truth that smell of the Dark Ages. Sometimes the most prejudiced, harsh and bitter man you meet is a Socialist, preaching enlightenment and brotherhood. In antivivisection we have a passionately "humane" crusade, which would cheerfully sacrifice the medical profession in behalf of certain rabbits and stray dogs. There are endless reform movements and hardly any one so wild-eyed that it cannot find followers. Why doesn't somebody start a movement to reform incorrigible reformers?

Imagination and Eggs

SLOWLY but steadily the prejudices of our fathers disappear. Formerly, for example, there was a decided prepossession in favor of fresh eggs; and the notion of eating an egg that was approaching the first anniversary of its birth would have been highly displeasing. Nowadays, broadly speaking, nobody eats fresh eggs. It is well known that for a long time the eggs eaten in England have come mostly from remote Russia. Last year over two billion were imported. Since 1898 Germany's imports of eggs have risen from the value of about twenty million dollars a year to nearly forty millions. Our own eggs come in good part from cold storage or from salt-and-lime boxes in farmers' cellars. A cold-storage expert calls attention to the familiar psychological fact that many men think their appetites crave tobacco, even insisting upon tobacco of a certain alleged flavor; yet with closed eyes they cannot tell whether their cigars are lighted or not. What they actually crave is merely a sight of the smoke. And not one person in a thousand, he asserts, can tell whether a given egg is fresh or has lain six months in cold storage; even professional tasters are sometimes fooled. The demand for fresh eggs, in short, is merely an unreasonable prejudice based upon purely imaginary grounds. In Germany they eat horse with considerable relish; and it is said that stewed spring dog is really a delicate dish. Beware of mere prejudice. Consider, for instance, the dietary prepossessions of an epicurean Chinaman!

One Kind of Business Insurance

SOME events of first-class importance, falling in that category that Wall Street describes as "disturbing," happened in rather quick succession this spring. First, the Interstate Commerce Commission in a sweeping decision denied the petition of the railroads to raise freight rates. Then the President called an extra session of Congress, whose chief business would obviously be tariff revision, with the House in control of the Democrats and the genuine tariff-reforming Insurgents holding the balance of power in the Senate. Next, without warning, the greatest movement of troops ever undertaken in a time of peace was ordered, the objective being the Mexican border, next door to an insurrection. The Supreme Court then upheld the corporation tax, putting corporate incomes at the mercy of the Government. Any one of these things, in other times, might indeed have precipitated disagreeable business disturbances. Moreover, there was every reason to expect that the momentous trust decisions—long-distance anticipation of which had sent shivers up and down financial spines for months—would be handed down any Monday.

Yet there was scarcely a ripple upon the business surface. At the end of this succession of events business had the same steady pace as at the beginning. The reason? Speculation was at a minimum. For months the Stock Exchange had been humdrum, with prices about the same day after day and the volume of trading very small. The matches were lighted, but, as there was no powder lying about, they simply sputtered out.

Votes for Women

FOR a long time women teachers in New York schools have urged that, for doing the same work as men, they should receive the same pay. The salary commission has held that men teachers contribute "masculinity, man's viewpoint of life, power, elements of strength, of executive force, positive convictions, practical sense, breadth of vision and sound judgment, manly influence, man's interest in mechanical contrivances and man's duties as a citizen."

We don't remember whether the commission pointed out that at least half the pupils are girls, and women teachers contribute femininity, woman's viewpoint of life, power, elements of strength, womanly influence, and so on. If one thinks lack of positive convictions characterizes the woman teacher let him get her to talking about equal pay with men for doing equal work. Usually she will display convictions of the most positive nature—as well as the practical sense, breadth of vision and sound judgment that enable her to pursue those convictions in the most effective manner open to her; but the concluding disadvantage she has to confess. She cannot contribute "man's duties as a citizen." Men will not let her. When men withhold the ballot from women, and allege that as a ground for withholding higher pay, it is no wonder women say the only reason they cannot get higher pay is because they cannot vote and the only reason they cannot vote is because they cannot get higher pay.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Cotton-Belt Demosthenes

WHEREUPON, the Senate being in consideration of the bill to create a tariff board, the day being Thursday, March the second, and the hour one of the clock in the afternoon, the Honorable Ellison DuRant Smith arose and, proceeding to a convenient station at the end of the center aisle nearest the main entrance, turned to the Republicans who happened to be in their accustomed places and let loose the long yell.

Presently, when Mr. Smith was in the midst of an eloquent and apparently important paragraph concerning raw materials, which he was delivering with great declamatory effect and with suitable gestures and elocutionary eloquence, the venerable Shelby M. Cullom arose, also, and waited composedly until Mr. Smith had enunciated the immortal doctrine that the producer of raw material, under the law of trade, is forced to sell at world prices if he produces sufficient to meet the needs not only of his people but of the world at large. Judging this a good point at which to separate Mr. Smith from his flow of thought, the aforesaid venerable Shelby M. Cullom asked mildly that Mr. Smith rest his larynx for a time and allow the Senate to go into executive session.

Mr. Smith paused and tapped his brow. "I yield," he assented, "although I am not near through. This is the first opportunity I have had to give my views on governmental affairs. I have been a novitiate in this body and have tried to follow the old-established rule that you have to be here two years before you speak at length; and I was desirous of giving this body a thorough sample of just what I was capable of when 'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day'—and I am today."

The still venerable Shelby M. Cullom smiled benignly at Mr. Smith and asked for the question. It was put and an executive session was declared. At the conclusion of that executive session Mr. Smith resumed both his station in the center aisle and his speech. From this very moment it was evident that what Mr. Smith had said before his interruption was as mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbals to the real thunders of eloquence he had in reserve. Having stated, as he did, that he intended to show the Senate just what he was capable of, he showed the Senate what he was capable of. It was after the Cullom break in the stream that he first broke into poetry; and it was some few minutes after he broke into poetry that he began to get really good—before he really did start showing off, so to speak.

Still, he had the goods. There is no denying that. He had the real, standard, genuine, time-tried oratorical goods; and he laid them down where all, and particularly those Republicans who were not at luncheon, might see and hear. He was no frivolous youngster, bobbing into a debate with a line of unconventional ideas or producing new and untried figures of speech. Not so. Here was an orator who knew the good old stuff—the stuff that always brings 'em to their feet and sets 'em cheering and crying.

When the Welkin Played Alarm Clock

HIS first sample was from the time-tried and always effective "mother" bin. Dashing back the hair from his forehead, he raised both hands high in the air and let go with a few lines of bleeding and suffering hearts—and then to it, thus: "I want the Senate to remember one thing. Thank God! the love that a mother and father have for their children is not measured by the number of dollars they"—the fathers and mothers, not the children—"own. In spite of the calico dress; in spite of the work-distorted hands; in spite of the seamed cheeks, from which the bloom of beauty has been smitten by the cruel hand of poverty and adversity; in spite of the stooped form thank God! underneath that calico dress, despite all those physical distortions, the poverty-stricken mother loves the bright darlings about her feet with as glorious and divine a love as ever burned in the heart of a queen."

The listening Senators, there to be shown by Mr. Smith just what he could do, took this bale and marked it "Exhibit A," waiting interestedly for the next sample. The wait was not long. In a few moments Mr. Smith swept gallantly to his second demonstration, which was a fancy exhibit of "farm" rhetoric. Deprecating the cry of "Back to the farm!" Mr. Smith inquired passionately: "In a word, Mr. President, in any great wealth-producing professions, vocations or avocations, have you heard any man clamor: 'Back to the law!' 'Back to medicine!' 'Back to the railroad business!' 'Back to the great manufacturing enterprises!'? No. The cry has been: 'Back to the farm!' We need a broader foundation of bleeding hearts and poverty-stricken bodies in order that our velvet-shod feet may walk a little smoother."

His Middle Name is DuRant

It was universally conceded by the listening Senate that that foundation of bleeding hearts for velvet-shod feet was pretty hot stuff; and it was put down as "Exhibit B." Spurred by this evident approval, Mr. Smith next showed some prime "plain-people" frills. He was at his best by this time, making the welkin ring so rapidly it sounded like an alarm clock. "Thank God!" he said, "I am a representative direct from the people—from the field. I have no other profession, vocation or avocation; and yet, because I am not trained in the law to split hairs and to differentiate to the shadow of a shade the Supreme Court's interpretations of the law, some hear me indifferently." There was a murmur of protest at this. All were hearing him with great delight. Continuing: "The people themselves are no more competent to understand these abstrusities than I; and you have no right to make a law that the great rank and file, though they be uneducated, cannot understand."

Proceeding passionately along these lines, Mr. Smith came again to what evidently he considered his strongest exhibit of what he is capable of, for he recurred to the original line of spellbinding. Picturing the dismal conditions that surrounded a young man and his wife, who were certainly in poor luck as farmers if they were only in half as bad case as Mr. Smith described, he said: "I have seen the mother, with the loving mother's heart, laboring and toiling; willing to do any drudgery; willing to put her body in the stony road of poverty in order that the feet of her darlings might have a smoother road to travel than mother had walked."

Mr. Smith also told something about the tough situation of poor father, whom he had seen "with mute helplessness written on his careworn face; where was depicted the tragedy of unjust legislation." And he pledged himself anew to strive to remedy these conditions—which pledge concluded his part of the entertainment.

Owing to the press of other matters, it then being within forty-eight hours of adjournment, there was no consensus of opinion concerning Mr. Smith's exhibition of what he is capable of along the lines of connected thought and real eloquence; and the subject was left for future determination. Still, there was a large inquiry as to the identity of Mr. Smith; and it was speedily discovered he had every reason to feel that, after waiting patiently for two years with much burning language within him, he could hand the Senate something that would make it sit up and take notice.

Ellison DuRant Smith, as all shall know, is the colleague of B. R. Tillman in the United States Senate. He lives in Florence, South Carolina, and is the son of a minister. At college he won gold medals in debate—mark that!—science and literature in his sophomore, junior and senior years. He served in the legislature from 1896 to 1900 and began what, in his autobiography, he calls the cotton movement, in 1891. He finally became field agent and general organizer for the Southern Cotton Association, his territory covering the entire South and his service lasting from January, 1905, to June, 1908, when he began his race for the Senate. He was chosen at the primaries in September, receiving, as he points out, the largest majority ever given to a candidate for this office in the state.

That, of course, is interesting, but has not so much bearing on the case as a further statement, which reads: "Became a national figure on account of addresses at New Orleans, Birmingham, Dallas and Shreveport." Clear as day—now, isn't it?—why Senator Smith desired to let the Senate hear what he was capable of? A thoroughly justifiable ambition, say I. And he did so. And, mark you, a highly descriptive middle name that of the Senator's: DuRant. That's what he do.

Beating the Baron

BARON HENGELMULLER, Austrian Ambassador and dean of the corps, prides himself on his game of chess.

Some years ago the baron met a young man whose name he did not catch when the introductions were made. Chess was the topic of the conversation by all those in the company; and presently the young man suggested diffidently that he would be highly honored if the baron would play a game with him.

The baron consented. They sat down; after a few moves the baron looked up from the table checkmated and found the young man reading a paper. The chessmen were placed again and, after not so many moves as before, the baron looked up to find the young man reading the paper again and himself checkmated.

After his dinner the baron came back. He wanted another game, being somewhat chagrined at the ease with which he had been beaten. As he came in he found the young man who had played with him that afternoon blindfolded and playing against sixteen opponents at the same time. The young man was Pillsbury.

A Valuable Vocabulary

PROFESSOR EDWARD FRISBIE, United States Navy, retired, has a negro servant named Mary who interlards her conversation with every long word she can hear or learn—and some she invents.

One day a man called at the door of the Frisbie house and Mary answered the bell. Mrs. Frisbie later asked Mary who the caller was. Mary replied it was a man who came to see about the tuberculosis in the water.

"Why, Mary," said Mrs. Frisbie, "that cannot be. There is no tuberculosis in our water. You must be mistaken."

"'Deed, ma'am, no I ain't. I done tol' him dere was no tuberculosis in th' watah we done drink, for we don't drink no tap watah—not a drap nohow; an' I shet th' doh en he face."

When Professor Frisbie came home he was told of the occurrence and thought about it for a long time. Finally he saw a great light and called Mary.

"Mary," he said, "did the man ask about the consumption of the water?"

"Yassir," replied Mary, vindicated; "'deed he did dat's what he came foh to see."

A Wise Retort

RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE, of New York, was at dinner next to a crusty old New Englander.

"Why, sir," said the New England man, "my great-grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence!"

"That's nothing," Wise replied. "My great-grandfather signed the Ten Commandments!"

Wilson's Way

WOODROW WILSON, the Governor of New Jersey, came from the South, and one day was discussing what they call "the poor white trash," who inhabit some sections of that country.

"How can you tell them?" asked a friend.

"Well," said Mr. Wilson, "when you are going along one of those roads in the barren districts, where these unfortunate people live, you may see something that looks like a stump. If it moves it is a stump."

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FROM THE SEASON'S NEW PLAYS

UNLESS The Concert, an account of which was given in a previous issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, is to be ranked as an American play, which essentially it is not, the season has been barren of native comedy of the first order. In The Nest Egg, however, Miss Anne Caldwell, a new writer, has added to the lengthening list of successful American farces.

This play serves to launch Miss Zelda Sears as a star, and it centers in a grotesquely ridiculous spinster of the kind that she has made familiar in a minor way in the comedies of the late Clyde Fitch. Hetty Gandy is, however, at once more human and more acutely psychologized than any part with which Miss Sears has hitherto been associated. She is the village seamstress, and she confesses that in the lonesomeness of her life she has longed for the homecoming of even a drunken husband. A being quite without humor, she has a vivid imagination and a racy picturesqueness of phrase that make her the delight of the young women for whom she sews—and of her audience. She is indeed the arch impersonation of seamstress spinsterhood, and the humors of her starved heart and eccentric mind will be recognized with delight by every woman who has had a gown made over. The skill with which the wildest flights of her imagination and of her vocabulary are kept within the range of possibility is quite the most remarkable thing about a very remarkable little play.

Three years before, in selling the surplus fruit of her hens, she inscribed a rhymed offer of marriage on one side of an egg and her name and the date on the other. Since then she has lived in a tremor of tender anticipation. And behold a telegram comes, saying that one Wiley Bassett will come to take her to Albany. The glad news spreads abroad in the village and Hetty prepares her trousseau. But when Wiley comes he is no bridegroom. He is a dyspeptic disciple of his namesake in the Department of Agriculture. He has been poisoned by the romantic egg, which has led a cold, unromantic existence for three years in storage.

His purpose in the trip to Albany is to present Hetty as witness in a suit against the cold storage people. It is all as topical and timely as it is amusing, and if Hetty's final conquest of the heart of Wiley, who is dyspeptically lonesome and in need of a cook, somewhat strains probability, the fact is joyously forgiven.

Miss Sears is an artist of secure comedy method and an attractive personality. Her company is unusually even and excellent. Produced by an obscure manager in one of the most unfavorable of New York theaters, the farce is already one of the few undoubted successes of the season.

The stage version of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm is scarcely a good play, in spite of the joint efforts of Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson; but it is a very effective dramatization, and that is no doubt all they intended. It is scattered, disjointed, episodic; but those who are in love with this striving, affectionate, gay and pathetic Maine farm girl—and who could know her without loving her?—will find her young life and adventures very vividly set forth. One sees her arrival at the Brick House; her first scolding from Aunt Miranda Sawyer; her flight in the storm to Uncle Jerry Cobb, and the diplomatic means by which that wise and kind-hearted worthy persuades her to return to her aunts; her meeting with Mr. Aladdin Ladd and his heavy purchase of soap; harvest time in the Sawyers' barn and the appealing comedy of Mrs. Abner Simpson's wedding ring; graduation day and the promise of Rebecca's not too distant union with Mr. Aladdin. It is chronicle history rather than drama, but it fills the eye with a series of charming rustic scenes, with laughter and with no less welcome tears, and the heart with the love of girlhood and innocence.

The Uncle Jerry of Mr. Archie Boyd is a really remarkable bit of character acting, full of rustic kindness and homely wisdom; and the Aunt Miranda of Miss Marie Day is a very efficient portraiture of the superficial harshness and the deep-seated humanity of New England spinsterhood. As Rebecca, Miss Edith Taliaferro has a long and rather trying part; but she is charming always, both in looks and in manner, and no doubt suggests as much of artless girlhood as it lies in the power of artless girlhood to suggest.

Gladys Hulette as Tyltyl in The Blue Bird

"The Blue Bird for Happiness," say the billboards of M. Maurice Maeterlinck's fairy play. They might as truthfully say that the Blue Bird stands for "sad philosophie." It is a subtly playful, pitifully poignant, intensely imaginative little work of art, at once inspiring and melancholy. Nothing is more characteristic of it than its stage history. In a letter that lies before me, dated on the last day of 1907, the author speaks of its having already been written two years and adds: "Alas, in France less than anywhere else can one find a theater and a public for works which depart from the base and vulgar customs of the stage." That is as true as it is lamentable. The play owes its production—in September, 1908—to the Artistic Theater of Moscow; and in that far country it met with instant success. It was reproduced last winter in London and this season in The New Theater, New York. But the Paris that went wild over the equally unusual and undramatic Chantecler still knows not The Blue Bird. If it had not been for the courage of artistic Moscow we should probably have been in the same plight, for the piece had been hawked about in London and in New York for years. James K. Hackett paid five thousand dollars for the right to produce it and then let his option lapse. No doubt he was as commercially wise as he was artistically discerning. In such matters we are provincial—sadly provincial. Without the backing of a European success, a New York production of The Blue Bird would scarcely have stood for happiness.

It has been called a Gallic Peter Pan; but it is something more than that—and less. Barrie's play did not "stand for" anything, unless it were the irresponsible joy of the childish imagination. Beneath the surface of The Blue Bird one sees a parable of human life and its ceaseless longings. Tyltyl and Mytyl are a woodcutter's two little children, whose only joy on

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Christmas Eve is to watch the happiness of the rich children who live across the way. The fairy Berylune comes to them and summons forth for their enjoyment a troupe of wonderful creatures who are nothing more nor less than the spirits of common things—the hours, which dance forth from the long clock; bread, which leaps out of the breadpan; water from the tap; fire, light, sugar, the dog and the cat, each from its nook in the household. All together they start out in quest of the blue bird, to possess which brings happiness.

They journey to a number of wonderful places—The Land of Memory, the Palace of Night, a graveyard, and the Kingdom of the Future. They find a blue bird, and another; but when they have secured it it either turns black or dies. It is only on returning to their woodcutter's hut that they find the true blue bird—the turtle dove that all along has hung in the window; but before they have fairly tasted the happiness it brings it makes its escape. A great German philosopher once said that happiness is found in the things nearest our hearts and our homes; another that it is found in the pursuit of our desires, not in their fulfillment. Maeterlinck, as it seems, agrees with both. They are all quite right. But in this life of splendid aspirations and small realities such philosophy, at least in a fairy play, brings disenchantment.

Yet the homely philosophy is enforced with pervasive humor, sweet and playful, and embodied in scenes of rich imagination far beyond the power, I think, of any other living playwright, not excepting the scintillant author of Chantecler. Bread is a corpulent old fluff, portentous and cowardly, who when the children are hungry sedately presents them with slices out of his side. Sugar is mild and so ingratiating that he snaps off his fingers and presents them as sticks of candy for dessert. The dog is a creature of such adoring loyalty as to be beyond the imagination of any one who has not read Maeterlinck's account of the life and death of his little bulldog Pelleas Our Friend the Dog, it is somewhat prosaically called in English. The cat is the villain of this philosophic melodrama. It is plain that Maeterlinck does not like cats. When the children, saying goodby to the humble comrades of their wanderings, ask to be always remembered with love, the cat replies that he will love them "as much as they deserve." That speech turns inside out the very heart of the fireside sphinx: yet there are humans now and then so fortunately full of affection that they love sly puss somewhat more than she deserves, which is the way our Master has with us, we are told. And so, no doubt, Tyltyl and Mytyl continued to love the cat. Those who follow their adventures certainly cannot escape a keener interest in all the things of daily life, or the belief, perhaps mystic, perhaps philosophic, that they have friendly souls like our own.

It is in the scenes of the children's adventures that the imagination of the dramatist philosopher takes its broadest flights. In The Land of Memory they visit their dead grandparents and the troupe of their brothers and sisters who have gone before. In this land the departed drowse forever, except when they are remembered by those left behind. They then arouse themselves and taste a moment's happiness. The remembrance of the living is so powerful, indeed, that when Tyltyl thinks of the time the clock strikes, and when he thinks of his grandfather's bird it suddenly sits up in its cage and sings. It is a beautiful thought and one that should make us more mindful of many people and things we have known. But when the children go forward on their quest it brings a little melancholy shudder to see those dear old folk sink back and drowse on the bench outside their cottage, to realize that the voices of the dead children have again been stilled.

It is not precisely that in Maeterlinck's philosophy there is no life after death. In the subsequent scene in the graveyard the children crouch behind a tombstone at midnight waiting for the ghosts of those who lie beneath. The clock tolls and the earth yawns; but no spirits come. The children look about them and even search the grass. "Where are the dead?" asks little Mytyl. "There are no dead!" her big brother declares. One is left to make the most of this as a promise of the life of the spirit. But it is at best a twilight philosophy, a shadowy consolation.

By far the most original and stimulating scene is The Kingdom of the Future. This is the land of the children who are waiting to be born. It is a little puzzling, is it not; to think of a universe in which the dead have substance only in memory, though the souls of those unborn are sentient, eager, palpitant! They live in a palace of azure and are clad in sky-blue. A group of sky-blue angels guard them. Some of the children are drowsing, indifferent to life. Some are sad, foreknowing that life can only bring sorrow. One boy and girl sit in each other's arms: they are destined to love each other always, but never to meet in the world. For the most part those in the throng are eager, striving for their hours of life. Some are already at work on inventions that are destined to add to the happiness of mortal life; some are thinking of the great wrongs they are to conquer. One has a little bundle of crimes that he is destined to commit. That makes the audience laugh. Father Time appears at the portal, sailing a boat in which he is to transport to earth the souls that are to be born that day. As they drift away a great sweet song arises. It is the song of the mothers who are waiting to welcome their children. Here for once the humor of the play is without sadness, the philosophy all serene and blue—or if there is any cloud it is in the eyes of the audience, to so many of whom the scene brings happy tears.

But in the end the blue bird flies out at the door.

There is perhaps an inner reason why this play, neglected in the capital of Gallic taste, has found favor in Russia, in England, in America. A Belgian by birth, M. Maeterlinck has little in common with the clear, vivacious and formally precise intelligence of the people in whose tongue he writes. His genius is mystical, brooding, crepuscular. "Dark and true and tender is the North."

The lack of a genuinely dramatic quality is likewise shown in the fact that there are few or no really good acting parts. No capable actor could fail as Peter Pan, as Pirate Hook, Smee, the dog Nana or the nameless crocodile! Even that will-o'-the-wisp, Tinker Bell, creates an effect of which no one would dream in reading the text. But in The Blue Bird there is not a character that does not lose quality in being seen. In the whole performance the only moment that gains in the representation is the chant with which the mothers acclaim the children who are coming to earth to be born. Many a scene, if the truth be told, is rather slow and tedious in the performance. Intelligent people everywhere will go to see this play. But the most intelligent will gain their knowledge of it from the book. As for the rest of the world, its judgment was expressed by a substantial citizen who as he came out of the theater said with relief: "My motto is, 'The Blue Mouse for happiness!'"

—*John Corbin.*

Edith Taliaferro as Rebecca in the Play Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

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The Senator's Secretary

BY AND LARGE the Congress of the United States is a pretty clubby sort of club. Of course the House of Representatives, with its three hundred and ninety-one members, and elections every two years, cannot be as clubby as the Senate, where the terms are for six years and there are more chances to get into genuine fellowship; but the House does very well in its way.

When a Senator who has been amenable to the organization falls by the wayside in an effort to get reëlection or a House member is bowled out, if he has been regular and dependable to the powers, the boys who remain on the job generally look out for these slaughtered ones and find something for them that will bring in a little money to help pay expenses—always, though, money from the Treasury; not money from the boys themselves. That would be contrary to all precedent—to pay out money from any place but the United States Treasury. What is the Treasury there for? What does Congress have the appropriating power for? How foolish to think that it might be just as well to help a lame duck with a personal subscription or a personal effort, to get him a job or some law cases, when the Treasury is standing invitingly but a mile from the Capitol and all it needs is the sliding in of a paragraph in an appropriation bill—and the trick is turned!

Economy has been the watchword ever since Mr. Taft became President, but the statesmanlike way to be economical is to refuse advances to clerks who have been faithful employees for years and to cut down salaries and reduce personnel, and all that. The mere thought of being economical by not putting defunct statesmen in sinecures on commissions is too absurd! The country needs the services of these great and good men, apparently, even though their states and districts have decided they do not need their services and have put them in the discard. The needs of the country are paramount. Also, the needs of the lame ducks are paramount. Hence the multiplicity of commissions and commissionerships, with salaries attached, which will keep these statesmen in our midst and enable them to serve their country—and, more particularly, remain on the payroll, from which unintelligent and non-discerning constituencies—as it appears to the lame ducks and their friends—have divorced them by action at the polls.

The people at the elections last November arranged matters so that the lamented prefix "ex" should be affixed to the titles of a large number of statesmen who have unselfishly given their time and abilities to the service of the common weal at seventy-five hundred dollars a year—more than most of them could make in any other line of endeavor—and various perquisites.

Falling on the Feather Bed

Most of these were good old boys who had always been on tap when the majority desired to push anything through; who took their orders and obeyed them without question; who played the game with the leaders, and who consequently deserved well at the hands of those whom fortune—and the fact that they got by the elections or did not have to go before the people—left in Congress. It certainly would be a shame to allow a statesman who had been in Congress for ten or twenty years to go out and hustle for his living; also unnecessary—for, as has been remarked, there is the Treasury, chock-full of money and literally yelling for somebody to come along and get a few chunks of it.

Hence, just before the close of Congress, the distribution took place. The Senate and the House looked out for their own. To be sure, there were many who did not land, many for whom nothing was provided; but the good old regular chaps were mostly provided for and sent on their ways rejoicing, happy in the thought that the terrible necessity of going to work was staved off for a time, at any rate.

One of the finest and softest mattresses ever contrived for ex-statesmen to fall upon is the National Monetary Commission, of which ex-Senator Aldrich is the head, front, center and all the works. The National Monetary Commission is a large and imposing affair. It was originally made up of sixteen members, equally distributed between the Senate and the House, with a lot of clerks and secretaries and disbursing officials, and other machinery of similar kind. When it was formed it was stipulated that Senators and Representatives who served on it should have no pay, but that civilians should have seventy-five hundred dollars a year. As originally composed, there were few civilians on it, one being Henry M. Teller, former Senator from Colorado, whose financial principles were embodied lately in the immortal ratio of sixteen to one without the aid or consent of any nation on earth whatsoever. Mr. Teller is still there, helping to reform the monetary system of the country, although not, perhaps, along the lines of his latest ideas of what our monetary system should be.

It so happened that, when Congress closed on March fourth, Julius Cæsar Burrows, of Michigan, Eugene Hale, of Maine, Hernando de Soto Money, of Mississippi, all went out of the Senate; but, being at the moment members of the National Monetary Commission, they were enabled to continue their regular visits to the disbursing officer, inasmuch as when they ceased to be Senators they became civilian members of the commission and were entitled to their seventy-five hundred dollars a year. Further to show just how clubby the Senate is, two Senators, who were serving on the commission and who were to remain in the Senate, kindly resigned from the onerous duties of reforming the currency; and that left places for Senator Frank P. Flint, of California, who became a former Senator at noon on March fourth, and Senator James P. Taliaferro, of Florida, who met with the same cruel fate at the identical moment.

The Great Modern Tragedy

In the House they were equally kind. Representative Sylvester C. Smith, of California, who was reëlected, resigned his place on the commission and Representative McLachlan, of the same state, who was whipped in November, gracefully stepped into the breach. Likewise, Representative Prince, of Illinois, was given a place, he having fallen outside the breastworks also. Representative Robert W. Bonynge, of Colorado, who was defeated some time ago, was on the original commission; and he remains, having been contemporaneous with former Senator Teller, of the same state, every time it was opportune to visit the cashier.

Of course the studies this band of financial experts has been making of our currency and banking systems are of inestimable value to the country—that is, the studies they have been making would be of inestimable value to the country if they had made any. The fact is, the National Monetary Commission is a joke, when its membership is considered. There is nothing to it but Nelson W. Aldrich. He runs it, does all the studying, devises all the plans, will draw whatever bills come out of it, is all there is to it and all there ever will be to it. The financial genius of Julius Cæsar Burrows and Eugene Hale and James P. Taliaferro and the rest will not be taxed in the slightest for investigations or for formulating plans based on results. The only financial transactions that need worry them or will worry them will be to draw their seventy-five hundred dollars a year each. That is as far as they will go; but their connection with the commission will enable them to live in Washington, if they want to, part of the time—and that is much, for after a statesman gets the Washington habit it is very hard to reform. They like the atmosphere there. A large proportion of the visitors to the capital are the "ex's," who cannot stay away, but who cannot get back in any other capacity than as "ex," with the privileges of the floor but no connection with the payroll, which is one of the great tragedies of modern times.

Another neat little body provided for by Congress, and immediately snagged by eminent statesmen who did not get under the wire last November, is the Commission on Boundary Waters, a joint commission with Canada, for which a neat sum was appropriated. This may be considered a commission de luxe, for it is small and better paid than the Monetary Commission—a sort of refuge for higher-bred lame

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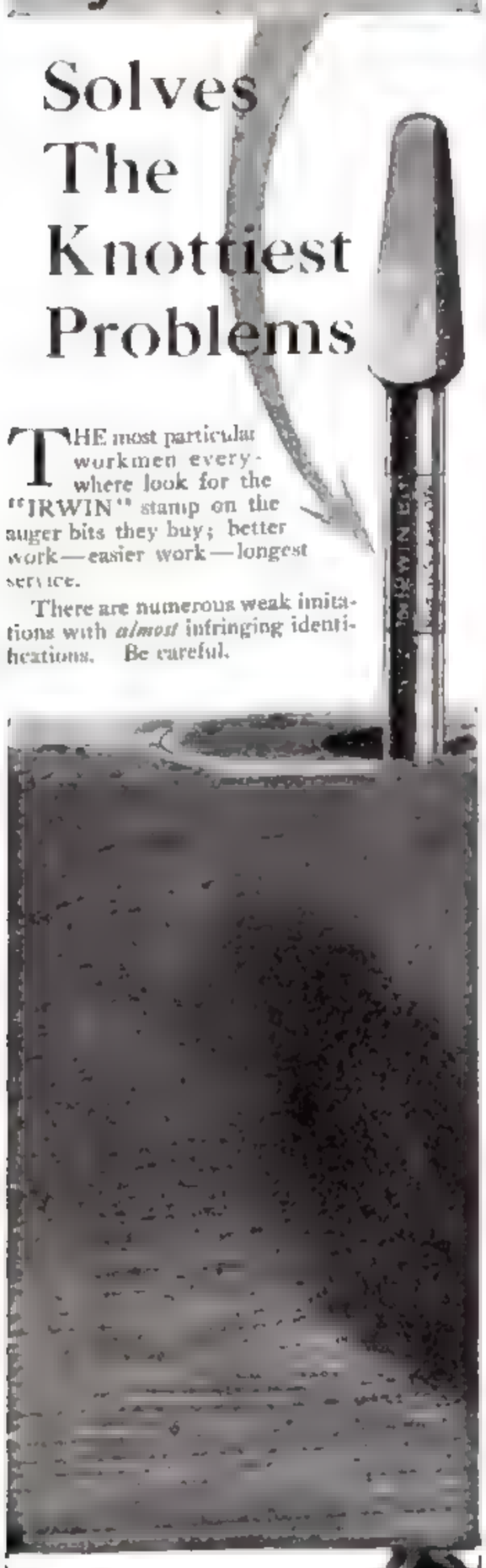

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ducks than the Aldrich outfit. The two former statesmen appointed on this commission are ex-Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, and ex-Representative James A. Tawney, of Minnesota. They chose for their secretary L. White Busbey, former Speaker's clerk in the House. These haughty commissioners will have a house all to themselves over on Lafayette Square; and the obliging State Department fixed their salaries at ten thousand dollars a year each, which is twenty-five hundred dollars a year more than they obtained while in Congress. If anybody was to get these fancy jobs, the right men got them from the viewpoint of party service. Carter is the astutest politician on the Republican side and he will be most valuable to President Taft in Taft's campaign for reëlection a man the President will find very handy to have around; and Tawney really did great service to the country as chairman of the Appropriations Committee.

However, all may not be merry and bright for the lame ducks whose lameness has been cured by these large poultices of salary, for there is a disposition—no larger than a man's hand at present, but sure to grow—among the militant majority Democrats in the House and the militant keys-to-the-situation Insurgents in the Senate to inquire in clarion tones, soon after Congress meets: How about these commissions? What are they for? What are they doing? Where do they get off and what do they produce for the general good in exchange for the moneys paid in hand to the members? It is likely there will be some resolutions introduced asking whether a commission is to be for the use and usufruct of statesmen separated from their statesmanlike perquisites by the cruel votes of the unfeeling proletariat or for the benefit of the country; and it is also likely that there will be some labored explaining to do, for these are not the only commissions. There are others. Likewise, there seems to be a disposition among the House Democrats to make an inquiry into the sinecures established and held in the House by the Republicans who have been in control for the past sixteen years. These consist of all sorts of clerkships to committees that never meet, extra employees and soft places generally for henchmen of members.

When the Democrats Clean House

This will be good campaign material for the Democrats, for the thing they want to do is to save money and make a showing to the people. Fighting for party advantage will be general all along the line; and the fighting will not be confined to the Democrats either, for there are Republicans on both sides of the Capitol bitterly opposed to the present Administration, and they will not hesitate to take a hack at whatever may seem promising to them as a trouble-maker for Mr. Taft and his associates.

For years there have been committees in the House list that have existed principally to give favored members chairmanships and, in the days before the House office building was completed, offices. These are the committees on expenditures in each of the great governmental departments, nine in number, beginning with the committee on expenditures in the State Department and running down through the list to the committee on expenditures in the Department of Commerce and Labor and the committee on expenditures on Public Buildings. These committees have had clerks and all that, but they have rarely met and have never viséed an expenditure so far as known. The plan of the Democrats is to introduce resolutions asking for investigations in each of the nine executive departments, refer each resolution to its proper committee and then set the committees to work investigating to see what has been done with the public money since Mr. McKinley became President on March fourth, 1897. The committees have full power, or will have full power after the resolutions are passed, to go into every detail, summon witnesses and examine books; and if they are skillfully made up there is no doubt they can dig up a tremendous amount of campaign material for use against the Republican candidate for President in 1912. A heap of money has been spent since 1897 and there is a promising field for investigation in every department. Imagine, for example, what a good, keen committee could dig up in the State Department, the War Department, the Navy Department—and, most of all, in the Post-office Department and the Interior Department!

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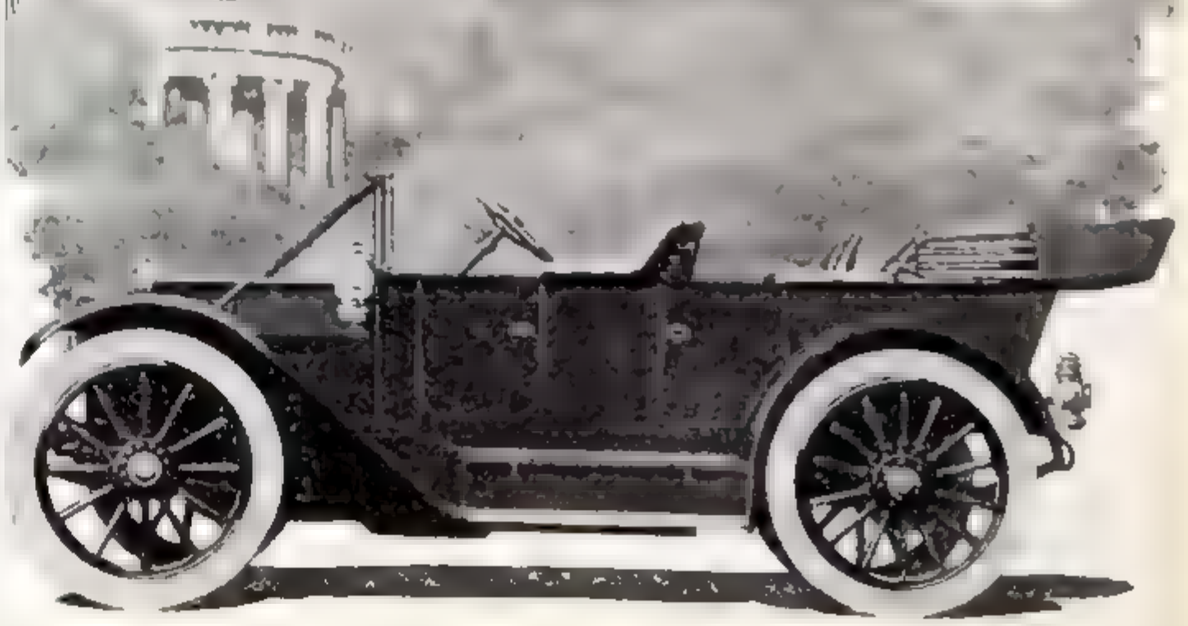

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Different Classes of Corporations Issuing Securities

By ROGER W. BABSON

IN MY last article I discussed the various classes of bonds from a legal standpoint—that is to say, first mortgage bonds, consolidated mortgage bonds, general mortgage bonds, equipment bonds, convertible bonds, and the other different classes. It was explained that any corporation could have every one of the different classes of bonds outstanding and that for any such corporation the first mortgage bonds are the safest. On the other hand, it was shown that because a bond is secured by a first mortgage it is not necessarily good and that the debenture bonds of a strong corporation like the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company should be far superior to first mortgage bonds of many electric light or traction companies. In short, I tried to impress upon the reader that the name of the bond is not so important as is its relation to the other securities of the corporation. Therefore, properly to be considered a conservative bond, the issue must be followed by large cash equities in the form of junior mortgages or full-paid stock issues; or conversely, irrespective of the name, if the mortgage is truly an underlying lien and followed by other issues it should, being entirely normal, be safe and conservative.

Unfortunately, however, not only are bonds classified as to their form but they are also classified as to the different functions of the corporations issuing them—that is to say, after one has decided to purchase a well-seasoned underlying lien of some established property he must then decide whether said property shall be a railroad property, a traction property, an electric light property, a gas property, a telephone property, or one of a score of the different forms of industrial properties.

Among the different classes of bonds issued by the different industrial properties may be mentioned manufacturing bonds, coal bonds, steel bonds, irrigation bonds, timber bonds, real-estate bonds, apartment-house bonds, hotel bonds, mining bonds, and others too numerous to mention. It is, however, difficult to decide in which of these various classes it is best to invest in order to obtain as many as possible of the following five standard requirements—namely:

1. Safety of principal and interest.
2. Good income.
3. Marketability.
4. Possibility of appreciation.
5. Stability.

Of course the small investor does not give very serious thought to these subjects; in fact, it often seems to me that the average successful business man gives more time to selecting his luncheon from the menu card than he gives to selecting investments from the circular of a bond house. However, there are many investors who do methodically and carefully consider these matters, and such people may be divided into two main "schools"—namely:

1. Those who believe in the distribution of risk.
2. Those who believe in the concentration of attention.

Briefly, investors of the first class believe in distributing their eggs in a number of different baskets and then forgetting these baskets; while those in the second class believe in selecting the very best basket, placing their eggs therein and then everlastingly watching this basket.

As an illustration of the first class, who believe in the distribution of risk, I am reminded of an office in London, England—I made a very pleasant call there just a year ago—which has built up a large business along these lines. This corporation has a very interesting theory that, although each nation is continually having periods of depression and prosperity, yet the world as a whole is always growing better; and if a man will properly divide his investments among the important nations of the earth he "can always sell out his entire holdings at a profit." Although any one who has studied fundamental mercantile and monetary conditions must necessarily believe in the law of averages, yet it must frankly be admitted that the point has not been reached where we can accept this theory *in toto*. Nevertheless, this English concern is doing good work for devotees of the "distribution of risk" theory and is sure to build up a great following. These people, however, are not content simply with distributing investments among the nations of the earth, they also systematically distribute investments among the different classes of securities, the chief of which we give as follows:

1. Railroad securities.
2. Lighting securities.
3. Traction securities.
4. Telephone securities.
5. Industrial securities.
6. Real estate and other securities.

The idea of this distribution is, of course, that certain lines of business are apt to decline and that it is unsafe for one to invest all his money in any one class of securities. Although I believe in a fair amount of distribution, yet when one is confident that certain securities are safer than others, why should he invest in securities that he believes are less safe simply for the purpose of distributing the risk? This to my mind is a great mistake; for if there should be only a very few issues that one knows to be absolutely good he should confine his investments exclusively to those. On the other hand, many people invest some of their money in securities that they know to be doubtful in order to distribute the risk; and apparently this was the principle that our good friend, Mark Twain, acted upon, judging from the following list of his holdings, as published after his death.

Only eight thousand dollars out of a total appraised value of $611,136 was found to be invested in bonds—conservatism never distinguished Mark Twain, either in thought or investment. Of the $541,136 of personalty, the principal items were:

American Telephone and Telegraph, common stock, 100 shares, worth about	$14,000
Utah Consolidated Mining Company, common stock, 1750 shares, worth about	87,000
United Fruit Company stock, 165 shares, worth about	80,000
Brooklyn Union Gas Company stock, 67 shares, worth about	9,000
Union Pacific Railway, common, 100 shares, worth about	17,500
Fentress Land Company, 8 shares, worth about	500
J. Langdon Company, 813 shares, worth about	21,000
Bonds of Park County, Montana	2,000
Bond of Atlanta Gas Light Company	1,000
Bonds of Duval County, Florida	5,000
Cash in banks	49,490

Among the souvenir certificates found in Mark Twain's strong box were three hundred and seventy-five shares of the capital stock of the Plasmon Milk Product Company, a concern organized not many years before Mark Twain's death.

The Plasmon Syndicate, Limited—five thousand shares—and the Plasmon Company of America—four hundred shares—were other certificates for which the appraisers could get no bids. The appraisers also reported this list:

Hope Organ Company	50 shares
Koylo Company	345 shares
International Spiral Pin Company	113 shares
American Mechanical Cash Register Company	32 bonds
American Mechanical Cash Register Company	400 shares

Probably Mark Twain had during his lifetime the typical financial experience of the intelligent, hopeful American. He "went broke" once—when his publishing venture at Hartford failed—kept up his courage, paid his debts, and died after years of work a rich man. His average of poor investments during the last years of his life was undoubtedly lower than in the case of the typical American.

There are, however, able and intelligent financiers who believe in this principle of

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distribution; and the following is a plan as outlined to me a few weeks ago by one of the ablest men in Boston, a man whose name is a household word throughout New England, showing the way in which he invested one hundred thousand dollars one day during the last period of low prices.

Twenty thousand dollars he invested in the transportation business, dividing the same between the stocks of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

Twenty thousand dollars he invested in the agricultural business, buying equal amounts of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical eight per cent preferred stock and the International Harvester Company seven per cent preferred stock.

Twenty thousand dollars he invested in industrial enterprises, buying equal amounts of the General Electric Company stock and the American Sugar & Refining Company stock.

Ten thousand dollars he invested in copper stocks, dividing this amount among Calumet & Hecla, Amalgamated and Utah Copper Company stocks.

Ten thousand dollars he invested in the iron and steel business; but confined this portion of the investment to the purchase of United States Steel seven per cent preferred stock.

Ten thousand dollars he invested in the lighting business, dividing this amount among the stocks of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, the People's Gas Light and Coke Company of Chicago, and the Edison Illuminating Company of Boston.

This gave him a total of ninety thousand dollars and covered all of the important lines of trade except the street-railway business; and after considerable difficulty he decided to buy, with the remaining ten thousand dollars, Brooklyn Rapid Transit convertible four per cent bonds, as he did not find any traction stocks that appealed to him.

Although this list is given purely as an illustration, and may not be any better than a thousand other lists that might be given, yet it was prepared by a very able man after considerable thought and inquiry. Certainly it is broad and comprehensive and should appeal to any one who believes in a thorough distribution of risk.

Concerning Public Service

The other class of investors believe in "selecting the best basket procurable, placing all of their eggs in said basket—and then carefully watching the basket." It, therefore, is needless to say that many investors would scoff at the above list. Whether or not they are justified I cannot here discuss; but it may be logical to eliminate the copper stocks altogether, and possibly some of the public-service corporation stocks. Public-service corporation bonds should be highly regarded, and some day a large proportion of them will probably become municipal obligations in the cities in which they operate; but the agitation and regulation of public-service affairs now existing, although favorable to the bonds of many such corporations, is not favorable to the stocks. Therefore many of the shrewdest investors are selling their stocks of public-service corporations where the rates are regulated.

Lighting companies, however, are not so severely harassed as traction companies. This probably is due to the fact that the greatest enemies of traction and other public-service companies are their own employees. The men who operate lighting companies know at all times just what service every customer is receiving in the form of light and know that the light is of the same brilliancy in every home in the city. The officers of a street-railway company, however, do not know what their conductors and motormen are doing; and yet the public holds the officers responsible. In other words, the people come into closer personal contact with the street-railway companies than they do with lighting companies, a condition much more favorable for the lighting companies.

It will also be noted that the Boston man, for some unexplainable reason, did not care to place any of his money in telephone stocks. What his reason for this was he did not state. Certainly some of the ablest New England investors are most heavily interested in the stock of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. Moreover, although the supply of telephone securities seems almost unlimited, yet, now

SIX SIX

THE STORY OF

The New E. R. Thomas Motor Car Co.

TO effect a thorough reorganization of the E. R. Thomas Company, a complete executive organization has been transplanted from the Packard Motor Car Company of Detroit to the Thomas Plant at Buffalo.

Fifteen men who have worked together in one plant, with one common aim and who have aided in the upbuilding of the greatest motor car organization in the world, now control the destinies of the reorganized E. R. Thomas Motor Car Company.

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With its ample financial resources this organization assures to the automobile buyer a car as thoroughly good as knowledge and skill can make it and with every car sold the Thomas Company pledges a thorough and complete technical service to the owner throughout the entire life of his car.

The unceasing effort of the Thomas organization will be to produce a high powered car of the highest class and to develop and refine each model along the most advanced lines of sound engineering practice.

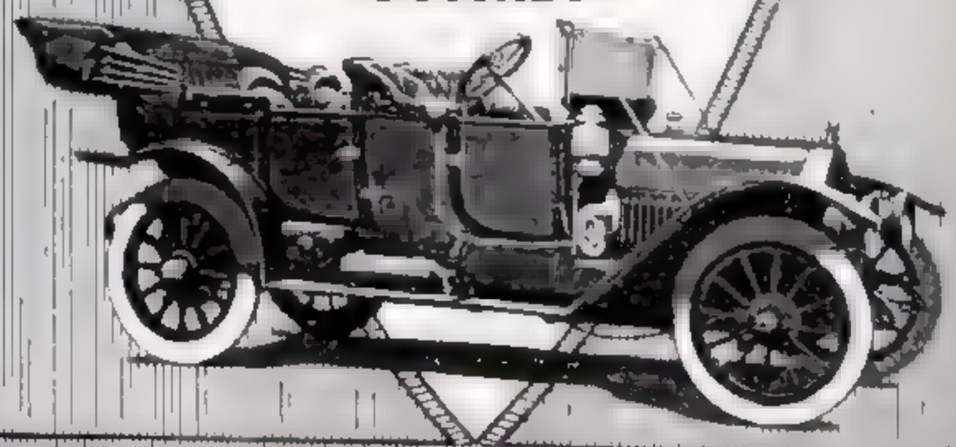
As an example of what we mean we ask your critical inspection at our nearest dealer's of the

THOMAS MODEL M SIX CYLINDER CAR COMPLETELY EQUIPPED $4000

We shall be glad to put you in touch with this dealer.

The E. R. Thomas Motor Car Co.

BUFFALO



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This colossal factory employs more people than the population of the average town. A community in itself—4700 employees. Think of it! These are tremendous figures, but this is a tremendous business. The biggest in the world producing women's shoes exclusively.
"Queen Quality" Shoes fit where others fail. They are the consummation of everything desirable in women's footwear. In all shapes, all leathers and all fashionable fabrics.
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that the rapid growth of the "independents" is reported to have been checked, the highest-grade telephone securities should be attractive investments during the next period of low prices.

As a good illustration of the principle of concentrating the risk upon one locality and one class of business, and then watching the same, one may refer to the holdings of a well-known former United States Senator. Although this man must be very wealthy, yet he is reported to have his money wholly in the stock of three large corporations—namely: an important railroad company, a large industrial company and a great public-service corporation. He, however, is a director in all three of these corporations and thus most carefully watches his "basket of eggs." One need not be a United States Senator either to have wealth or to watch the eggs in his basket, for there are many careful New England investors who follow the same method. They have their money invested in the stocks of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company and a few other local corporations.

It should be said that these men keep fully informed as to the status of these companies, their earnings, the market value of the stocks and every item of news published concerning them.

The Oldest Dividend-Payers

Only the other day I lunched with a man in my own home town, Gloucester, Massachusetts, who, although he has only a few shares of the stock of one of the public-service corporations of Massachusetts, systematically every year sends to the statehouse for the official earnings of said company and notes how these earnings compare with those of previous years, which he has written down in a book of his own.

This man, who has never seen the property, is better informed as to its condition and growth than some of the directors of the corporation. He is a man who does not believe in shutting his eyes and mechanically distributing his money among a large number of different classes of stocks on the "distribution of risk" theory; but rather he believes in selecting stocks of a few corporations—and then keeping most careful watch of their progress.

It may be well to state here that I do not agree *in toto* with either of the above "schools" of investors. It doubtless is wise to distribute one's money among a fair number of investments; but certainly I do not believe in buying any that are not universally considered absolutely good, even for the purpose of distributing the risk.

I grant that it is much better, if possible with absolute safety, to buy a certain number of securities at one time and then base one's buying and selling simply on the average price of this list, irrespective of the individual price of any one of the securities. On the other hand, when making up this list, no security should be purchased that is not universally recognized as being absolutely good, as it is a great mistake to buy anything uncertain simply for the purpose of distributing the risk.

Personally, I should buy more railroad stocks and less miscellaneous stocks than given in the above list. With the above-mentioned one hundred thousand dollars to invest, instead of placing only twenty thousand dollars in railroad stocks and eighty thousand dollars in the stocks of miscellaneous corporations, I should have invested one-half in railroad stocks, if not three-fourths. Of course many may object to this, especially at a time when railroads are being harassed by the Government and their securities are in ill repute. This, however, is not a logical reason for not purchasing such stocks now, unless, as many think, railroad securities will be in still worse repute some time later, before the final corner is turned. As to the probable time when said corner will be turned, this is not a proper place to discuss that question; but it may frankly be stated that the best time to purchase good railroad stocks, or any other good stocks, is when such stocks are in disrepute and there are more sellers than buyers. Therefore, although it may not now be time to buy any stocks, yet the permanent investor should never refrain from purchasing any class of stocks because they are temporarily in ill repute and yet are intrinsically good. The very reason that my Boston friend gave for investing only one-fifth of his money in railroad securities is the very reason why I should be tempted to invest about three-fourths of my money in such securities.

Consider the ten stocks on the following list:

	Dividend 1906	Low price 1907	Dividend 1909	High price Jan. 1st, 1910	Dividend 1910	Low price Jan. 1st, 1911
Central New Jersey	$8	$114	$8	$312	$8	$270
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	7	93	7	158	7	124
Delaware & Hudson	9	124	9	185	9	164
Great Northern plus 1 Ore Certificate	7	144	8	225	8	180
Illinois Central	7	116	7	146	7	132
Louisville & Nashville	6	85	6½	158	7	145
New York Central	6	89	5	125	5	112
New York, New Haven & Hartford	8	127	8	158	8	150
Pennsylvania	7	103	6	136	6	129
Pullman	8	135	8	189	8	160

This list is not selected primarily because it is believed to be a good list, but because it is a list the records of which are available for the greatest number of years.

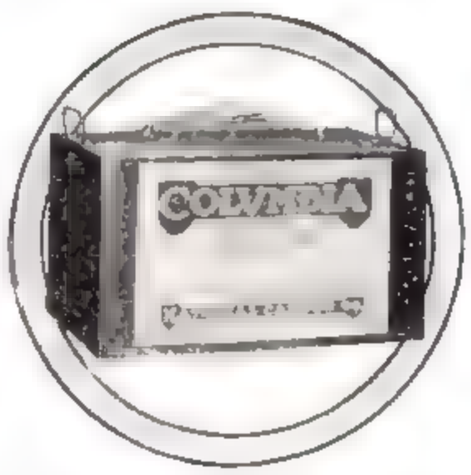
This list also represents those companies that have long dividend records. For instance, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has paid a dividend every year since 1856, when it paid eight per cent; the Illinois Central Railroad Company paid ten per cent in 1865, has paid dividends every year since and is now paying seven per cent; the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company paid eight per cent in 1870, has paid dividends every year since and is now paying five per cent; the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company started with ten per cent in 1873 and is paying eight per cent today; the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad Company started with five per cent in 1878 and is paying seven per cent today; the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company started in with one to one-and-a-half per cent in 1880 and is paying twenty per cent today. In the same way, the Delaware & Hudson Company started with about four per cent in 1881 and is paying nine per cent today; the Great Northern Railway started with three per cent in 1881 and is paying seven per cent today; the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul started in with two per cent in 1892 and is paying seven per cent today; the Northern Central Railroad started with seven per cent in 1888 and now pays eight per cent.

Some Seasoned Industrials

As to the industrials, in addition to the one above given, it will be found that the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company started with two per cent in 1881 and is paying nine per cent today; the United Gas Improvement Company, Philadelphia, started in with six per cent in 1885 and is paying eight per cent today; the Consolidated Gas Company of New York started with seven per cent in 1885 and is paying six per cent today; the Diamond Match Company started with ten per cent in 1889 and is now paying six per cent.

Moreover, all of these companies are reported to have paid a dividend of some kind, without exception, during panics, periods of depression and periods of drastic rate regulation. Therefore it is in the securities of these companies that I like to invest. It is perfectly proper to divide funds among the securities of these companies and others with similar records; but going outside of the high-grade seasoned securities, simply for the purpose of distributing the risk, is something in which I do not believe.

Therefore, as emphasized in the last article, the name of a bond is not so important as is the question whether or not it is an underlying lien; and in this article I wish to impress upon my readers *that it is not so important whether you invest in the securities of a railroad company, or an industrial company, or a public-service corporation, as it is to invest in the securities of some company that has a long record of honest management, steady growth and the payment of continuous dividends.* When deciding in what class of corporations to invest, endeavor to select—to use Mr. N. W. Halsey's words—"well-seasoned" securities that have paid dividends on their stocks through panics, depressions and all periods of anticorporation legislation.



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This is the one ignition system in the world that gives any advance warning of exhaustion.

Columbia Ignitor Cells, when properly wired in multiple connection, give nearly the same advantages as the complete battery in metal case, but the latter is to be preferred wherever possible. If your motor boat will not admit the metal case you can obtain the battery in waterproof pasteboard case to fit your requirements.

Price of Columbia Multiple Battery in metal case, $5.00.

Sold by automobile and electrical supply houses and garages everywhere. If not handled by your dealer write us direct, mentioning his name.

For your Protection every Columbia Multiple Battery, Columbia Ignitor Cells or Columbia Dry Cells bears our name, NATIONAL CARBON CO.

**Fahnestock Connector forms hot a thumbscrew.*

Economical Electrical Service for the Household

Besides Columbia Multiple Batteries and Ignitor Cells we make Columbia Dry Cells for telephones, doorbells, call winding clocks, gas lighting annunciators, servant call and a great variety of electrical apparatus. The quality is supreme—[illegible] selection, combination and testing. In testing we use only the electrical devices recognized as standard by the Bureau of Standards, and by the United States Bureau of Standards.

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Write for interesting descriptive booklet containing valuable information on [illegible] for every owner of a [illegible] motor boat or stationary gas engine.

Behind the Counter

IT IS my firm belief that every person in a department store is bearing some private grief such as would undoubtedly crush those of less heroic mould. With some it is an invalid mother or a sister who has "broken down"; with others, the responsibility of being the sole support of young children. Over them hangs always the terrible shadow of illness. Beside them walks dourly the figure of Want.

These people had no trochaic balm. They couldn't sob out their woes in verse or drear, drab paint. They didn't have time to keep tab on their emotions. They just kept going on.

I shall never forget the words of one woman who had been left a widow with three small children just previous to her employment in the store.

"I came into this store at seven dollars a week," she told me one day. "Everybody said, when I did, that I'd have to send my girls to some home; but, you know, I just couldn't bring myself to do it. I made up my mind I was going to make a home for them, no matter what happened—for then was the time they needed me. So I took a small room and we all lived in that. The children were at school during the day and I used to get supper when I got home at night. Of course it was hard, for I was dead tired when I got home at night; but the children always washed the dishes and that was a help. I made all their clothes and did the washing too—I used to have only one waist, mind you; and I'd wash it at nights so I could look clean in the morning.

"So we skimped along till I was raised to ten dollars and things went lots better. Then I was made head of stock, with still more salary—and I've kept my girls with me." From this note of triumph, however, her voice went off into a little wistful strain. "It's been hard, though—harder than anybody knows—not to be able to give my girls more of my time; to have them come home at night to a place where I couldn't be to welcome them; not to be able to see them for all the talks I'd like to have had. Oh, yes, it's hard!—but you can't do different when you have to be father and mother both."

The Challis Children

I looked at the lines around her mouth; at the faded skin and tired eyes. I looked at the little stoop of her shoulders and tears came to my eyes. It seemed to me I had never heard anything so sad in all my life.

In spite of the oppression of their routine work, it is surprising how many of the salesfolks take an enthusiastic interest in the goods which they display. This was forcibly illustrated by the case of one man who sold challis. He was a middle-aged bachelor, it seemed—short and bald and with a gray thatch for a mustache. He was quite gruff with his fellow employees, but when it came to those dainty, flower-sprigged challis his tones took on the wooing softness of Ægean winds. He called them all by name—Gwendolen for a pretty one strewn with forget-me-nots; Rosamond for a rosebud pattern; Viola for a Persian design. He had particular places for each piece; and in the evening, when he left, he used to stroke them and croon over them as tenderly as though they were the children he had never known in his home. "Good night, Rosamond," he would say. "Don't get lonesome tonight without me. I'll be back in the morning—oh, yes; never fear!—I'll be back in the morning and then we will sell you to a lovely young lady, who will wear you very close to her pink cheeks and blue eyes."

Naturally this man sold challis—any quantity of them. No matter how strong a woman's prejudice in favor of silk or muslin, he overcame it and sent her away with a pattern of his challis. One day, however, there was a terrific storm. For hours no one came near his department; and, in a perfect fury with the fate which had isolated him and his protégées, he strode out past the other salesmen, got his hat and flung by the wondering timekeeper without a word of explanation. Some weeks afterward it was learned he had gone to the department store across the street.

Selection of Acme Quality is the first step toward a perfect result in Painting or Finishing.

There's an ACME QUALITY kind especially suited to every purpose and every surface indoors or out.

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For furniture, as shown above, ACME QUALITY VARNO-LAC gives a beautiful, glossy finish in any wood effect you wish. It is easy to apply, dries without brush marks and wears like a coat of steel.

For outside house painting, except floors and steps, ACME QUALITY House Paint should be chosen. This is the house paint preferred by professionals because of its fast colors and remarkable durability.

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It explains just which of the ACME QUALITY products is right for each of scores of uses and tells how it should be applied in all conditions. A complimentary copy is ready at your dealers or will be mailed on request to

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q, DETROIT, MICH.

The Business Man's Ideal Lunch

Brain workers know that a hearty lunch lessens one's powers. For a couple of hours one is not at his best.

And we all know why. The blood is drawn to the stomach to supply digestive fluid. One's energy is consumed in digestion.

The ideal solution is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, served in a bowl of milk. Here are whole-grain foods with all the food granules literally blasted to pieces. By no other process are cereal foods made even half so digestible.

And men like them. For months we conducted a lunch room in the heart of New York City to find out men's tastes in cereals. With all the ready-cooked cereals to choose from, four out of five chose Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Between-Meal Foods Bedtime Foods

For the same reason Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are ideal for children. Not only at mealtime but between meals. One can eat at any hour foods which don't tax the stomach.

And children delight in them. The grains are like nuts—so much like nuts that countless children use them in candy making.

Many able physicians, when the stomach needs rest, are advising Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. When ease of digestion is of any importance, the best possible foods are these crisp, puffed grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

These foods are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process, by which all the food granules are exploded by steam. The raw grains are sealed up in great steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. Thus the moisture in the grain is turned to steam and brought to tremendous pressure.

Suddenly the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Every food granule is blasted to pieces, so the digestive juices can instantly act. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

The result is these delicious, digestible grains—porous, crisp, nut-like and brown.

Serving With Fruit

One capital way to serve these puffed grains is to mix them with sliced bananas or berries. The blended flavors make an enticing dish.

The common way is to serve with cream or milk, like any breakfast cereal. Or serve them in milk, like crackers or bread. People are now eating 18,000,000 dishes a month. Isn't it your turn to begin?

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

(117)

Tales of an Adjuster

IT HAS been my lot as a fire-insurance adjuster to meet but one man who admitted to me that he had burned his store and then asked me what I could do with his statement, adding that he would swear that he had never made such a statement to me if I should attempt to use it against him.

This man had been engaged in the dry-goods business, and he certainly took every precaution to insure the complete destruction of his stock. He was prompt in notifying the company of his loss, and I was sent to effect a settlement. Arriving in the little city I located myself in the only hotel, and in my room I found one of those rare old solid walnut wardrobes which I realized would be coveted by my wife if she could see it. I determined to purchase it if the hotel man would consent to dispose of it, and I went downstairs to his office to bargain with him. There by chance I met the merchant whose loss I was to adjust. We talked about the fire, and then I went over to the ruins with him to inspect it. There was no salvage in sight, and I arranged to meet him in my room at a later hour. I then strolled about town and was fortunate in meeting a man who expressed the opinion that the fire was "crooked," which had also been my conviction because of the manner in which the merchant had spoken to me. He seemed too anxious to settle at once, and was willing to make a liberal discount. I decided, however, to await the meeting in my room, and when he came I was not long in getting him to admit that he was responsible for the fire, "but," he added, "what can you do about it? I will deny it if you use it against me, and my word in court will be as good as yours, while the jury will naturally believe that your company is simply trying to cheat me out of my insurance."

I finally drew his attention to the wardrobe, remarking that I would very much like to buy it for my wife because it was such an ancient piece of furniture. He replied that he would assist me in securing it after I had settled with him. We arranged to meet in the bank in an hour and discuss a settlement, and he left the hotel.

Upon again entering the hotel office I met the sheriff, and learning that the merchant had not seen him I hurried the officer to my room, where I pointed to the wardrobe with its door ajar a few inches. Then I told him that the merchant had admitted to me that he had burned his own store, whereupon the sheriff desired to arrest him at once. I protested and explained that my plan was for him to meet me at the bank, where I would remind the merchant of the wardrobe in my room and then charge him with having confessed to me. I would then call upon the sheriff, who I would say had been hiding in the wardrobe and so had heard everything.

A Bluff That Worked

The sheriff and I left the hotel together and were seen by the merchant, who was on his way to the bank. The sheriff started in the opposite direction, while I went slowly toward the bank and met the anxious merchant. He at once asked me what I was going to do, and I replied that I intended to have him arrested, following this with the statement that I had the sheriff hid in the wardrobe and that the sheriff heard him confess.

At this moment I looked up the street and, seeing the sheriff about a block away with a paper in his hand, I exclaimed: "Here comes the sheriff now, and he has a warrant for you in his hand."

The guilty merchant couldn't stand the strain any longer, and with a glance at the approaching officer he started to run in the opposite direction. As the state line was only a short distance away he was soon safely on the Louisiana line, and got away before he could be overtaken. The company has not since had a claim from him, and the policy has never been paid.

Insurance companies have paid losses by fire on musical instruments of various kinds and values, but the following is believed to be the only case where a canary bird was scheduled in a list of losses as a high-priced musical instrument.

I was summoned to adjust a loss on the contents of a residence which had been burned. The claimant was a woman, and she had been reading her policy closely. She had observed that musical instruments were included in the list of articles that insurance would cover, and although she did not possess either a piano, an organ, a music-box or a phonograph, she did own a beautiful singing canary which had been suffocated by the smoke.

When I visited her she gave me a most carefully prepared list of articles which she claimed had been destroyed, among them being a "musical instrument, value one hundred dollars." I naturally inquired as to the character of the instrument, and she demurred at being required to be more explicit than shown in her list. I pressed her for more information, and she finally told me that it was her canary bird, that it was certainly a musical instrument, and being a most valuable singer it was worth fully the amount she claimed. Of course the musical instrument was stricken out of the schedule and "one canary, value one dollar and a half" duly entered.

My next surprise was the listing of five iron bedsteads which she claimed had been completely ruined. I asked to see them, and she startled me by informing me that "the flames had burned them up." I, of course, told her that seemed impossible and that there certainly was some part of them left; but before she could answer her little ten-year-old boy spoiled her game by saying: "Why, Mamma, don't you remember that the men saved them and you sold them?"

It is to be presumed that that boy ate his meals standing up for some time after

A Banker's Clumsy Attempt

A similar case was that of a banker whose crime was discovered through his pretty little daughter of seven years.

The newspaper account of the burning of the banker's ten-thousand-dollar home, on which there was an insurance of eight thousand dollars, told how he had heroically, upon awakening from his slumber, saved his daughter from the flames that were sweeping to her room.

My company was in possession of facts showing that the banker had a few months prior been bereaved of his wife, and also that his banking business was failing; but no suspicion of arson was entertained against him. Arriving in the city I learned that the banker was absent and would not return until evening, so I made a visit to the scene of the fire. There I discovered a pretty little girl playing in a summer house in the grounds at the rear of the ruins. She was talkative and soon informed me that she was the banker's daughter. Finally we discussed the fire, and when I expressed horror at her narrow escape from death and her brave rescue by her papa, she innocently said: "I wasn't in danger; my papa and I were dressed, as he said he feared the house would burn."

I soon left her and sent word to the banker to meet me at the hotel the next morning. He came as arranged and we at once took up his loss. He told me he was anxious to have a settlement, as he was preparing to remove to New Mexico and was willing to make a liberal discount if given a check that day. I assured him that the company was ready to settle promptly, but that there was a serious barrier in the way. I then said that I hoped he would listen intently to what I was going to tell him and not permit his temper to get the better of his judgment. He pledged his word, and I as tactfully as possible informed him that the company possessed information that he had burned his own home and that both he and his daughter were still dressed, even though the fire started at a late hour at night. I then argued with him that his love for his aged mother and only child, together with his past good character and the fact that nobody would ever know, should convince him that he could not afford to press his claim.

At first he showed anger, but I told him to take an hour and reflect fully upon the situation. Finally he told me that he would accept one thousand dollars and surrender his policy. He was given the amount and he at once left the town.

The point that influenced him was that nobody would ever know; he realized that if he pressed his claim the story would be told in court, even if not fully substantiated.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

(Continued from Page 10)

the chair. There was an old couch in a corner covered with dust; a few ancient books in a case that appeared never to have been opened, and a broken rolltop desk on which one seemed to have emptied a waste-paper basket full of rubbish. The man was one of those attorneys to be found at every bar and called in the vernacular a "ghost."

The woman followed the girl. She sat down on the dilapidated couch.

"I want you—take—case, Burton," she said. Then to the girl: "Tell him." And she leaned back to inhale the cigarette that seemed eternally in her fingers.

The weak face of the man was not unkind and the girl related the story, omitting no detail. He was sober and he listened.

The woman seemed asleep, although her eyes were not closed; but she was not asleep. She had followed every word, as her subsequent action indicated; for presently, with a visible effort, she arose. A window level with the street looked out on the square before the courthouse. A big white motor car stood in the street before this square. A man coming through the courthouse door had paused to speak with some persons who knew him.

The woman indicated this man with a gesture toward the window.

"That Fanshaw?" she said.

The girl looked after the pointed finger, to recognize the pink person who had spoken so flippantly of her to the prosecuting attorney.

"Yes," she said; "that is he."

The woman went out of the office, up the steps and across into the square. She walked as though every muscle were relaxed and with her knees bent. In the square before the courthouse, as the man approached the car, the woman seemed to stumble. She lurched against the man and caught hold of him. A moment her hand clung to him; then he flung her off and she fell. He went on; and presently she arose, getting up slowly on her hands and knees like a child. Some persons helped her to the hack; they called the driver from a near-by saloon and the hack departed. It took the way around the square into the park; then it crept into the line of carriages and disappeared.

When the woman fell the girl would have gone to her assistance, but the "ghost" stepped before her into the door.

"You must not be seen with that woman," he said.

"Why not?"

"If you do not know," he replied, "so much the better."

"But she is hurt; let me pass, please!"

"No," and he continued to bar the door. Then he added: "She's not hurt; they all fall like that. Their muscles are loose—you can push one of them over with your hand."

The girl was incensed; the blood was in her face; the nails of her fingers bit into her palm.

"The beast!" she said. "The beast—to fling her down!"

The "ghost" was undisturbed. "Well," he said, "no man cares to have a woman like that catch hold of him in a public street."

The girl turned on him.

"What do you mean?" she said. "What is wrong with her?"

The "ghost" made a sweeping gesture.

"Oh!" he said. "Everything! Everything!"

. . . . . .

The woman of the hack had secured a seat in the courtroom on the first row of benches behind the rail. She had not obtained this desirable place without some difficulty. The courtroom had been crowded from the first day. When she came the bailiff had stopped her, and she had passed him only by saying that she was a relative of the prisoner. This was false, but it obtained for her the seat that she wished.

She had gone in and out upon this pretext, but in spite of it she came near to being excluded on the afternoon of the last day of the trial. There was a pressing crowd and she had loitered in the hall until the prosecuting attorney and Mr. Fanshaw came to enter the courtroom; then she had crowded into the door and endeavored to thrust Fanshaw to one side in order to make way for herself. She had put her open hands against his breast and pushed like a petulant child vexed with the crowding. Fanshaw was angry and the bailiffs would have forcibly removed her; but she claimed the right to enter, and the prosecuting attorney, hearing what she said and unwilling that a relative of the prisoner should be excluded, permitted her to go in.

He did not stop to reflect on this obvious untruth: All sorts and conditions of men were of the family of criminals; and it was a courtesy of Justice to award them a place beside their kinsman when she judged him for his sins.

The woman got her seat again on this afternoon and she sat in it in a sort of heap, resting her arms against the rail, and from time to time, from long and constant habit, bringing her fingers to her lips—although the inevitable cigarette from necessity was absent.

In some respects this was a pathetic trial. As it advanced, one looking on became unhappy. The prisoner, pale from his long confinement, and the miserable girl, who kept so brave a face beside him, made one hope—even against justice—that the case might take some favorable turn. But when it continued, hour by hour, more clearly and more inevitably to involve the prisoner one gave up that hope.

And, though one did not see how a substantial defense could be maintained before the evidence, one came to resent the unequal matching of the prosecuting officer against the attorney for the prisoner. This liquor-shaken, prematurely white old man was so visibly in a situation beyond him! He was like some decayed actor who, having long haunted the theater as a place of memories, is called on some night of license to play a leading part. He had brushed up for the part—this "ghost." He was cleanly shaven, his clothes were pressed and he was sober; but these conspicuous attentions could not rehabilitate him with the solidities of life.

Everything that he did, every method that he used, every trick that he relied on, every argument that he advanced, was of the nature and after the manner of a ghost. It was in vain, in this pressing need, that he endeavored to take on the aspect and assume the offices of life. There was no weight in his hand and no authority in his voice. When the prosecuting officer challenged the statement of a witness, or urged a conclusion upon the facts, the aspect and the manner of the man compelled the attention of the court. But when the attorney for the defendant essayed these attitudes of conflict, in spite of every effort he was only a gesticulating wraith.

The proof of this was everywhere. It was a case of circumstantial evidence, with those joinings of the piece that defending attorneys are accustomed to assail. But under this man's hand the wedge—even in a crevice—rebounded.

The board containing the fingerprints, which the police had removed, had been set up on a sort of easel before the jury. A lay figure, clothed with the garments of the deceased, had been brought into the courtroom and the implement with which the deed was accomplished had been introduced in evidence. The witnesses had spoken and upon each of these the attorney for the prisoner had tried the stock tricks of cross-examination. But, where other men were accustomed to obtain a doubtful expression or a qualifying phrase, he got only a greater assurance.

"Doctor, the microscope is not a perfect device?"

"No, sir."

"And even the most skillful biological chemist is not infallible?"

"No."

"Then, sir," raising the wrench with a dramatic gesture, "how can you swear, with that degree of certainty which would justify this jury in depriving a fellowman of his life, that these are bloodstains?"

And the only effect was that the expert again explained the scientific method by which he had arrived at his conclusion so exactly that no man could doubt it.

With the chief of police, upon the platitude that having found a crime the police will always find a criminal to fit, he came off no better.

"You have taken a good deal of interest in this case?"

"Yes."

"And you have been pretty active in it?"

"Yes."

"Now, sir, why are you so anxious to fix this crime on the prisoner?"

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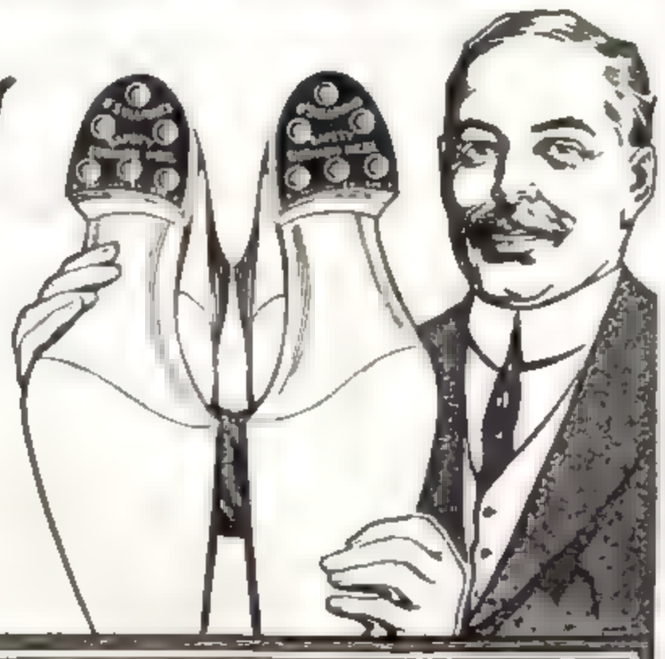

Well-Fixed for Easy Walking

All workers in shops, offices, factories or stores should learn to walk gracefully and naturally—and they should walk daily. Walking is an exercise which sends fresh air into the lungs, clears the brain, and gives play to little-used muscles. It is the best cure for the blues and for pessimism.

Civilized men, treading on hard leather heels, are often fatigued by a brisk walk. It tires the muscles of their legs, and a five-mile jaunt leaves them nervous and exhausted both from fatigue and the constant jarring and jolting of unyielding heels on hard roads and pavements.

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All who become easily tired in walking should have their walking shoes equipped with O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber.

They take up the shock of walking; they help you to walk normally and gracefully; they make walking a pleasant and healthful exercise.

O'Sullivan's Heels are to the human body what a shock-absorber is to an automobile. They protect its delicate machinery from nervous wear and tear.

O'Sullivan's Heels are invisible when attached to your shoes. They make no difference in the appearance of your shoes. You can find them at any shoemaker's; price 50 cents, attached.

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Graceful Women

Women should realize that a graceful manner of walking has a charm that nothing else can replace.

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And the chief had replied: "Because I believe him to be guilty."

The things out of which another might have made capital for the defense only turned to nothing in his hand. The fact that no one of the articles taken by the assassin had been found on the prisoner or about his premises; the fact that Fanshaw was the sole heir of the deceased and thus the one to gain by her death; that his life had been dissolute, and that he needed the estate he would inherit; and also the further possibility, however remote, that the evidence had been manufactured by the real criminal—items that another would have avoided until the argument—this man flung headlong at the witnesses and got them explained away.

It was the custom of criminals, every police officer said, to conceal the booty until public interest in the crime had waned. And the prosecuting officer had met the second suggestion so fairly that no force remained in it. He himself would have considered this thing but for the physical impossibility that attended it—no man could be in two places at one time.

With pains and with care the prosecuting attorney had shown by testimony that was incontrovertible exactly where Fanshaw was every hour of that memorable night. And with every witness and at every point he had called upon the prisoner's counsel to indicate any doubt that could be inquired into. The deed had been perpetrated in the night, but there was no hour of the night, no moment of the night, that Fanshaw was not in the company and before the eyes of disinterested witnesses who knew him.

Upon the theory of fabricated evidence he was quite as fair. That, with the alibi, was a stock defense in desperate cases; but if the prisoner's counsel could indicate one point, however insignificant, that suggested a design in any item of this evidence he would go with him to any length upon that theory. It was not a victim that he sought—it was the truth that he was after. And this outspoken method, albeit a thing of sheer policy in the prosecutor, disarmed and stripped and devitalized these doubts before the hour at which they could have served the prisoner.

The counsel for the defense caused the witnesses to repeat their evidence; and, as he lacked the skill to draw them into contradictions, the effect was that their testimony only the more impressed itself upon the jury. In his examination of Fanshaw this was especially marked; and by his insistence he brought Fanshaw clean out of suspicion.

He had been with his aunt on the afternoon and until the evening of November fifteenth. She was happy and quite well. It was her custom to retire at ten, and sometime after that the deed had been done.

"And where were you, sir?"

And Fanshaw had shown again and again where he was from the hour that he left his aunt, on the evening of November fifteenth, until the following morning—until there remained no doubt that it was physically impossible for Fanshaw to have committed the crime on this night.

Then, when the state rested, the prisoner's counsel had made the culminating blunder. He refused to permit the prisoner to testify in his own behalf. This move in criminal defenses is heroic. Only in desperate need do the most skillful masters hazard this perilous finesse. It is the law that one charged with a crime may keep silent if he likes; and it is the law that no inference of his guilt shall be drawn therefrom—and a judge will so instruct a jury. But no direction of a presiding judge can remove from a juror the ultimate conviction that, if one remains silent, there is something that he wishes to conceal. It is a weapon that one will take down from the arsenal of defenses only when he has an eye forward to a conflict with a bench of judges who regard the technicalities of the law.

Before the jury and before the courtroom it helped the prisoner that he contended against this decision of his counsel. The court waited while the argument went on in whispers. There could be no doubt about the good faith of this resistance. One could see how deeply in earnest the prisoner was—but the attorney possessed the insistence of the weak; and in the end he had his way.

The prisoner's face went gray then, and the girl beside him wept. The hope of sympathetic persons in the courtroom that this man, when he took the stand, might be able to exculpate himself departed.

Did You *Think* What Some Men *Said?*

Many friends and customers in the past have either spoken or written to me in language something like this:

"Your method of selling cigars strikes me as being the fairest possible; the tobacco you use and the workmanship you employ are good, but I prefer a *thicker* cigar. Why don't you put the same quality into a cigar a little shorter and fatter than your Panatela?"

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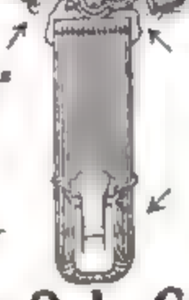

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In hazarding this desperate move the "ghost" went upon the theory that, if Randolph remained silent, no one could be absolutely certain where he was on the fatal night and in his argument he could amplify this doubt. It is an academic theory, not without value in certain cases; but here, where Randolph stood convicted upon the circumstantial evidence—where his guilt was indicated and where explanations were required—the thing was ruin.

In this feeble manner the case had been conducted and now the counsel for the prisoner was about his argument. What he said were platitudes that lie in the very nooks and corners of a criminal courtroom—vaporings upon the presumption of innocence and reasonable doubt. These are substantial doctrines of the law and where proper evidence is absent they prevail; but, where all the circumstances of time, place, motive, means, opportunity and conduct concur in pointing out the accused as the perpetrator of the crime, it is idle to concern oneself with these presumptions.

Moreover, the conduct and manner of the man emasculated these defenses; his thin voice and his devitalized gesticulation weakened what he said. He stepped about, drank from his glass of water and declaimed; but when in his case there was a real fact or a genuine emotion that might have moved the jury, this advocate, by his manner, made it hollow. He was but the shadow of a man and he could not present the reality or the solidity of life.

It was near the end of his address, when there was no longer any doubt about the issue of the trial, that the courtroom was aroused by an exclamation impossible to describe. It was the "Ah!" of a cabdriver in Paris, who, after laboring to understand the direction of some foreign tourist, finally has a flash of comprehension. The unrestraint of it aroused the court like the sting of a lash. The attorney stopped in his argument and the judge flung himself forward on the bench. Below him, now upon her feet, holding to the rail with her hands, stood the woman of the hack.

The judge was indignant.

"How dare you," he said, "interrupt this trial?"

The woman was not looking at him and she did not now turn her head. Her eyes were fixed on the board containing the fingerprints that had been introduced in evidence. The woman did not directly reply. She raised her hand and pointed to the board.

"Somebody made those fingerprints—purpose!"

The whole courtroom, dulled and wearied by the insipid argument of the attorney for the prisoner, now flashed into life. The judge looked from the woman to the board and back again to the woman. It was evident that something moving and vital lay behind this extraordinary act.

"What do you mean?" he said. His voice was severe, but the threatening note had gone out of it.

The woman arose. She came around the rail into the space before the jury.

"I'll show you," she said.

She took up an inkstand from the table and went over to the board; there she wet her hand with the ink and touched the board a number of times, as one might do if he were groping with his hand.

"See, if—accidental," she said.

Then, continuing to wet her fingers with the ink, she touched the board an equal number of times below the other.

"See, if—purpose," she said.

The great truth that this woman had discovered now sprang into view before the courtroom. Every one saw instantly what she meant. The ink marks accidentally made by touching the board with a wet hand were at first heavy, but they gradually became fainter. Those made by design—by continuing to wet the hand were all equally heavy; and, like these latter marks, all equally heavy were the original fingerprints on the board.

Every man saw it now. If the assassin by accident had touched this board with his wet hand, as he groped his way in the night, the first marks would have been heavy and those that followed fainter, for the hand would have been gradually cleaned by contact. And only by the design of one who had gone there for that purpose, intent on getting all the prints on that board that he could, was it possible for the last fingerprint there to be as heavy and as well marked as the first.

Fanshaw spoke hurriedly to the prosecuting attorney and that official arose. He

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Factories: Whitman, Mass.; Milford, Mass.; Philadelphia and Brooklyn

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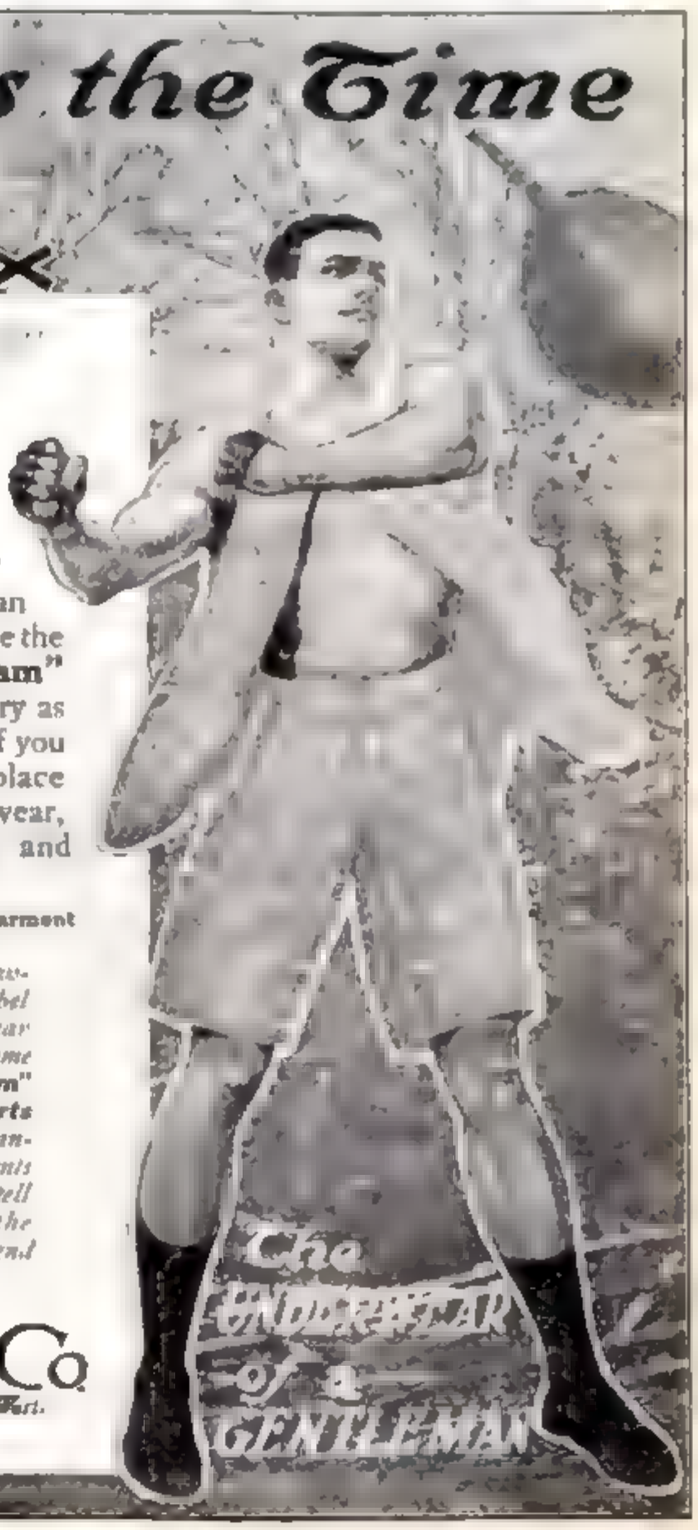


Summer Underwear

"GOTHAM" Summer Underwear on a man is an indication of a taste above the average,—because **"Gotham"** belongs in the same category as "purple and fine linen." If you would avoid the commonplace and the hackneyed in underwear, choose like the gentleman and ask for **"Gotham."**

50c, 75c, $1.00 and upwards the garment at retailers everywhere

INSIST upon your dealer showing you the ***"Gotham"*** *Label in the Summer Underwear you purchase. Do not accept some other. Also inquire for* ***"Gotham" Pajamas, Union Suits, Shirts and Soft Collars.*** *If you cannot procure* ***"Gotham"*** *garments in your vicinity, write and tell us so. You should have the* ***"Gotham" Style Book,***—*send for your copy today.*

Gotham Mfg. Co.

Fifth Ave. Bldg. Madison Sq. West.

NEW YORK CITY

Michaels-Stern Clothes

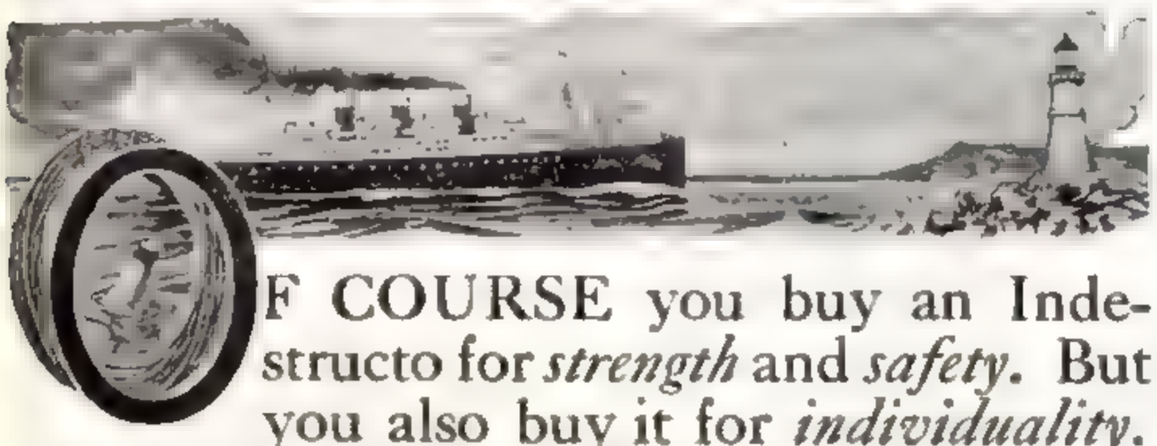
WE make clothes to meet the requirements of all sorts of men and we satisfy them all, because our clothes-making experience has been so long and so wide. Wherever you find our label you will also find

Style, Quality and Service

the three necessities for clothes satisfaction.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Write To-day for Interesting Book of Styles



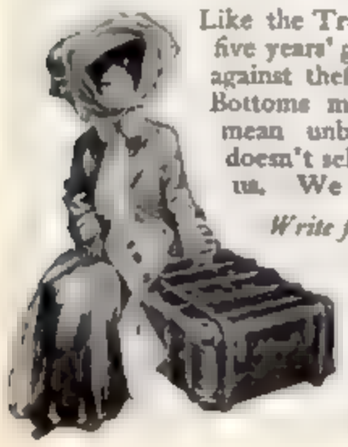
OF COURSE you buy an Indestructo for *strength* and *safety*. But you also buy it for *individuality*.

The Indestructo is the *one* trunk that bears the individual, distinguishing name of the *product*—your protection.

Indestructo Hand Luggage—the only American made leather goods that bear *any* distinctive name—means that you get the *genuine* in leather luggage always. The Indestructo Bag that is sold to you as seal *is* seal—not goat; every kind and grade of leather is exactly as described. You get that protection in *writing*.

INDESTRUCTO
Guaranteed Luggage

The new Indestructo Trunk is *one year better* than it was a year ago. Corners are doubly reinforced—more bands around the body. Government Bronze finish trimmed—rust-proof. Silk canvas covered. Cedar lined. Five years' guarantee covers *every* part that possibly can break—not just the hardware. The same price *everywhere*.



Like the Trunks, Indestructo Bags, Suit-cases, etc., have five years' guarantee. Registered against loss—protected against theft. Exclusive designs—imported models. Bottoms made of three-ply Indestructo veneer mean unbreakable corners. If your dealer doesn't sell Indestructo Leather Goods, write us. We will supply you direct.

Write for the Indestructo Trunk and Bag Book and your dealer's name.

No. 451
Deluxe Men's Bag

National Veneer Products Company
Station D 5, Mishawaka, Ind.

began to object. He said that the evidence was in, that the case was closed, that such an interruption of a trial was unheard of and irregular. It was clear now that his attitude of fair dealing had been a pretense.

The judge silenced him.

"We are here to convict the guilty," he said, "and to acquit the innocent. Anything that will help us to perform this duty correctly I will permit and I will hear!" and he addressed the woman: "Go on!"

But the woman of the hack did not reply. While the judge and the prosecutor were in this controversy she had been looking at the lay figure clothed in the night garments of the deceased.

"Are these things on—figure correctly?"

The judge beckoned to the chief of police and he came forward.

"Yes," the chief said; "exactly."

"Sure?"

"Yes." And he explained how carefully he had observed and marked the position of each garment in order that the lay figure might be clothed precisely as the deceased was when the police found her.

The woman turned slowly. She spoke like one pronouncing a conclusion.

"That's what I thought," she said.

The judge's voice was no longer severe.

"What, exactly, do you mean?"

The woman replied as though she spoke a thing obvious to everybody:

"Why, that—Fanshaw—did it himself!"

Every person in the courtroom seemed to move in his seat.

Fanshaw seized the arm of the prosecuting attorney; his pink face was moist with a spray of perspiration. The attorney arose; he got out his objection before the judge could stop him.

"Impossible!" he said. "We know—accurately, definitely, conclusively—where Mr. Fanshaw was every hour of that night."

The woman remained looking up at the judge. The only evidence that she was in the least affected by this situation of stress was that she no longer omitted the little words in the sentences that she uttered.

"It was not done in the night," she said. "It was done in the day!"

The judge put the query that was on every tongue:

"How do you know that?"

The woman indicated the lay figure.

"That nightcap's on wrong part before!" she said.

The girl, who had been straining forward in her chair, her tear-stained eyes wide, her arm close around her father, sprang up and stooped over the lay figure. The jury, forgetting the etiquette of the courtroom in this compelling interest, left their seats and crowded round her. A moment the girl remained scrutinizing the headdress—then she began to cry and laugh in hysteria.

"Oh, it is true!" she cried. "It's on wrong!"

Then the severe decorum of the courtroom went to pieces. Every one saw how conclusive this thing was. No woman who had gone quietly to bed would put her night garments on wrong part before. The deed had been done in the day and the garments put on to deceive the police into the belief that it had been done in the night. Fanshaw's careful alibi covered the night only—not the day; in fact, by his own testimony he stood convicted of being the last person alone with this woman in the day.

He stood now, his back against the rail, his hands clenched, his sweat-sprinkled face as white as plaster.

The woman of the hack advanced toward him. She pointed her finger at him. Her eyes kindled in her dull, swollen face.

"Hand over the rings!" she said.

The man's voice became a whisper.

"I haven't got them."

"You are a liar!" said the woman. "They are sewed up in your waistcoat. I felt them!"

Then terror possessed him and he turned to fight his way to the door; but the police seized him and dragged him struggling before the bench. They ripped open his waistcoat and the stolen rings tumbled out on to the floor.

. . . . . .

In the tumult that followed—in the congratulations to the prisoner—in the revulsion of feeling that now lifted into a public idol the girl who yesterday had been disregarded—in the sobbing, the hysteria, the confusion—the woman who had accomplished this result disappeared from the courtroom. Some one sitting in the window saw a hack enter the park and melt away into the line of carriages—a thin wisp of smoke ascending from the window.

The Fascinating Taste of Peter's Chocolate

makes you always "want more."

This is due to the purity of the rich milk and the highest grade of cocoa beans;

and to the secret method of combining milk and chocolate which was invented by Mr. D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland.

Peter's comes in several varieties:

Peter's Milk Chocolate
Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes
Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate
Peter's Milk Chocolate with Roasted Hazelnuts, called "Thimbles"
Peter's Bon-Bons

Lamont, Corliss & Co.
Sole Agents New York

THIS TAG INSURES
THE WEAR OF YOUR LINING
SHOULD THE LINING GIVE UNSATISFACTORY WEAR, RETURN THE GARMENT TO US EXPRESS PREPAID, TOGETHER WITH THIS TAG AND WE WILL RE-LINE WITHOUT CHARGE
BELDING BROS. & CO.
Silk Manufacturers
526-528 BROADWAY
New York City

This TAG *is attached to every garment lined with* BELDING SATIN

Keep a Cash Account

Woolson's Expense Books, for personal and household accounts, cost from 25 cents to $1.50; furnish complete expense analysis by weeks, months and years. Interesting circular free.
George B. Woolson & Co., 30 Elm Street, New Haven, Conn.

Sense and Nonsense

ALWAYS TEMPERAMENTAL

Signor Dulce-Furioso, the Pianist, Learns to Operate the Typewriter

A Face That Fitted

JOSEPH JEFFERSON and Wilton Lackaye were one season in the same company. It was the custom of Mr. Jefferson to take curtain calls and make a speech to the audience. He liked it, the audience liked it, and everybody but Lackaye liked it. Lackaye contended that no actor should step out of his part and make a curtain speech.

One night Mr. Jefferson made his speech, and afterward happened to pass Lackaye as he was going to his dressing rooms.

"Well, Wilton," said Jefferson, "how did I do tonight?"

"Oh," replied Lackaye, "it was the same old story. You went out there and made the usual blunder."

"Blunder?" Jefferson exclaimed. "What blunder did I make?"

"Why," Lackaye replied, "you said: 'As I look into your faces I feel that I should like to shake hands with each and every one.'"

"What's wrong with that?" demanded Jefferson.

"Wrong with it?" retorted Lackaye. "It's absurd. John Drew's face is the only one I ever saw that you could shake hands with."

A Critical Condition

IN 1892 a group of business men living in Omaha decided that it would be a good thing to try to get the Republican National Convention for that city, arguing that the project would give the town some advertising, if nothing more. They started out with a subscription blank to raise money for the fight.

It was explained to those who were approached for subscriptions that the plan was to have the leading merchants subscribe in thousands and pay an initial assessment of one per cent for the preliminary campaign.

The boosters went to a big but stingy capitalist. They explained the plan and said they wanted a subscription of ten thousand dollars from him, of which one hundred dollars was to be cash down.

"What for?" the merchant politely inquired.

"Why, with this money we'll go to the meeting of the National Committee and urge the claims of Omaha, and word of this will be sent out by all the news-distributing associations and correspondents. This will get us a lot of advertising and will be a great thing for our city. Then, if we get the convention, we'll collect the rest of the subscription and go to it."

"Boys," said the merchant, "I'll give you the hundred dollars on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you promise you won't get the convention."

Wings

I tamed me wanst a wee bird
Taken from the rain;
I warmed it by me peat-fire
And it grew strong again.
"And Hiven help," says I, "the eat
That harms a wee soft thing like that!"

No hurt nor harm came to it
Close behind me wall.
But wan fine day in April
I heard a woodthrush call—
And as I watched me startled bird,
Faith, off it went widout a word!

II

I reared me wanst a wee gurl
As gentle as the May;
I kept her from the cold world,
I watched her in her play.
"Gawd help the shtreel who'd iver try
To take that gurl from me!" says I.

And yestereve I watched her
Go creepin' through the gate
And, hidin' like a white hare,
Beyond the lough-head wait.
And when I spoke—"I'm off," says she,
"To wed the lad who's 'waitin' me
And matin' me—across the sea!"

—*Arthur Stringer.*

Faithful to Uncle Sam

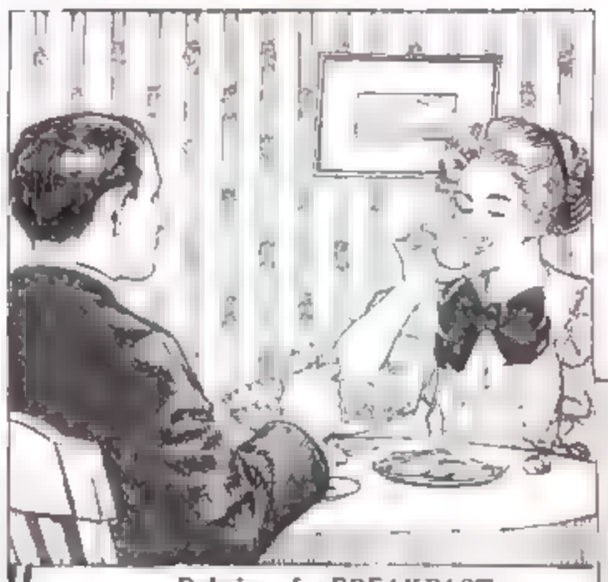
SHORTLY before Senator Depew, of New York, left the Senate he was called out to the Marble Room by an old lady who said she had an urgent matter to present to him.

"What is it, madam?" inquired the Senator.

"I want my salary raised. I am a clerk here in Washington from New York; and I want my salary raised."

"On what grounds?"

"On these grounds," the old lady said forcibly: "I lost my husband twenty-four years ago and I went into a department as a clerk. Every year since that time I've had an offer of marriage and I have refused them all to work for the Government. Those are the grounds, Mr. Depew; and I want you to get me that raise."



Delicious for BREAKFAST

SEND for FREE Samples of Steero Bouillon Cubes and learn how "A Cube Makes a Cup."

Drink Steero Bouillon for breakfast, lunch and dinner.
Take it with you when traveling

Appetizing at Noon for LUNCH

THE tempting, appetizing flavor of Steero Bouillon makes it appropriate for every occasion. For good reasons many do not take coffee or tea for breakfast. For them Steero Bouillon furnishes a hot, wholesome and superior substitute. The short time often allowed for the breakfast can be put to best advantage if there is always on the table a box of

"STEERO"
(TRADE MARK)
Bouillon Cubes

Made by **American Kitchen Products Co.**, New York

The convenience of Steero Bouillon Cubes is also important at lunch time. Steero Bouillon can be made in a moment right at the table. Simply drop a Steero Cube into a cup and add boiling water. The Steero Cube dissolves at once. No previous preparation is required.

Use Steero Bouillon as the first course at dinner.

Use Steero Cubes to impart a rich flavor to

Soups, Gravies or Sauces

Add the Steero Cubes just before serving.

First Course for DINNER

A box of Steero Cubes should be in every traveler's grip and in every autoist's lunch box. Nothing refreshes so quickly and satisfactorily after a long railroad trip or a dusty automobile ride as a cup of delicious Steero Bouillon.

Why not test everything we say about Steero Cubes in the best way—

Send for FREE Samples

and try Steero Bouillon in your own home.

(See address below)

Always a Treat for TRAVELERS

Your grocer or druggist sells Steero Cubes. If not, send 15c. for a box of 12 Cubes, postpaid; enough for 12 cups. Also sold in tins of 50 and 100 Cubes which are more economical for household use.

Distributed and Guaranteed by

Schieffelin & Co.
177 William Street, New York

Under the Food Law, Serial No. 1

THE BLAC

ROMAX all standard loads of black powder.

ROMAX

SOMETHING big happens in the shooting world once in a decade or so,—something that snaps every sportsman up on his tiptoes.

Suppose in the old flint-lock days you had been the first fellow to own the amazing new percussion-cap gun!

Suppose, a bit later, you bought the first breech-loader in America!

Remember how you felt when you learned about the magazine and automatic arms.

Remember the new standard of uniformity in ammunition set by the non-mercuric primer.

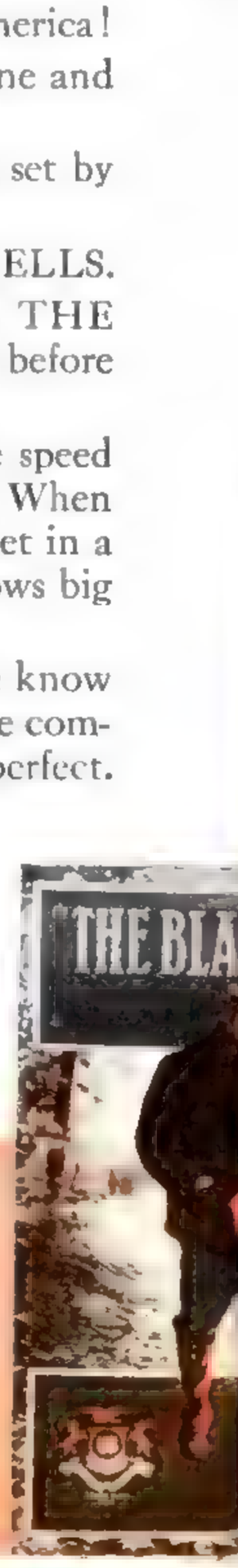
The latest big thing in the world of shooters is THE BLACK SHELLS.

Don't accuse us of bragging because we class the coming of THE BLACK SHELLS among the great events. Get the evidence before you pass judgment.

Making ammunition is a science of *niceties*. Think of the speed with which a scared grouse or a flying goose gets out of the way. When you are after game like that, the tenth part of a second or two feet in a mile are big things, and the quickness of your ammunition shows big in your score or your bag.

There are millions of good shells made—you know it and we know it,—but remember that mile-a-minute goose, and read about the combination of improvements which make THE BLACK SHELLS perfect.

Look at the poster on the right of this sentence. No artist's brain ever conceived a finer hunting scene. It is called "October Days" and it is full of out-doors, dog-friendship and game-expectancy. It is gorgeous with color and is an adornment to any man's walls. 20 by 30 inches, sent in a mailing tube ready for hanging on receipt of 10 cents.



CLIM
all stan
loads o
and d
smoke

K SHELLS

The NON-MERCURIC PRIMER in THE BLACK SHELLS means a five per cent better year for you at the traps or ten per cent in the field. That is some claim. Get it fixed in your head. Say you don't believe it. Say anything you like, but test its truth. Figure out the severest trial you can. It will stand any fair test. If you want the reason why, send for our free booklet.

The FLASH PASSAGE is the hole in the base of shell through which the flame from the primer passes into the charge. The larger and clearer this flash passage, the surer and quicker the ignition of the charge. That is plain enough—you can crawl through a big hole quicker than through a little one. In THE BLACK SHELLS the flash passage is the largest and clearest by nearly 100%. This again is a claim that you can test with your own eyes, and, Mr. Shooter, it has a lot to do with preventing hang fire and slow burning. Most ducks won't wait.

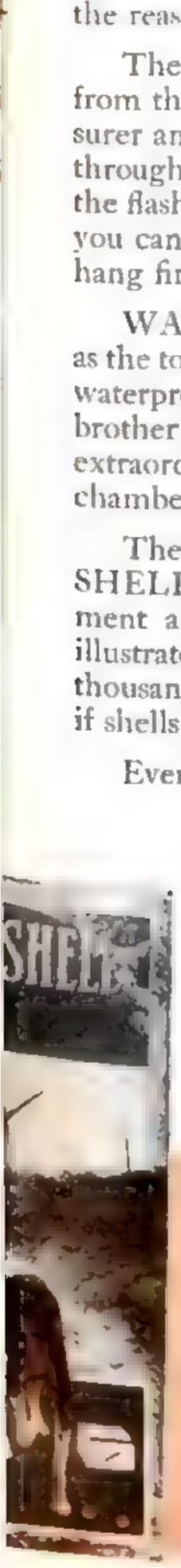
WATERPROOFING: Many a sportsman remembers the old CLIMAX Shell as the top-notch of shotgun ammunition. One of its chief merits was its incomparable waterproofing. That perfect waterproofing is used in the new CLIMAX and its two brother BLACK SHELLS, AJAX and ROMAX. No ordinary ducking and no extraordinary rainstorm can affect them one iota. They never swell or stick in the chamber.

These are some of the modernisms which combine to make THE BLACK SHELLS worth much more than others. They are an evolution of one improvement after another worked out with painstaking care and common-sense. To illustrate our methods: Our Non-Mercuric Primer is the outcome of nearly two thousand experiments in chemical combinations. Think that over and ask yourself if shells that are made with as much care as that are not the ones you should use.

Every shooter should send for our free book on Shells.

U.S. CARTRIDGE CO

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.



AJAX
all standard loads of bulk and dense smokeless

AJAX

Make

POSTUM

Right

and your family will enjoy and appreciate it as I have for years.

Many fail to make good Postum because they do not follow the plain, easy directions on the package.

Postum must boil full 15 minutes—the longer the better—after boiling begins. This brings out the rich flavour and full food value. It is then pleasing and satisfying.

If you didn't like Postum the first time—try again—being sure to follow directions.

POSTUM

is made entirely of wheat and a little New Orleans molasses. It is free from *caffeine* or any other harmful substance.

Body and Brain can do their work better and more comfortably on Postum as the regular meal-time beverage.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario, Canada

The Conservation of Labor

As Demonstrated by the Employer

By GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

AT A CONVENTION of the American Papermakers' Association a mill manager made an address which, coming as it did after two others that had exhibited and deplored the delinquencies of labor, somewhat astonished the meeting. His closing sentence is here quoted:

"When the time comes—and I think its approach is near—that as much thought and study and as big brains are devoted to the problem of labor as have heretofore been devoted to, and absorbed by, the problems of financing, selling and equipment—when we study the man behind the machine as closely as we do the machine—we shall see ways of making the one fit the other more closely than we now do."

At a meeting of shoe manufacturers on the Atlantic Coast one member said: "I could give the names of half a dozen factories where I know the sales-manager's salary is materially higher than that of the factory superintendent; which intimates to me that not only is distribution considered more important than production but that the responsibilities of the superintendent's job are not considered so great as those of the salesman."

Every manufacturer will have his opinion of those two phases of business, but the facts cited seem to be incontrovertible.

In the selling department of a great productive and distributing business the sales-manager is in the closest and most constant touch with his men. His records show, day by day and year by year, the characteristics of each man. The least deviation from established methods, or changes in degrees of energy, brilliancy or success of each individual salesman, is met by instant inquiry, adjustment or appreciation. In the superintendent's department the entire productive force is a unit; the individual is comparatively unknown. The production of any one group of fifty, one hundred or more men is pretty closely determined, but the responsibility of a drop or increase in that production can very rarely be fastened upon or credited to any one or any few individuals.

In the equipment of modern industrial plants the greatest activity, enterprise, liberality, inventive genius and determination have been displayed. New buildings are almost perfect in their full utilization of light, ventilation and sanitary arrangements. Expensive machines—perhaps but a year old—are frequently thrown out to be replaced by those that will do ten per cent more or better work. In some factories duplicate machines are kept in stock so as to replace quickly any that may break down or require much adjustment—thus avoiding any cessation of production. The most insignificant of labor-saving suggestions, attachments to machines, changes in their positions or adjustment of shafting are made the subject of consultation between the superintendent and foreman—and often the engineer as well is consulted.

The Personal Equation

The adjustment of the workman brings no such close inspection of underlying conditions. The capability of the man is not known to any such extent as is the capability of the machine he operates, and his disposition and impulses are still less known.

All about a modern plant will be found indicators of fine construction and operation. The time recorder shows when a man comes in and goes out, but does not show whether or not ten hours' work corresponds to ten hours' presence. Instruments show the number of revolutions a machine makes or the number of pieces turned out daily; but they do not show just why more were not made. The manager eagerly adopts such appliances, providing himself and the subofficials with ingenious and often perfect mechanical instruments for recording what happens, but the things that do not happen are out of sight and out of mind.

An order may be placed with a locomotive-building company for, say, ten engines. They will all be built from the same plans and the same patterns, worked through the shops at the same time and by the same mechanics. As inspected, they are true duplicates of each other down to the most trifling bolt; but when put in commission there's not a man in the division, from the superintendent down to the roundhouse wipers, who does not know that no two of those locomotives can be depended upon to act alike. After trial runs and adjustments are complete one machine is quite likely to develop traits of stubbornness—poor steam-making on upgrades or slow response to control on high speeds—though a sister engine will run perfectly from the first rush of steam through the cylinders.

Many other machines, built in absolute duplicate, show unaccountable differences in efficiency; and vessels have never yet been planned that would sail, steer and develop exactly the qualities intended by the most skillful designer.

If this indeterminate quality is found in machines it is infinitely more frequent and greater in extent in men. Yet, in a factory force of hundreds and thousands of men, but scant thought is given to each man's individuality. He is averaged with all the rest. The study and adjustment devoted to developing the best there is in a machine are not devoted to the man. A weekly tabulation of the output of the entire department is laid before the manager and compared with previous records, and any drop in the total is made the subject of sharp investigation by the foreman. It is up to him and to him alone to determine individual responsibility.

A Dislike for Experiments

The foreman is always in a peculiar position. There are two strongly impelling forces influencing foremanship: one is the insistent and accurately totalized and averaged account of his shop expense; the other is the equally insistent demand for regular and dependable output. These are the two demands on his responsibility and care that bring him before the manager. If he can hold to previous records he wears a smile. If he falls off there's trouble for him.

The shop expense he maintains at the proper figures by paying only the standard wages to any man; he will not experiment by individualizing his man. The output he maintains by holding the same number of operators as has always been customary. An increased output, when required, is made by increasing the number of men; increasing the efficiency of the old force does not come into the mind of the foreman. He is paid for results, not for experiments; and he'll not touch them if he can help it.

Of course there are exceptions. In a certain large shoe factory the foreman of one department was called to the manager's office to discuss a desired large increase in the output and consequently in the force and equipment. It was quickly decided that lack of room was an insurmountable obstacle. Finally the foreman said:

"If you'll give me absolute control—let me fix the wages as I see fit—I'll guarantee thirty per cent more work from that room, without another machine and without running the factory cost up one fraction."

He was asked to explain.

"I'll pay each man for what he does—day or piece worker—no matter what union wages are. If a man'll plug ahead and earn it I'll give him four or even five dollars a day. If he doesn't come up to the union rate—three dollars—I'll cut him down or fire him! In two months I'll have that room filled up with four-dollar-a-day men and better. I know 'em!"

The manager was aghast. "Couldn't possibly think of it!" he declared. "You'd dissatisfy and demoralize every other department."

Yet, in the same city is a manufacturer who follows just that plan with great success. He runs a small factory—sixty hands, all union men, but there isn't a cheap man in his shop. He cares nothing about the union rate, but studies every man carefully and pays him right up to what he does, no matter what the wage runs to. Three or four of his men make sixty per cent over the union rate and the average

The way to his heart

THAT was a wise woman who said "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." And many a dainty young housewife has discovered that one of the easiest "short cuts" is

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

When a man senses the fresh fragrant right-out-of-the-garden flavor of this tempting soup, and tastes the fine smacking richness of it, he can't help being good-natured.

This soup is a satisfying delicacy in itself—palatable, wholesome, nourishing. It is a perfect dinner-course. It makes the whole meal go better, and digest better. You can use it in a dozen or more different and attractive dishes. And it is always ready in a minute. You don't have to slave and stew and fuss over it.

Why not have the benefit of all this—*today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra, Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Have you written us yet for Campbell's Menu Book?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"No star in the skies
So gladdens my eyes
As the red-and-white label
That *Campbell* supplies."

Welch's
The National Drink
Grape Juice

IF You Say "Grape Juice" You May Get *Any* Grape Juice.

SAY *"WELCH'S"* BECAUSE YOU *WANT* "WELCH'S"

WELCH'S is the pioneer grape juice We have been making it, advertising it, and selling it for forty years.

Forty years is a long time for a business to last. And when that business increases year by year there is a cause.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery to us—but it isn't to *you*.

You know what you want, and you know why you want it.

YOU want WELCH'S because our policy of paying a bonus over the regular daily market price brings to us in October (the month of grape harvest) the very choicest of all the Concord grapes in this best belt. OUR process of washing and rinsing the grapes in clear water, of stemming them and then pressing, sterilizing, and hermetically sealing the juice, and nothing but the juice, gives you a drink that is *always* fresh, clean, pure and *satisfying*.

Your druggist or grocer will be glad to supply you with WELCH'S if you ask for it. If he hasn't it, he will get it quickly, or we will send a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, $3 00.

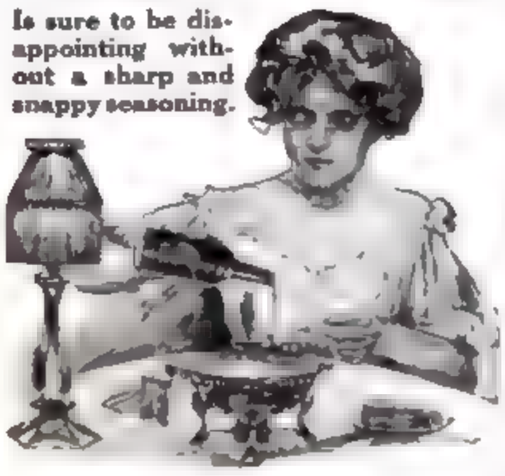
Trial 4-oz. bottle, by mail, 10c.

LADIES:—Write today for our new, free booklet of grape juice recipes—delicious desserts and drinks for dinners, teas, luncheons, receptions, parties, or "just for company."

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.
Westfield, N. Y.

Chafing Dish Cooking

Is sure to be disappointing without a sharp and snappy seasoning.



LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Has qualities which no other sauce possesses. **Soups, Fish, Meats and Salads** are greatly improved by its use. *A wonderful Appetizer.*

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

is thirty-three per cent above. His sixty hands turn out as much work as one hundred hands in the ordinary shops and, of course, the efficiency of the machinery and equipment is correspondingly increased.

This manufacturer holds an evening meeting monthly with all his hands—an informal social rather than a heavy business affair. All grievances or difficulties on both sides are discussed and adjusted. He knows every man by name and freely calls upon any man in the room for an expression of individual opinion.

During a severe slump in the shoe trade a few years ago, when manufacturers were cutting prices on the road and frantically grasping for the few obtainable orders, many of them reduced forces or shut down completely. The manufacturer spoken of called a special meeting of his hands and lucidly described the situation. "If you can help me out," he said—"if you yourselves will reduce wages somewhat, so that I can force off the goods, you'll hold your jobs and help me to hold the business. Talk it over this evening among yourselves; and if you're willing to help me let me have a schedule of new wages tomorrow morning." Then he left the room.

The next morning he got his schedule—a voluntary reduction of twenty-five per cent—and the men went to work. The union criticised this severely and threats of instant expulsion came from headquarters; but the men intimated that they'd stick to the job that had been better than any union job and that would come up to its old standard as soon as business improved. And the union let it go at that.

O'Leary's Explanation

In a large structural iron mill in Pennsylvania a yard force was maintained to unload coal, iron and other material from cars and vessels. From the usual accurate wage accounts the ton-cost of handling such material was approximately known, but the manager desired an absolutely definite cost. He therefore proposed to the gang foreman to take a contract for unloading at the known figures. This was accepted. In order not entirely to relinquish control, the manager stipulated that the laborers should be paid in the usual way, according to their earnings, and that the foreman should receive the balance. Six weeks afterward the paymaster reported that, although the number of laborers had been reduced, the amounts to each worker had very much increased and the foreman was drawing three times as much as before. His weight accounts were perfectly correct. He was at once called to the office for an explanation. Before it was given the manager somewhat indignantly exclaimed: "If you were able to do the work with twenty-five men instead of thirty-five why didn't you do so before?"

O'Leary grinned complacently and replied: "I wasn't able to, sir-r. You'd held th' rate at sivinteen cints an hour an' we couldn't git annythin' but dagos an' hoboes on th' wor-rk. I've fired most of thim an' put white men on th' job—men that hev muscles an' are willin' to use 'em. You looked f'r small figures on th' paychecks; I looked f'r big backs an' br-road shoulders—an' I've got 'em. An' I'll call yer attintion to this, sir-r: that there's bin no demurrage char-rge on any vessel or on any car since my gang took hold!"

Large employers have just as good hearts as any other class of men; just as great sympathy with misfortune or hard conditions. The experiments that have been tried and are being tried to improve the conditions of workmen are great in number, but the one desideratum that would lead to any gratifying success of such plans is almost always lacking—the individualizing of the man. In bonus schemes, profit-sharing schemes and the paternalisms that have been tried the men are treated *en masse* and good results do not follow. The town of Pullman was an abject failure, notwithstanding its fine planning and good advantages for residency, for its management was entirely in the control of the great company and the inhabitants—workmen—were deprived of some of the individualism they should have had outside of working hours. Profit-sharing has been abandoned in the great majority of cases where it was established. It gave the men a percentage of the net profits of the employer—a percentage divided according to a man's regular earning. Here, again, Joe was lumped in with Tom, Dick and Harry. No matter how earnestly he might work to increase the profits, he knew that the slack worker alongside of him would receive an equal percentage of the profit that he was doing nothing to increase. It is all average—average—average! Of all the employers of labor in any line of industry the farmer is the one who has got conservation conserved to the limit.

The present-day farmer is progressive. Like the factory manager he quickly adopts the wonderful machinery invented for him—the labor-saving devices for barns, stables, haysheds and yards. A score of years back the laborer got out at daybreak, did two hours' chores before breakfast, drove out a team with a single plow, turned over four or five acres of land, and did a couple more hours of chores round the buildings and yards after supper. Today he goes through the same program—except that he drives from four to six horses with a gangplow and turns over twelve acres. By the installation of modern equipment the laborer on almost all farm operations performs double the amount of work he was able to do twenty years ago and the proceeds of that work have materially increased, but the workday of from fourteen to sixteen hours has not been shortened by one hour. In but very few industries has the advent of marvelous machinery and improved working facilities effected so great an increase in the productive capacity of labor as in farming. The great gangplows and the traction engines have come, but the ten-hour or even the twelve-hour day is not in sight.

Notwithstanding his rigid adherence to the long day, the farmer cannot get his work done—not by a large majority—and he's getting more harassed and embarrassed every year. From every state between the Atlantic and the Pacific comes the grievous call for more help. A New England banker and business man expresses the conviction that the abandoned farms of that section are due more to the impossibility of getting help than to the exhaustion of the soil. A professor in one of the Middle West agricultural colleges states that the loss in those great states from inability to plant, to cultivate and to harvest at the most favorable times—an inability due to lack of help—is nearly equal to the total wages paid out to all farm laborers.

Why the Farmers are Short of Help

There are such men in plenty—born and trained on farms—but they are not on the farms now. They are found handling the controllers of trolley cars in crowded cities, with a demand for nerve, keen eyesight and unremitting attention such as farmwork rarely demanded; but it's a ten-hour job! They are handling green planks in lumberyards or shoveling coal in grimy, stifling furnace rooms; but the whistle blows at seven o'clock and again at six. They are driving heavy merchandise teams, loading and unloading greater tonnage in one month than they ever handled in a full year's farmwork; but the hours are only ten in number. In the West they are with the construction gangs on the deserts or in the mountains, boarding in rough, crowded shanties, often without a glimpse of civilization for weeks and even months; but it's a ten-hour job—often only nine!

Here and there over the land there are big industrial managers who have perfected the organizations of their selling and accounting forces; who can walk through their shops and find no necessity for improvement in their fine equipment, and who now have breathing spells in which to consider the human element. They gaze down a line of heavy punch presses and wonder why the first operator and the last and every intermediate one is daily turning out almost the identical number of pieces that the others are. When men of that stamp get to wondering there's pretty sure to be something doing before long. When that something occurs we shall find that Number 728 is speeding up; that he knows that his paycheck is not averaged with those of two or three score other men. We shall find that Number 727—a chronic shirker—a constitutionally tired man—who has heretofore rested comfortably upon the average of two or three score fellow workers and chucklingly muttered to himself, "What's the use of humping? They've got to take us just as we come!"—we shall find that he is beginning to feel lonesome and, instead of chuckling, is thinking—and thinking hard!

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by George Frederic Stratton on the Conservation of Labor.

Try to carry a glass filled to the brim like this, without spilling. If your nervous system lacks control, it may be due to the coffee you drink. Try

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

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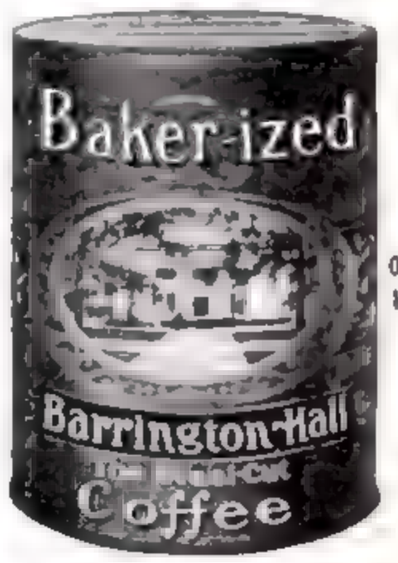

Opened by you

The coffee then passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

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Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

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Life on a Private Car

By MARY SHAW

THE first season I was with Madame Modjeska she was making an eight weeks' tour of one-night stands. In places where she had never played she was given a big "certainty" for appearing. As we had "hard jumps" and were liable to lose much sleep, Madame, who was a very sane and sympathetic woman, decided we should all live on the private car. This was a new experience for me.

The car was called David Garrick. It was the longest car that had ever been built at that time—in the eighties. It could not take any sharp turns on the railroad unless the train slowed down; and it was built too high to take low bridges. In consequence, we had often to make a détour where the direct route would have lain over some poorly constructed road. The car was the abomination of the express-train crews. Once an engineer insisted on taking a short turn at high speed, and our car tipped up and threw us in a bunch together, mixed up with the omelet and bacon.

The entire company lived on this car. During the day the whole interior of the car was empty except for a center table, some camp chairs and rockers that could be folded up at night and a small upright piano. At night steel uprights were fitted into slots, bars arranged across and berths made up like sailors' bunks.

The rules laid down for us were very rigid. At ten in the morning everybody must be up, dressed and ready for breakfast, which was served by a porter. It was a fine Bohemian life with every modern comfort in it. As in the tours of Mr. Jefferson in the private car, there were lots of happenings of interest.

We were stopping at Niagara Falls one Sunday, on the Canadian side, and most of us had spent the afternoon going about sightseeing. When we returned to the car we were told that an English lord and his two sons, who happened to be in Niagara Falls at the time, were Madame's guests. As there was only one place where dinner could be served, it remained for his lordship to sit down with all the players.

I had never seen a real, live lord, so I quite looked forward to the experience. Before dinner we were introduced individually to Lord Denby and his son. I was so hypnotized by watching him that, though I was conscious that there was a strange woman at the table, I paid her very little attention. When my excitement and interest had abated a little, however, I noticed that this woman had the most wonderful pair of violet eyes I had ever seen. Beyond that I got no special impression of her. The lady maintained a complete silence, and even when she did speak there was little or no expression to her face. Presently, during a lull in the conversation, some one addressed the lady as Mrs. Langtry. My absorbed attention was transferred in an instant from the aristocracy to the reigning beauty. It was her first tour in the United States.

Recovering the Willing Helper

All this means that I saw Mrs. Langtry in a way that gave me an unprejudiced impression that would not have been possible if I had known that I was going to meet her. I afterward saw her on the stage, but failed to find her great beauty. Her fine eyes and complexion were not her greatest assets on the stage, being rather lost before the footlights. She had fine features, but these were rather heavy and not the American type of beauty. I could understand why this much-heralded loveliness failed to get over the footlights.

There was another bit of romance in this incident. During the progress of the meal it was whispered among the players at the lower tables that the visit of Lord Denby and his sons was by no means casual. It seems that the scion of a noble house in England had wandered away from home, and that his family had lost sight of him. Lord Denby, when about to make a tour of Canada, had volunteered to seek him out. Somehow his lordship had learned that the young man was a member of a traveling theatrical troupe, and he had traced him to Madame Modjeska's company. Instantly we were all excited. Which one of us could this scion of a noble house be? As always happens in life, he turned out to be the most unlikely one of the lot—a quiet, inoffensive, charming young chap who was rather a butt of the jokes of the company; in fact, we had all been treating him with that good-natured ridicule that actors sometimes lavish upon insignificant members of their profession, designating them as "willing helpers." His name was Forby Dawson, at least so he was known in the bills. I don't know what his noble title was.

On another occasion I met that great apostle of sweetness and light, Matthew Arnold. With delightful simplicity Mr. Arnold sat down with our company of strolling players and enchanted us all with delicious anecdotes of his experiences throughout the country. I was a very young and unimportant member of the company then. All my training was such as to make me feel a very great reverence for such an intellectual giant. And when he sought me out, having seen the performance of Mary Stuart the night before, and began to talk to me about my impersonation of Queen Elizabeth, it seemed that life could hold no greater prizes for me—I had reached the summit of importance. He asked me whether I was familiar with the history of England, the character of Elizabeth. I told him that I had read everything I could find previous to playing this part. He said: "Ah, then you know that Elizabeth was a vixen, that she was revengeful and hard, deficient in natural feeling, a very great and very wonderful woman, a great politician, but lacking in all the finer sides of what we call the feminine character." I said "Yes." Then he asked me if I thought I brought this out in my impersonation, and I replied that that was for him to judge. He said very sweetly that he thought I was much too tender and suggested qualities in Elizabeth that she did not possess.

Locating the Tripe

I am amazed now when I look back on it to remember how instantly all the paralysis I had felt a few minutes before in the presence of this great man passed off, and I actually defended myself. I reminded him that I was not playing a dramatized history of England, but a romantic play by the German dramatist, Schiller, built up on an incident that never took place. It had pleased the author to take an imaginary episode and to put into the mouth of Elizabeth allusions that indicated a deep love for Leicester and a terrible jealousy of Mary Stuart. I urged that it was up to me to impersonate the woman that Schiller had drawn, not the historic character that Froude and others had delineated.

Mr. Arnold looked at me critically and said: "You are all right, little girl, you are all right"; which proved to me that he had been quizzing me just to see whether I was intelligent in my impersonation.

There was an amusing circumstance connected with this trip. Madame Modjeska was the only woman with whom I ever played who was what is called a society actress. She was much flattered by persons of wealth, brains and good social position, and she used amusingly to attribute it to the fact that it was because her manager had always referred to her in the public prints as the Countess Helena Modjeska. Madame's husband, Mr. Chlapowski, explained to me that he was only a count by courtesy. In Poland, if any one of a family has ever had a title, every other member may wear it if he sees fit. Count Bozenta, as the manager named him, was one of the most splendid democrats I have seen in my life. He abominated the title, but for exigencies of trade allowed it to be used. However, he insisted upon being plain Mister to the actors.

Madame was much besieged by women of wealth and position who were stage-struck. One young woman made the venture with us in the private car. It was the first time we had ever been associated with a rank outsider and we were naturally quite sensitive to the innovation. She was a beautiful girl of nineteen, with abundant raven-black hair which she parted on the side and caught loosely back in a knot behind, so that from the front it gave her the appearance of a fine boy with short

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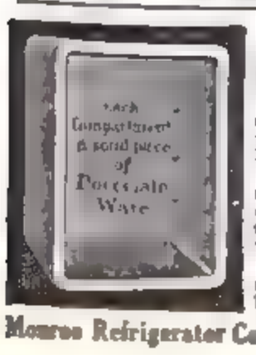

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hair. She was distant and lofty, quite able to keep us in our places and reminded of the difference between her and ourselves. Altogether she was as cordially disliked as any one with whom I have ever been associated. The young lady rarely spoke to anybody, but was always sitting apart, apparently studying Hamlet. Quite naturally, then, each of us told the porter that she did not wish to be put at the table with Miss —— for meals. In consequence of this, the young lady found herself, when the tables were allotted, the companion of a little woman who was typically an insignificant actress. This woman not only had descended from two or three generations of stage people, but was married to an actor and was wholly unacquainted with any condition of life that did not belong to the stage. She was much interested in her new table companion and made great efforts to conciliate her. One morning I heard her say, in an attempt to be friendly, "Will you have some of this fish, dear?" indicating the morning dish. There was an ominous silence and the petted daughter of society replied icily: "That is not fish; it is tripe." The unquenchable Kitty recovered herself, and with an instinctive feeling that she would do better with her companion if she gave her an opportunity to show her superior knowledge, said sweetly: "What is tripe, dear?" She met another icy silence, and then this answer: "Tripe is the skin of the sheep after the wool has been pulled off."

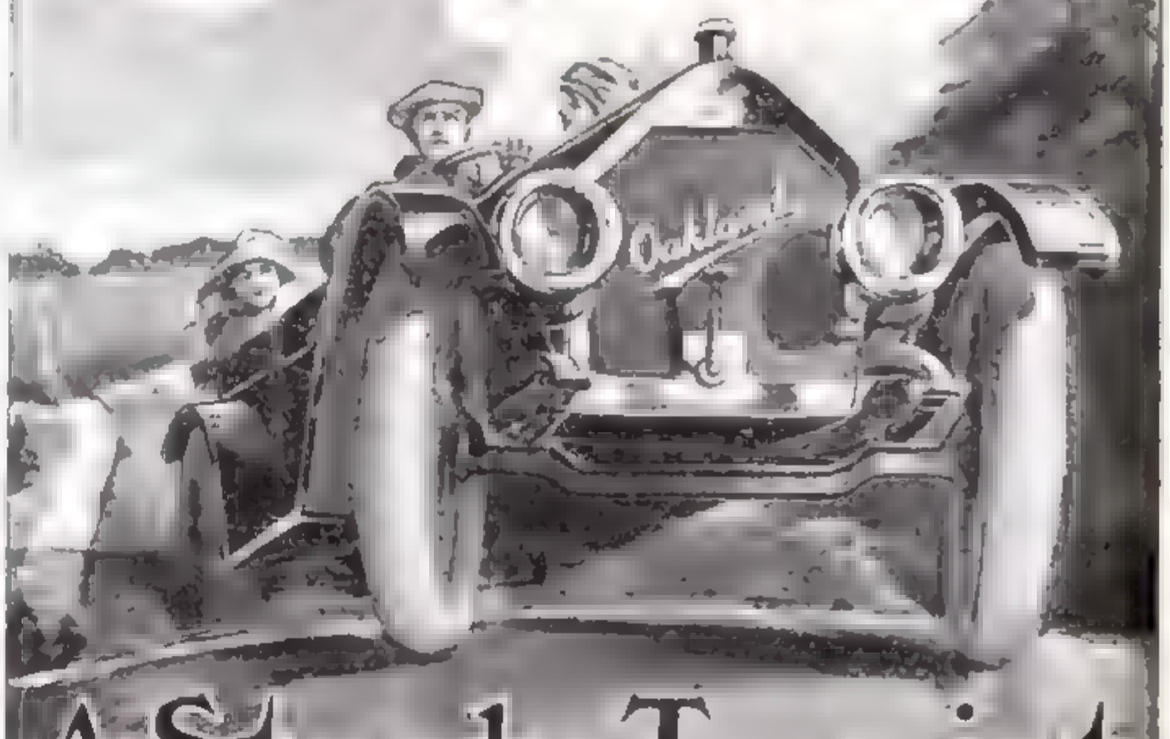
How a Lucky Hit Was Made

While with Madame Modjeska I made a most remarkable hit, which was a mere matter of luck. Climaxes in a play, which both playwright and stage manager may have worked over till they are exhausted and have given up in despair, have been brought to a telling point the first night of a performance by some accident of the moment. Madame Modjeska produced a dramatization of Balzac's Les Chouans. Paul Potter, then a beginner in playcraft, was the adapter. Weeks before the play was put in rehearsal I knew all about my rôle—a French peasant woman with a small child, whose husband was murdered by the Chouans because he was suspected of treachery to the chief. The great scene was at the end of an act, where the slayers of her husband tell the woman that the man's body is "where the crossroads meet," and put his purse, rosary, a scapular and his knife on a table, and leave her alone with the child to face her loss. Her frenzied ravings bring down the curtain. I was assured that I would make the hit of the play. Everybody who had heard the scene read told me confidentially that my reputation would be clinched the first night. After that it would be only a case of choosing between managers and authors fighting for my services. I walked on air for weeks—at last my chance had come—a Broadway favorite! I even found myself wording the next morning notices of the ablest critics, and stopped, humorously abashed at my willing imagination. At the first rehearsal I got a shock. As I finished my peroration the finely critical voice of the star came to me in confirmation of my own doubt: "The speech is too long, it must be cut." Something was wrong with it—there was no question about that. At once everybody took a hand. The speech was cut, written over. No use—it remained hopelessly inadequate.

What to do? The star had troubles of her own and lost interest in my scene. The adapter kept promising to fix it up all right. The dress rehearsal passed off and still my scene was hanging fire. I was furious. I gave in my resignation at three o'clock in the morning of the production. This would not have been important earlier in the week, but at that late date it was startling enough to make them take notice.

"Write your own speech," said the star. That was good enough for me. With the early dawn lighting up the eastern sky, I sat down with my Balzac and culled every effective word I could for my triumphal curtain. If the speech had ever been delivered as written I should be talking now. But to my story. The curtain rose on a peasant hut—the common chairs, the deal table, on which stood a statuette of the Virgin. The murderers, their gruesome tale of horror told, passed out. Standing there, dazed, I picked up the scapular and rosary. "His rosary—his scapular," I mused. A scapular is supposed by some to

The Oakland



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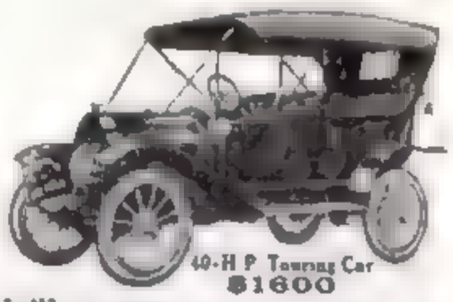

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CHICAGO—*Wholesale Offices*—BOSTON
NEW YORK

be a talisman against sudden death. As I lifted the rosary and scapular, the rosary got entangled with some beaded embroidery on the wrist of my dress. "He was innocent; yet you did not save him," I cried to the statue. The captive rosary held my hand. I must dislodge it and get rid of it. I tugged. It would not move. With a terrible effort I tore it from my dress front. It was now in my way. I only intended to throw it to the floor at the foot of the statue. But as I launched the words at the unconscious saint: "You to whom my hard-earned savings were offered up! You who promised to protect the poor and helpless! Did I not pray to you for his life? Do you see me a widow? This child an orphan?" I hurled the rosary straight at the statuette. I got no further. Salvos of applause and cries of "Bravo, bravo" rent the air. The wise prompter rang down. I had made a hit, and all without any speech or any intention on the part of myself, the adapters or Balzac.

Here I should stop, but a love of the strictly human compels me to finish my tale. The result of the scene was eight curtain calls for Miss Nobody from Nowhere. As I came through the wings, flushed and triumphant, the star met me. I expected all sorts of congratulations. "You have ruined my play," she cried—"shocked half the people in the house!" But the critics had spoken. I had had my fling. What did I care?

With us on this tour was Maurice Barrymore, leading man, and Georgiana Drew Barrymore. I have always felt that there ought to be some kind of a record of "Georgie" Barrymore. She was not a great actress, perhaps; but her wit and her marvelous balance of character no one who had known her could forget. It is difficult to put down in words the things that made up this remarkable personality.

Mrs. Barrymore used to take the children—Ethel and Lionel—with her at that time. Jack was a small boy at home with his grandmother, Mrs. Drew. Ethel and Lionel had a nurse and were well taken care of. It was a treat to hear the mother talk to these children She had a habit of talking to them in stage slang, and the effect of it was intensely funny, especially with her curious little inimitable manner.

Lionel was a chronic whiner. He would constantly be coming to his mother with some complaint. Georgie would perhaps let him go on, or comfort him a bit, and when she had heard enough she would say: "The curtain is down; you are working overtime." There was another funny thing she used to say to him when she was not quite sure whether he had a real grievance or not. There is a great objection on the stage to wigs unless they are absolutely necessary, and they are almost eliminated unless called for by the strongest exigencies.

Barrymore as an Ingénue

The epitome of artificiality in the stage manager's mind is a wig. So Georgie used to say to Lionel under such conditions: "Is this a real situation or a wig?" And the children, small as they were, knew exactly what she meant. How often have I heard her say to the champion whiner: "You can move that mug out of seven into two just as quick as you know how"—which is just a scene-shifting direction.

Barrymore himself was a man of wondrous charm, and never so charming as when in error. He used to make the most delightful excuses, just like a big, overgrown boy. When he would come in Georgie would say: "Well, the story of the play?" Then Barrymore would begin: "Well, you know I was down there with the fellows, and I stayed a while, and it got late, and-d I—I went upstairs and-d went to bed—and-d——" and Georgie would listen with a smiling face and say gravely: "Very good; you are engaged for ingénues."

The following is a story that illustrates Mr. Barrymore's poise and good-nature. Once in Boston, he and Mr. Frazer Coulter were playing respectively the fascinating hero and the wicked villain in Siberia, which was having a long run at the Boston Theater. They were sitting talking at the table in a café, after a delightful luncheon. Suddenly it occurred to them that it was matinée day and about time for the curtain to ring up. They grabbed their hats and overcoats and made for the theater. In every company that Mr. Barrymore acted allowance was made for his lapse of memory; and he was of such importance as an actor that his peccadilloes were usually forgiven. As they were running along, Mr. Coulter said, "Barry, you go first and bluff it out"—he knew they would have to meet the awful stage manager. "Certainly, old chap, don't worry about it; I will fix it up all right," replied Barrymore. Finally, out of breath, they reached the stage. The angry stage manager demanded an explanation and said that it would be necessary to play about three overtures before they could go on. "Well, you see," said Barrymore, with his beautiful, engaging smile, "I asked Coulter, who was with me, to keep tabs on the time, and I relied upon him entirely. I stayed there because I knew he was such a reliable man, and he actually went on and paid no attention to the time whatever. When it was about two, he said: 'Well, I think we had better be getting over to the theater!'" Mr. Coulter's feelings may be imagined. Of course Mr. Barrymore did this out of pure mischief. He was so kindly and so sympathetic that on occasions when he was in the theater and ready—a most unusual thing—if any poor belated actor would rush to his door and ask him to say that he was not ready, he would answer: "All right, old chap." His reputation, he knew, was beyond repair; and therefore, at such times when the businesslike manager rapped on the door, saying "Orchestra is ready to begin," Mr. Barrymore would call out in his confident tone: "Not ready; I will let you know when I am."

Praying for Uncle John

Mr. Barrymore's treatment of the children was not peculiarly promotive of discipline—but it overflowed with tact. One day there was a circus in the town, and it was decided that we should all go to see it. Mr. Barrymore took the children. The clown amused Lionel exceedingly; and although he was usually a quiet boy he became quite hysterical over the antics of that gentleman. This annoyed his father, who requested him not to laugh so loud. At last, finding this had no effect, Mr. Barrymore showed his deep knowledge of the nature of the boy by saying to him quietly: "Don't laugh at him like that; his mother died this morning." Instantly Lionel's face became serious, and though the performance grew funnier and funnier there was never a smile from him after that.

There was a funny story told of the Barrymore children. They used to say their prayers at night at the knees of their grandmother—the celebrated Mrs. Drew. Their prayers were short, but very important. Mr. Barrymore, with delicious wit, took the children aside and introduced a new line into their prayers, to the astonishment of their grandmother: "God bless Papa, and Mamma, and Grandmother, and Uncle John, and make him a better actor."

Lionel was a dreamy sort of chap. He was not very punctual at school, and once, when his monthly report came in, it showed that he had been on time just once during the month. His mother thought it was time for his father to take him in hand. The notorious lack of punctuality on the part of Mr. Barrymore himself made the circumstance exceedingly funny. He argued that he was hardly the one for disciplining Lionel for that failing, but Georgie insisted, and this is how he did it. The family assembled to hear Mr. Barrymore hold forth upon the sin of unpunctuality. Holding the school report in his hand, Maurice looked Lionel severely in the eye and said: "I see, sir, you were in time for school just once during the past month. What I want to know is how you happened to be in time that once." That was the end of the discipline, for the entire family succumbed to merriment. That was the way the children were disciplined. Yet it would be hard to find more gentle, courteous, well-behaved children than I found them to be during the pleasant weeks I was associated with them.

Poor Lionel had a hard time of it when he grew up. He was calling on me one evening when a very celebrated actress chanced to be there. I presented him simply as Mr. Barrymore. The lady acknowledged the introduction and made no remark. After she had gone Lionel turned to me: "I want to thank you," he said. "This is the first time in my life I have ever been presented to anybody except as Lionel Barrymore, the son of Maurice Barrymore and Georgiana Drew Barrymore, and the grandson of Mrs. Drew. The other day a chap actually introduced me to somebody as, "Ethel Barrymore's brother!"

THE BLUE ENVELOPE

(Concluded from Page 21)

There is eternal truth in the ancient myth of the wrestler who, being thrown, recovered his full strength and became irresistible the instant his body touched the earth. For that is it, as truly in this twentieth century as amid the mists of antiquity. Get back to the fresh earth, back to first principles, back to the primitive!

The two greatest men in American history are Washington and Lincoln; yet Lincoln was not great because he was of a poor and undistinguished family, nor was Washington great because he was of a family distinguished and rich. Both men were irresistible because they got down to the essentials of life. Lincoln splitting rails, Washington in the winter wilderness as primitive as an Indian—such things are typical of their essential lifetime standards.

To go out into a village and live is worth while, not only for the hitherto unsuccessful but for those whom the world calls successful, if it will strip away error and teach first principles.

If one can go to his garden and chicken-yard and orchard for food, if one is ready to plan and work, to struggle and persist, to give no heed to disappointments and aim steadily at the goal, he will win the best that life has to offer.

I shall mention only one more of our own plans for good fortune. It came naturally from the marketing of real estate, for it was the idea of renting. Why not rent our own house, furnished, for the next summer? We knew that many houses were rented a little nearer to the city—and why was it not a good time to begin here? If the renting of this house should prove satisfactory it would be an easy matter to develop renting as a system.

Owing principally to the skill and attention of my wife, our home had become a place of real attractiveness. So often in the country the advantages of a house are not brought out; but by some sort of magic our place had become a point of interest and had actually acquired a bit of local fame—and all without the expenditure of money!

I told the real-estate folks in town that I could offer an attractive house for the next season; and I spoke of fireplaces, of porch, of old shade, of flowers. There was no use in putting the rent too low, yet it would be impolitic to put it too high; so I compromised on one hundred and seventy-five dollars a season, and in March agreed to rent it, with about a third of the land, including half of the garden.

In the abstract we felt quite as much dislike as other folks to renting our house and belongings. Of course it is not precisely what one likes to do; but it was not difficult to realize that, if I were willing to give for money the best thoughts in me and the hardest kind of work, there was no reason why I should not make money out of house and furniture.

Thus far in our married life our furniture had represented only expense. When we went on summer journeys it had meant that the apartment had to be kept at its high rent, even though closed—for there was the furniture, there were our books and pictures. When we went on our single European trip it had meant the high charges of a storage warehouse; but now our old friends, the chairs and tables and books and rugs, were to do us a good turn. For once in their existence they were to earn money for us.

The house rented, we took a few simple pieces of furniture and began camp-life in an old cider house for which I had heretofore found no use. It stood at the edge of the orchard, a broad and low-set little building, with weathered clapboards that had never seen paint. Inside, it was only rafters and beams, but it was habitable and attractive and we at once set about making it more habitable still and more attractive by building a stone fireplace at one end of the room, putting in a homemade casement window, adding a lean-to roof and paving under this with flat stones from the creek, rolling up boulders for a path edge, setting out ferns and flowers—in all, working like beavers and once more showing that we had become self-reliant beings. How long ago it seemed since everything was left to the janitor, and a tiny tackhammer was our only tool! The chimney I built myself, and I very much fear that I felt inordinately proud of it.

One morning we awoke to find that an encampment of gipsies had been made near us, over night, and it was a curious and animated scene. The canvas-topped wagons; the flutter and glow of color in reds and yellows and greens; the swarthy men, taciturn, observant, composed; the women, dark-faced, keen-eyed, brilliant as to kerchief and skirt; the picketed horses; the ponies; the unpedigreed dogs, thin and rangy; the kettles and blankets; the outdoor fires, made of a couple of sticks—all were romantic.

And to us came an ancient woman with wonderful eyes, deep and bright; with black hair braided and looped; with great hooped earrings. "Eggs?" she said; and when my wife gave her some she took her hand to tell her fortune in exchange.

She was the fortune teller of the tribe and she looked long at my wife's hand, then glanced shrewdly into her eyes, wondering at the meagerness of our household furnishings. It was evident that she could not understand.

However, she told of this or that, hitting more often than missing, cleverly keeping on with what mind-reading or guesswork or observation told her. And after a while she said, more slowly—and I saw her glance again at our few bits of furniture: "You have been hard pressed; but your troubles are over." She paused and I thought she had finished; and then she said, with a sort of soft suddenness: "And your children will be an honor to you!"

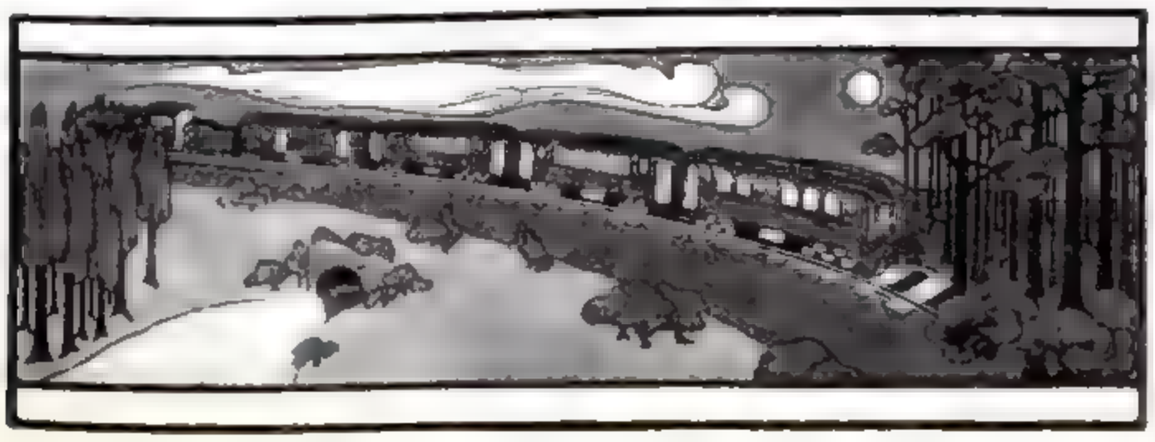
The witch had touched on the dearest ambition of all . . . the ambition that at length had become realizable. . . .

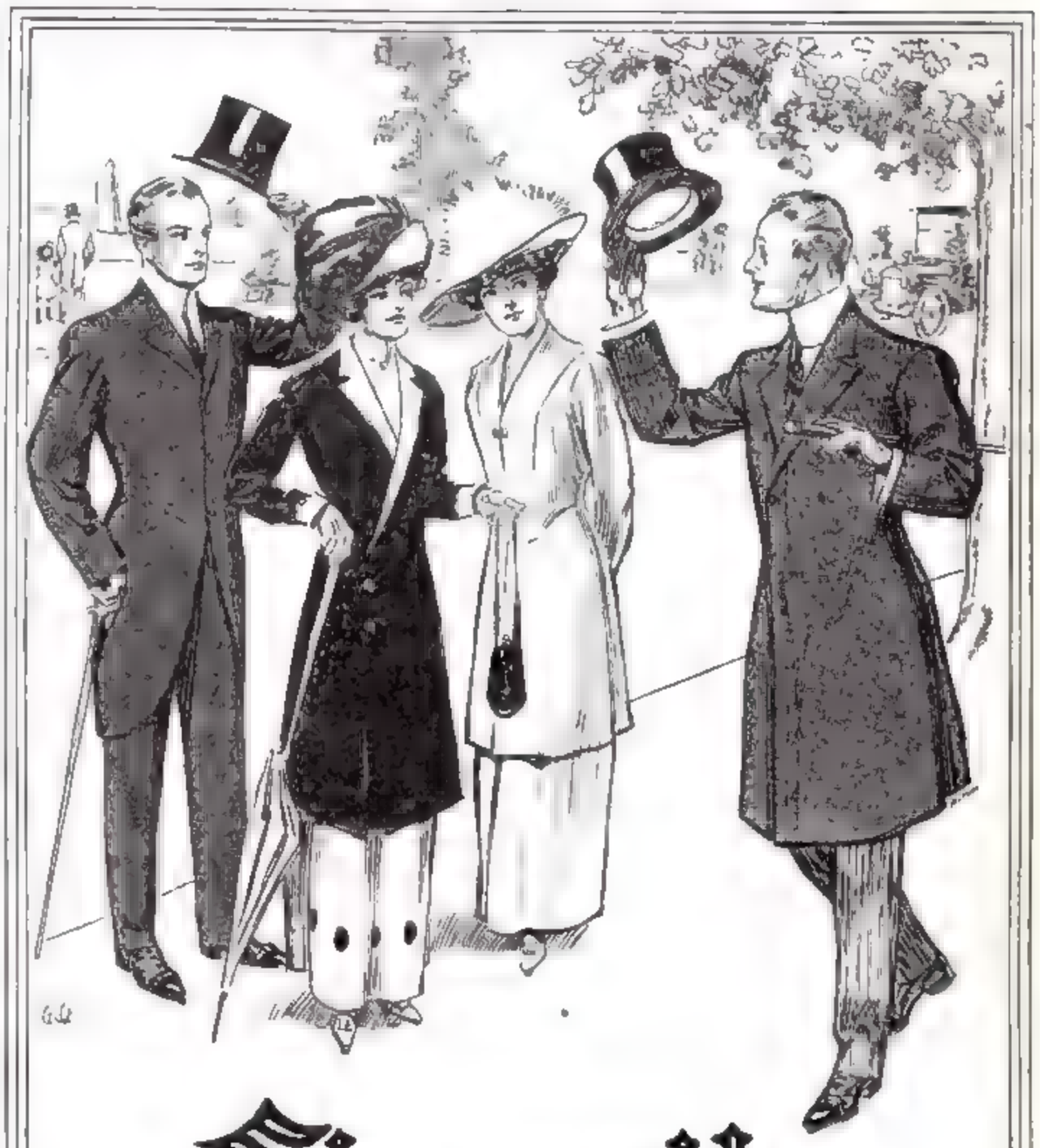
She caught the almost startled glance that passed between my wife and myself, and said, with a grave and kindly wisdom: "And hasn't it all paid?"

There lay the essence of it all. It had paid, and paid royally. Not so much in actual money, compared with standards of the past, as in having shown us the intrinsic falseness of mere money as a standard. For how much simpler and clearer were life's problems now that we understood that the amount of money income is not of importance; that the important thing is the satisfying of needs; and that, if needs can be satisfied with a hundred dollars instead of a thousand, the smaller sum becomes at once of the same value as the larger!

And we had learned other things. We had learned to love the noble serenity of tree and hill and sky, the splendid quietness of the country; and the memory of the strident roar of the city was like a dream. We had learned to know the value and the beauty of the word "neighbor"; for not only Hadley but others had become very real friends. And as day by day we grew younger and stronger we learned that to get back toward primitive conditions was not only making life happier but also making it longer.

(THE END)





Sincerity

What It Means To *Us*
What It Means To *You*

TO *us*, the "Sincerity" label on clothes means garments tailored *up* to a standard, not *down* to a price. It means style that is *uppermost* and quality that is *utmost*. It means doing things *over*, rather than doing them "*good enough*." It means *truth-telling* and *truthful selling*. It means *wool*. To *you*, the

Sincerity Clothes

label means a mark that *safekeeps* you *when* you buy and *safeguards* you *after* you've bought. It means *certitude* of good taste and good tailoring. It means a "*square deal*" at a *square dealer's*.

"Sincerity" dealers are wherever *you* are. Our Fashion Book is a *code of the mode*. A postcard fetches it. Write!

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CHICAGO
Builders of Sincerity Clothes

The "Atlas" E-Z Seal triumphs over all

This is an age of invention and progress.

Things are moving along now in this world.

And the fruit jar of your mother's time is doomed.

That narrow-neck jar, with all its glaring faults and many weaknesses, must go.

The old screw-top, an abiding place for germs, goes with it.

And instead there will be used this perfect all-glass jar.

The old-style fruit jar is doomed!

The "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar is going to take the place of every fruit jar ever made.

The day is past when women will be content with a makeshift.

The day is over for the old-time screw-top jar.

Thousands upon thousands of them will be thrown away this year.

And thousands upon thousands of the "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jars will be sold to take their place.

This new jar is all glass.

Nothing can come in contact with your fruit and fruit juices except glass.

There's nothing in the nature of the caps that corrodes and poisons your fruit.

There are no recesses in the neck where germs may lurk.

The "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar will keep your fruit just as fresh and pure as the day it was plucked from the tree.

No woman who learns of the superiority of this new jar will risk her fruit in the old kind any more.

The woman who works hard preparing fruit for "canning" is going to protect that fruit in the

"Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar

This new jar is as far ahead of the old-style jars as electric light is ahead of candle light.

For in the "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar you get a strong jar—a jar made of specially tough glass.

You get a jar that is green in color, so your fruit will keep its fresh, ripe color indefinitely. For green excludes the light rays which fade and bleach fruit.

You get a jar that is smooth at the top—there is no danger of cutting your hands.

You get a jar that is perfectly air-tight—there's no possibility of the fruit spoiling.

You get a jar that is easy to seal—*and easy to open.*

And more—

You get a jar with a wide mouth—a jar wherein *whole* fruit may be stored without cutting, without slicing.

A jar that will keep your fruit weeks, months, years after canning and preserve the same luscious flavor the fruit had when plucked from the tree.

We Give You One Jar Free

Present coupon to your dealer and secure one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar *free.* Compare this jar with the old-style jars you have been using. Note how much better it is in every way, then decide to use no other jar save the "Atlas" E-Z Seal.

Your dealer will be glad to take orders for future delivery. Don't put it off—order early. If your dealer has sold out leave your order with him anyway; he can obtain a supply from his jobber immediately.

Write for booklet of Famous Preserving Recipes.

You don't have to use coupon to obtain booklet.
Coupon is only for free jar.

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS COMPANY, Wheeling, W. Va.

Cut this coupon out NOW

O
1-Qt. E-Z Seal Jar FREE for the Coupon

Please note—In order to secure free jar this *coupon must* be presented to your dealer before July 1, 1911, with blank spaces properly filled out.

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

This is to certify that I have this day received one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar Free of all cost and without any obligation on my part. This is the first coupon presented by any member of my family.

Name _____

Address _____

TO THE DEALER:—Coupons will be redeemed at the full retail price by your jobber. All coupons must be signed by you and returned before August 1, 1911.

DEALER'S CERTIFICATE. This is to certify that I gave away one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar to the person whose signature appears above.

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

The Spirit of '76

THE spirit of *revolution.* Do you feel it warming up your backbone when things aren't right?

Well, sir, if you're a free-born American pipe-smoker and still putting up with old tobacco notions, it's time to revolute a few right now. Get up in the spirit of '76 and kick. Take a pull at the Liberty Bell and load up your old jimmy pipe with

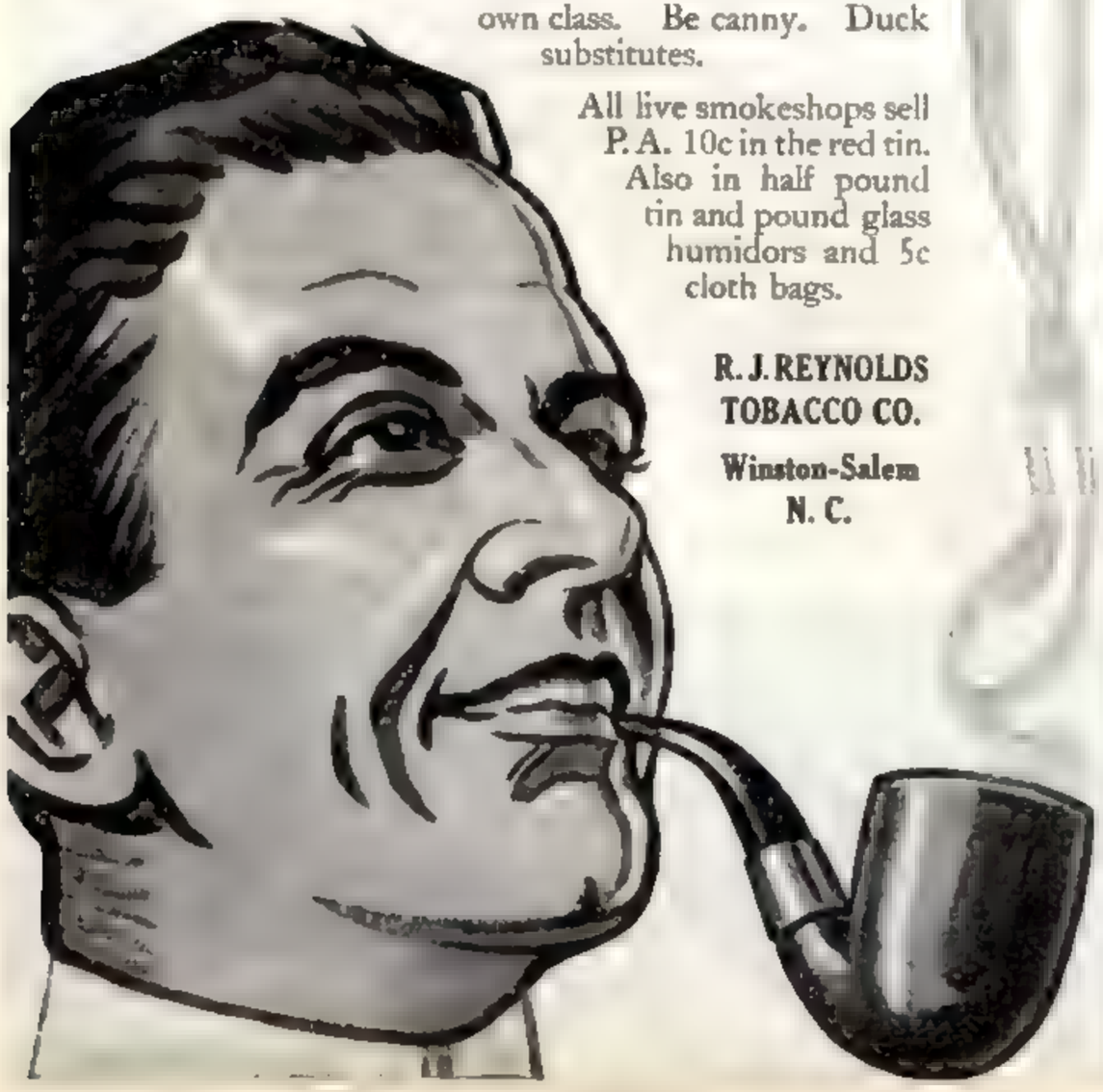
PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

For Prince Albert spells freedom. Freedom from stung tongues, pipe grouch and smoker's peeve.

Prince Albert is a pipe-smoke revolution. Also a revelation. Fragrant, satisfying, close-fire, long-burning, always ready and *it can't bite your tongue.*

No sir, CAN'T! The bite is taken out in the exclusive, patented process that produces P. A. We have this patent process sewed up tight and that's why the flag waves over only one tobacco of the kind. Prince Albert is its own class. Be canny. Duck substitutes.



All live smokeshops sell P. A. 10c in the red tin. Also in half pound tin and pound glass humidors and 5c cloth bags.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Winston-Salem N. C.

Disillusioned

By Berton Braley

Through

Yes, the wanderlust had got me and I hit the trail of freedom,
And I joined the "happy pilgrims" on the long, long road;
For I'd bought some wander poems and I always loved to read 'em,
And to talk of distant places, where the salt sea flowed.
Now I'm far away and stranded, for the "pilgrims" took my money,
And I've had enough of tramping 'neath the "high blue dome";
For the road is very nasty when the weather isn't sunny—
And I want to taste the comfort of my home, sweet home!

Yes, the wander fever got me and I got the lust for travel;
And the proper way to do it—if the bards spoke true—
Was to take a little knapsack and go trudging through the gravel.
And I followed out directions as I ought to do.
I might have paid my passage in a Pullman palace sleeper—
But I thought the only system was to tread the loam;
So here I am—a gipsy—oh, I should have had a keeper!
Some thousand miles from money and from home, sweet home!

I beat my way on freight trains and I shipped upon a steamer
That was sailing out to China and the "warm South Seas";
But I got an awful jolting for a wanderer and dreamer,
And I found my southern voyage was no bed of ease.
There may be glamour in it and a slather of romances,
But I only got the drubbings as we crossed the foam.
And, if ever I can make it, I'll be done with taking chances—
And I'll never care to wander from my home, sweet home!

Speaking Frankly

Fellers, when you come to cases—cuttin' out the bunk an' blither—
When you really takes an' chases all yer prejudice away;
When ye're kinda calm an' placid, knowin' whence an' how from whither;
When you puts a mental acid on the things we do an' say—
We ain't quite the hull creation; we ain't all that's right an' tony.
There is others in the nation that ain't wholly on the shelf;
An' the tenderfoot we jeer at 'cause he tumbles off a pony
Might make us look pretty queer at any game he knows himself!

There ain't any special merit in a man whose ways is rougher—
It don't prove no wondrous sperrit to be eatin' with yer knife;
An' a guy who's nice an' pleasant may not be an awful duffer—
He might prove himself right present in a lively little strife!
You don't need to be so brassy just because ye're herdin' cattle;
There ain't nothin' special classy in the work you fellers pit.
As fer nerve—I know some cowboys that a high-school kid could rattle,
An' most any common plowboys that could make 'em cringe an' quit.

Men are men—an' clothes don't make 'em; you can't tell by what they're wearin'.
Clothes don't make—an' clothes don't break 'em; oftentimes a dudish vest
Hides a heart that's like a hero, full of energy an' darin',
While in chaps an' broad sombrero there's a sissy of the West;
Maybe we upon the ranches hasn't had the latest word of
What is doin' in some branches where we hasn't had the call;
Maybe some folks is discernin' things we never even heard of.
Maybe we could do some learnin' maybe we don't know it all!

The New *Elastic-Knit*

"Three-Quarter" Lewis Union Suit

For Summer

Here's a feather-weight summer union suit—*elastic-knit* with imported Sea Island cotton—and mercerized so it feels and looks like silk, yet selling for only $2 to $3 a suit. It is cut with the care of "tailored" clothes and fits to perfection, yet not a thread "binds" with the body in any position.

Every inch of the fabric "gives" freely, yet never stretches out of shape.

Millions, for years, have sought such a suit at these prices, but have never before been able to find it.

This length gives a "hold" for the garter but does away with a double thickness at the ankle. It is cool but protects the leg.

This is but one of the features of

Lewis Underwear

Ask your dealer to show it to you. If he doesn't carry it, we'll name one who does.

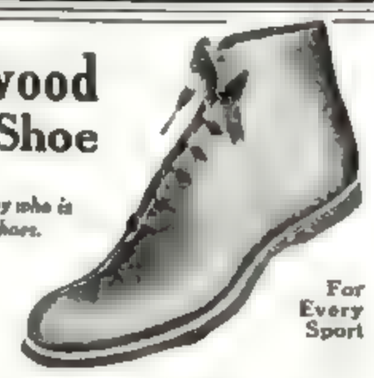
Ask also for the "Brief Lewis-Suit," the loose-fitting, porous-cloth, knee-length Union suit with low-cut arm holes, athletic style, at $1.50 to $2.50 a suit. All Lewis Suits have double strength button holes and tough pearl buttons that don't break in the wash. Go to your dealer and see them today. Look for the Lewis trade-mark when you buy. See our higher priced goods.

LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY

Originators of Union Suits for Men

(3) **Janesville, Wis.**

Eastwood Play Shoe



For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes.

For Every Sport

Real smoke tanned leather, unlined. Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, made with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for baseball, tramping, shooting, etc., as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become hard after wetting. Cleans easily with soap and water. Doesn't show scratches. Stands all kinds of wear and weather as good as new.

Very economical—Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No nails in heels to wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13½,	*delivered,*	**$3.25**
Boys' Sizes, 1 to 5,	"	**3.75**
Men's Sizes, 5½ to 11,	"	**4.25**

Play Shoe folder or general catalogue on request.

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 245 Main Street Rochester N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoemaking

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through cars, avoid long transfer to and from Western States. Write **today** for rates, maps and information.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
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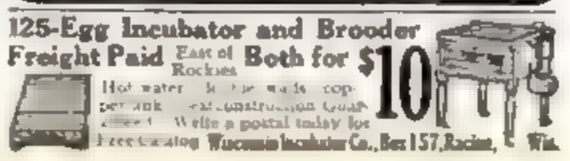
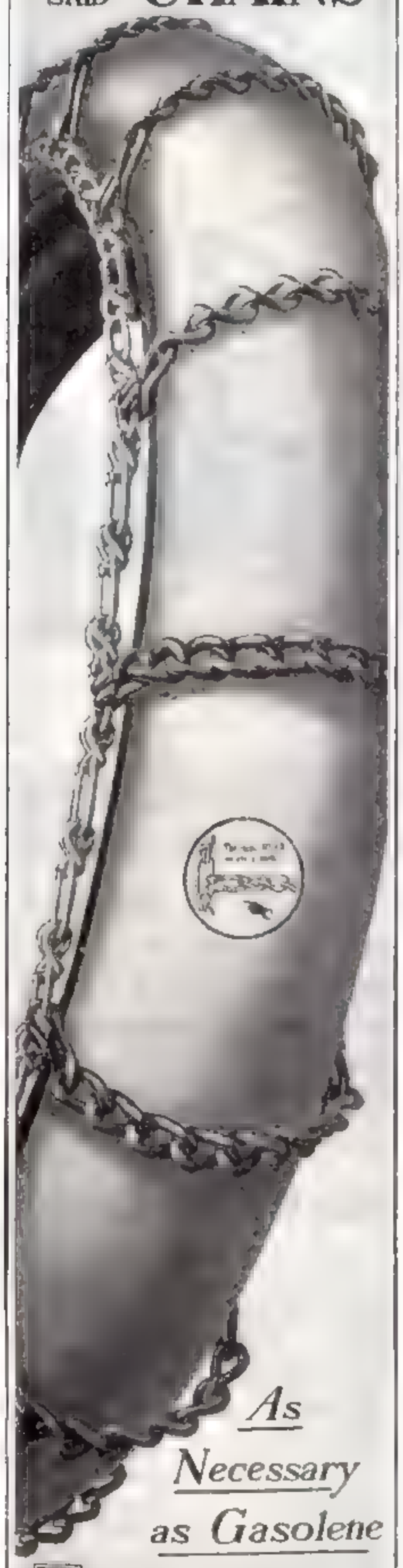
125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both for $10

Freight Paid East of Rockies



Hot water heated, made of copper tank and construction. Guaranteed. Write a postal today for free catalog. **Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.**

WEED ANTI-SKID CHAINS



As Necessary as Gasolene

WEED CHAINS are "Get-there" Insurance—no matter what the weather. They are the one perfect anti-skid, anti-slip device—equally effective in snow, ice or rain. Made of diamond-like hardness and smoothness, and of utmost steel-toughness, their "creeping grip" protects against tire wear. *Use* chains in *one* because *reversible*. When used on front wheels too, gives absolute steering steadiness.

"Every Weed Is Guaranteed"

Occupy very little space when not in use. Applied in a jiffy without jacks. Repair parts universally interchangeable.

Ask Your Dealer

The Public and the Parcels-Post

THE variety of things handled by the parcels-post in England is wonderful. Cheese, butter, eggs, fruit; molasses—under regulations as to packing—coffee, tea, spices, plum puddings, women's hats, curtains, fluffy millinery, clothing, linen; in short, everything. As accidents happen in even the best-regulated post-offices, a man may receive a waistcoat smeared with butter and his wife may be handed a white chiffon stained with peach juice; but, as in Germany, the sender is responsible for damage.

At Christmastime the variety of articles becomes greater, for it is then as wide as human fancy. Turkeys are then a familiar post consignment; and the ill-natured say that it is surprising how many turkeys lose their labels. Although there is a dead-letter office, there seems not to be one for dead turkeys.

Throughout the shooting season game is commonly sent; and it is a frequent sight to see a hare in the post, or a brace of grouse or quail tied together at the neck.

The London department stores make use of the system to a great and increasing extent. At least one of them has a branch post-office established within its doors, thus following the example of some American stores; but this English department-store post-office differs from the American in that the greatest part of its business is the handling of parcels for every part of the country and for even its most distant colonies. About sixty per cent of the entire parcels-post business of Great Britain originates in London alone.

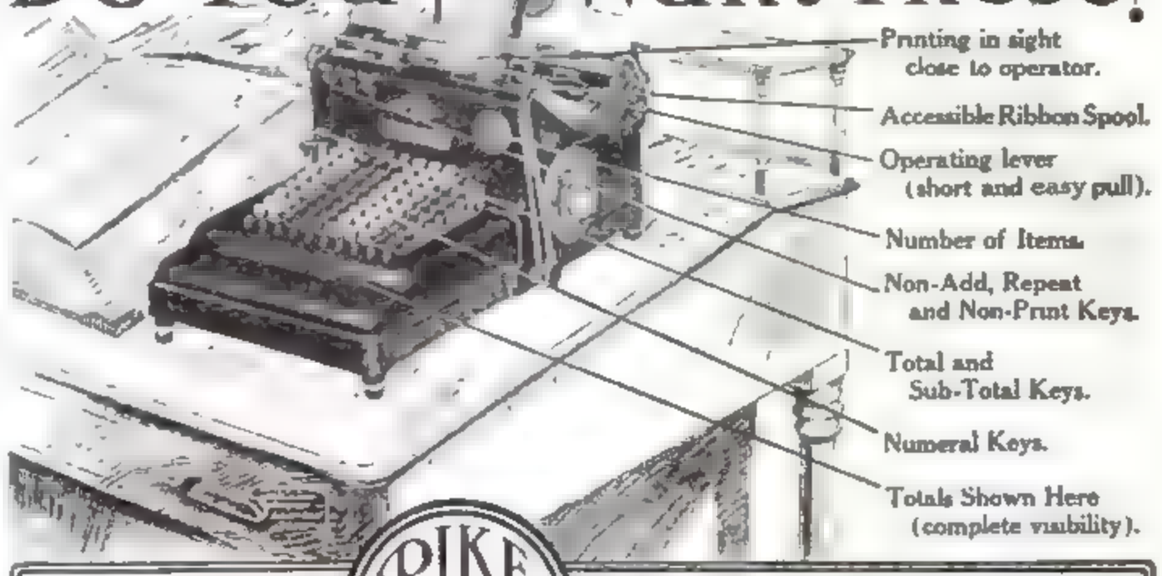
It has been cleverly remarked that there are only four objections to the establishment of the parcels-post in America—the United States Express Company, the American Express Company, the Adams Express Company and the Wells-Fargo. Although these are undoubtedly ready to fight desperately against a change, the principal objection lies with the business men of the smaller cities and towns throughout the country. They are in deadly fear lest the great stores of the large cities take away a material part of their trade. Through their influence upon Congressmen legislation for a parcels-post has been kept at a standstill.

Among other arguments they claim that giving full rein to the department stores of the great cities would so destroy the business of small towns as to put the towns themselves practically out of existence and thus work incalculable harm and havoc, destroying local schools and society as well as shopping. I do not know of any better comment on such an argument than to point out the vast number of charming towns, charming villages and attractive small cities which continue to exist in happiness in England and in Germany.

The principal advantage of the parcels-post, an advantage so great that its value can scarcely be overestimated, is the making of country and suburban life attractive by keeping the people in close, cheap and easy touch with the cities. This would be even more important in America, on account of the greater distances of many people from the centers and also on account of the growing tendency to country life—to "commuting"—on the part of city workers. The most charming and desirable suburbs in America are those of Philadelphia. This is largely owing to the broad policy of the railroads there in carrying marketing—meat, fruits and the like—to suburban stations, for nothing; and a host of other things—clothing, millinery, hardware, ice-cream, caterers' goods—for five or ten cents.

As to the parcels-post and the immense public convenience of it—the hundreds of millions of packages carried by the postal service in Europe every year—the people over there look at America in amazement, because they know that as a people we consider ourselves so progressive and advanced! They especially marvel at a postal system which, while giving nothing like the cheap local service of England or Germany, permits parcels to go from Berlin to Chicago cheaper than from Chicago to Milwaukee, or to go from New York to London cheaper than from New York to Jersey City.

Do You Want These?


Printing in sight close to operator.
Accessible Ribbon Spool.
Operating lever (short and easy pull).
Number of Items.
Non-Add, Repeat and Non-Print Keys.
Total and Sub-Total Keys.
Numeral Keys.
Totals Shown Here (complete visibility).

Burroughs PIKE VISIBLE MODEL Bookkeeping Machine

GET the **Burroughs** visible model (the Pike) which will give you not only the very features you want—but you then know these features are made with the same skill and desire to "build the best" which have for years influenced nine out of every ten buyers of adding machines to get a Burroughs—with its extra service.

Easier to operate than a typewriter. Entire key-board is under the operator's hand. Flexible or lock key-board. *Lowest* key-board made. *Complete visibility*. Every item visibly printed. Every figure printed is always before you. Counter records number of items added. Short, easy, close handle-pull. Exclusive Burroughs feature of separate keys for Totals and Sub-totals, printed in red; Totals marked *; Sub-totals marked **"S."** Items *not* added are automatically marked *. *You* do not need to change your position for a single detail. The machine is compact. Easily handled about on your desk. If you leave the machine, your figures will be safe. (You can take the handle with you—thus locking the machine). Hand or electric operation.

And besides, the mechanical construction of the Pike is of unlimited durability. We do not guarantee it only for a year, or two years or five years. But, like every other Burroughs, the Pike is backed up by the greater "Burroughs Service," which gives it a

Life-time Guarantee

If your machine should need attention in any way, we do not ask to have you send it to the factory. But *we* come to you—just call our Service Department (an office near every user) and another machine will take the place of yours immediately. Then, too, you will receive the benefit of Burroughs System Service, which sends you periodically the summary of the best systems devised, and Burroughs Inventions Service, which gives you the privilege of taking advantage of future developments at the very cost.

Sold at a small price; on easy monthly payments if desired

Write us today, on your business letter head, for information regarding a free demonstration in your office

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, 99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

1109-A *European Headquarters*, **76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England**

Important To Dealers

If you responded with an order to our advance bulletin announcing the appearance of this advertisement, your name is in this list of dealers. But even if you have not ordered yet, you are going to get inquiries for Milady Chocolates at once from the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in your locality. *Send us the order now, and save your patrons the trouble of sending us the coupon on the opposite page.* They will appreciate your prompt efforts to serve them.

And Milady Chocolates *repeat fast.* Your trial order will start a chain of *steady* customers. The rare flavor, the perfect blend and consistency of Milady Chocolates will give a new impulse to your candy trade.

ORDER QUICK. Cut out, sign and mail the order. Or just *telegraph,* "Send me assortment P."

Remember, we prepay all shipping charges and we absolutely guarantee freshness and superior quality in Milady Chocolates.

An attractive window display, with suggestion for installing, is shipped with each order.

Dealer's Guaranteed Order

American Candy Co.
Dept. P, Milwaukee, Wis.

Please ship us, charges prepaid, two dozen one-pound boxes of Milady Chocolates. This order is given with the understanding that you guarantee the goods to be in good condition, strictly fresh and of superior quality.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

GOOD news for you who love chocolates. You can now get more delicious chocolates than you ever tasted—Milady Chocolates—waiting for you fresh at your dealers. Entirely new, entirely different, with a flavor and all 'round *goodness* that other candies have hardly suggested. Just a tang of sweetened bitterness to the crisp chocolate coatings—and creamy centers, rich in rare, matchless flavors—ever tempting—always satisfying—such are Milady Chocolates. A bitter-sweet confection of a new and higher standard of delicacy and purity.

In Addition to the Following List, Every Dealer Who Sells Rex

CALIFORNIA

Maricopa—Klika's Maricopa Drug Co.

COLORADO

Fort Collins—The A. W. Scott Drug Co.
Littleton—Ralph A. Thompson
Telluride—H. C. Bausch Drug Co.

IDAHO

Hailey—J. J. Tracy.

ILLINOIS

Belvidere—John C. Longcor.
Chicago—J. W. Pelton.
Decatur—Hargrove Bros.
DeKalb—M. A. Duffy.
" —W. J. Spencer
" —F. B. Tittman.
Galena—Hennings Bakery
Grayslake—Druce Drug Co.
Peoria—Sutaff & Case Co
Reynolds—G. C. Speetzen & Co
Rockefeller—Watson & Druce
Rockford—Coe, I. Anderson.
" —V. A. Anderson.
" —A. E. Frebore
" —Hedlund & Co.
" —C. A. Lo[illegible]
" —O. W. T. Peterson
" —S. C. Wa[illegible]
Savanna—F. Gri[illegible]
" —H. A. Lesey
Sycamore—Montgomery & Wes.
Taylorville—J. E. Lienhart.

INDIANA

Bluffton—The Public Drug Co.
Fort Wayne—F. D. H[illegible]ham.
Geneva—Atwood's Pharmacy
Huntington—Albert J. Stevens.
Indianapolis—Geo. C. Fisher
" —Chas. F. Hoch.
Indianapolis—The Mulkins Pharmacy.
Muncie—Harry H. Ice.
Richmond—Clem Thistlethwaite's
Terre Haute—Otto N. Kadel.

IOWA

Alba—Draper & Loughlin.
Anamosa—C. W. Walker
Buxton—Williams Drug Co.
Charles City—May Drug Co
" —E. S. Perkins.
Clermont—Clermont Candy Co.
Columbus Junction—W. T. Brown.
Cresco—Clark Bros.
Eldader—Bayless & Oehring
" —H. H. Hagenstick.
Guttenberg—B. H. Pins.
Hampton—R. H. Woodburn.
Hartwick—J. P. Kirse.
Keokuk—Scott & O'Reilly
McGregor—J. H. Haight.
" —E. Kurzrock.
Monticello—J. H. Perrine.
Nashua—A. J. Bullen.
New Hampton—J. W. McInnes
" " —T. B. Scully
Oelwein—F. Hanselman.
Postville—A. J. Kaus.
" —I. H. Thoma.
Sumner—F. M. West
Waverly—F. M. Downing.
" —G. E. Fairfield.
" —I. A. Farrand
" —W. A. Remington
West Union—P. C. Fish
" —Dan Loftus
" —C. H. schuh.

MICHIGAN

Allegan—Baker & Vahue
Ann Arbor—L. O. Cushing
Bad Axe—O. E. Kewley
Belding—Frank O. Bryon.
Bessemer—Jussen & Trier.
" —E. G. Peterson.
" —Chas. H. Warner
Calumet—A. Anegone.
" —Geo. Antoho & Co.
" —Barnetti Bros.
" —Pagnucci & Dell'Oseo.
Champion—A. J. Rich.
Crystal Falls—Andrew Aposte
" —James R. Flood
" —M. M. Jacobs.
Escanaba—O. G. Champlin.
" —Ellsworth Drug Co.
" —E. G. Greenwood
" —The Hoyler Baking Co.
Fremont—Pioneer Drug Store
Gladstone—James D. McDonald.
" —Rouman Bros.
Grand Haven—Grand Haven Baking Co.
Grand Rapids—Fletcher's Drug Store
Hancock—I. Blum.
" —Chas. Gekas.
" —E. W. Zeidel
Houghton—Cavan & Co.
" —W. H. Del Cigar Co.
" —E. R. Hixon.
" —F. W. Kroll.
Hubbell—Henry Opal
Iron Mountain—John Anerone
" —W. H. Scandling
Iron River—John Poulos
" —Russel Baking Co.
Ironwood—Chas. Galdabini
" —Jussen & Trier
" —Geo. Poulos
" —John Scognist.
Ishpeming—Sam Aposte
" —Martin A. Clevia.
" —Henry Harwood
Laurium—A. Barranti & Co.
" —F. C. Grocke
" —Simon Lefever
" —A. Michetti.
Laurium—Superior Pharmacy
Lexington—John Bell.
Manistique—W. S. Arrowood
" —F. Clark & Co.
Marquette—H. O. Bo[illegible]
" —De J. Grocery
" —Fred Jondreau
" —T. Duquette
" —Desjardin Pharmacy
" —A. J. Lafkas
" —A. La Vaire
" —Nic. Papanakis.
" —Louis Pendal
" —The People's Drug Store
" —Stafford Drug Co
" —Werner Bros
Michigamme—F. L. Brown, Jr.
Mount Pleasant—R. G. Harris
Muskegon—H. M. Ronse
Muskegon Heights—G. Van Arker
Negaunee—John Erickson
" —Geo. J. Haupt.
" —R. G. Jackson.
" —T. P. Kirkwood.
" —John D. Lafkas.
" —J. M. Perkins.
Newberry—J. M. Shattuck & Co.
Painesdale—South Range Merc. Co.
South Range—Goodfellow Bros
St. Ignace—La Rouque's Drug Store
Wakefield—And. F. Olson.
Watersmeet—Joe Kelly
Wells—Wells Drug Store

MINNESOTA

Ada—F. O. Weygrandt.
Graceville—J. P. Trainor
Lesueur Center—F. W. Rynda.
Luverne—Mead & Treat.

MISSOURI

Kansas City—J. B. Brown.
" —Keene R. Dudley
Keytesville—White Drug Co.
Marshall—E. S. Gross
Mokane—A. H. Walker
Nelson—Steed & Drug Store.
Nevada—W. F. Balagh.
Perry—R. O. Brown.
Sedalia—Bruce Drug Co.
Sweet Springs—Chas. L. Jones.

MONTANA

Livingston—J. M. Seaman
Thompson—Thompson Falls Drug & Investment Co.
Three Forks—City Drug Store
Wisdom—Wisdom Drug & Clothing Co
Woodside—Corvallis Drug Co.

NEBRASKA

Big Springs—Big Springs Drug Co.
Bloomfield—March Bohlman Drug Co.
Gothenburg—Dan F. Hinkley
Omaha—The Bell Drug Co.
Schuyler—Charles F. Janecek.
Stanton—Ruther & Loerke.

NORTH DAKOTA

Casselton—Keystone Pharmacy Co
Harvey—W. L. Bunz
Kenmare—W. H. Makee
Langdon—H. L. Francis.

OHIO

Barnesville—Golden Drug Co.
Caldwell—W. H. Bowron
Cambridge—Brenan & Wilson
Cincinnati—Milton J. Lilman, Avondale
Conneaut—J. H. Guthrie
Huron—Garritt, Son & Woesner
Lima—J. W. Mitchell
New London—The Quality Drug Store

AMERICAN CANDY COMPANY

Chocolates

Every Piece a Surprise

AND the superiority of Milady Chocolates is suggested by the package—a handsome box, original in design and finish, the logical choice for a gift. Go to your dealer now or telephone for a box. We guarantee his stock of Milady Chocolates to be fresh. Dealers who ordered before we wrote this are listed below. Look for your town. Others will order too late to be listed. Ask your dealer anyway. If he cannot supply you with Milady Chocolates send us 80c with coupon and we will forward you a full pound box at once.

Chocolates, King of Bitter Sweets, Also Sells Milady Chocolates

Toledo—Boody House Drug Store.
Urbana—Geo. W. Cramer.
Vermilion—C. H. Nuhn.
Youngstown—George A. Kenney.

OREGON

Pendleton—The Pendleton Drug Co.
Portland—Irvington Pharmacy.

PENNSYLVANIA

Duquesne—Avenue Pharmacy.
Erie—J. C. Mackintosh.
Franklin—Guy H. Curtis.
Greenville—Harry D. West
Lock Haven—Hilton & Heffner.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Mitchell—Philadelphia Fruit and Candy Co.
Parker—Roy Woodman Drug Co.

WASHINGTON

Bellingham—Colline & Co.
Walla Walla—The Hackett Drug Co.

WISCONSIN

Amherst—J. W. Boynton & Son.
" —E. A. Nelson.
Antigo—Elmer H. Chilcote.
" —J. H. Hopkins.
" —E. E. Williams.
Arena—E. H. Harrison.
Ashland—Bertram Anderson.
" —J. R. Anderson.
" —Chas. H. Clark.
" —A. J. Dawson.
" —H. G. Grale
" —Harrison Drug Co.
" —F. J. Hoppenyan.
" —Jacob Johnson.
" —Jos. A. Thibodeau.
" —Woodhead Drug Co.
Baraboo—W. P. Barringer.
" —Sam Golofarb.
" —"Sorgen."
Bayfield—Anderson Bros.
Beaver Dam—Geo. Elser & Co.
" " —A. W. Spangler
" " —Trojan Candy Kuchen.
Belleville—R. J. Zwickey
Bonduel—O. E. Heller.
Brandon—N. H. Jones.
" —L. D. Monroe.
Cambria—G. H. Morris.
Cambridge—C. E. Wilbur
Cameron—John Simensen.
Cranmburg—G. A. Gerrits
Coloma—Coloma Drug Store
Columbus—Paul H. Week.
Cranmoor—B. R. Foxnot.
" —F. J. Rhodes.
Delavan—F. H. Gregg.
" —Geo. W. Stolte
Devil's Lake—H. O. Thorwaldger
Eagle Junction—M. C. Kuehle
Elkhorn—J. A. Clark.
" —Sperry Bros.
Fox Lake—W. F. Gagel.
Grafton—Gust. E. Wirth
Grand Rapids—W. H. Barnes.
" —J. E. Daly.
" —M. E. Geoghan.
Green Bay—W. H. Boulet.
" —Otto Kaap.
" —McDonald & Straubur-ger.
" —G. H. Sayerman
Green Lake—J. R. Brooks.
" —W. A. Liese.
Hackley—Hackley-Phelps-Bonnell Co.
Hayward—Alex Pearson.
Highland—Martin Mayer.
Huntsford—Debne & Debne.
" —Huntsford Merc. Co.
Iola—Martin Anderson.
Jefferson—Bachman Drug Co.
Kaukauna—R. E. Ohn.
Kenosha—H. J. Condon.
LaCrosse—Hoeschler Bros.
Ladysmith—C. Jung
" —A. C. Mooney.
La Farge—E. M. Coyle.
" —K. Francois.
" —J. H. Harris.
Lake Geneva—Smith & Lock.
Lake Mills—C. E. Heimstreet.
Lancaster—Hoffman Bros.
" —L. G. Wheeler.
Livingston—J. T. Marshall
Lodi—Geo. J. Richmond.
Loyal—L. E. Chamberlain
—Horn's Drug Store
Madison—R. Croft.
Manawa—H. C. Smith.
" —M. E. Brown.
Manston—Schroeder Bros.
Mellen—Norton's Drug Store.
Menomonie—A. D. Vilas.
" —Waller & Volp
Merrill—F. L. Mead.
Moore Bros.
Milwaukee—Bachtal Drug Co.
" —Rudolph Best.
" —John A. Dadd & Son.
" —Herman Emmerich.
" —Hackendahl Drug Co.
" —F. A. Harris.
" —A. I. Jones.
" —D. R. Jones.
" —F. W. Kemp.
" —C. Krause.
" —Herman Lembeck.
" —L. G. Mack.
Mentzer & Schlieger
—Carl Mueller
—Mueller's Pharmacy.
" —Parlor Pharmacy.
Milwaukee—Jno. A. Patterson.
" —Hotel Pfister
" —Pabst Drug Co.
" —Puritan Pharmacy
" —Walter Riesen.
" Schmidt & Trundt.
" —A. F. Schneider.
" Wm. Schneider.
—James Schuck.
—A. Spiegel Co.
—Ben Spurr.
" —H. J. Stolze.
" —D. Terhune.
" —Wm. Thompson.
" —Union Pharmacy.
—Geo. J. Weigle.
—C. Widule.
—Wunsow Drug Co.
—Young's Pharmacy.
Monroe—H. H. Patterson.
Montello—T. W. Rochford.
Mount Horeb—T. C. Johnson.
Mukwonago—Smith & Smith.
Muscoda—J. A. Logan.
North Milwaukee—Model Drug Store.
New London—Boland & Boland.
—A. G. Hulde.
Oconomowoc—Artagey Bros.
" —M. Herro & Bros.
" —R. L. Kellogg.
Pewaukee—A. D. Hoyt & Son.
Portage—Arthur Williams.
Port Washington—L. Keller.
" —A. J. Neuens.
Prairie du Chien—J. P. Zeeman.
Princeton—John Shew.
—J. F. Warnke & Son.
Racine—Wm. Dittman Co.
" —Mrs. B. C. Wurman.
Reedsburg—H. Thieman.
Rewaunee—L. C. Bruss.
" —Louis Busse.
Rhinelander—C. D. Brosman.
Rhinelander—Rhinelander Cr. & Prod.
" —F. C. Sawtell.
Richland Center—J. W. Burnham & Son.
" " —J. R. Fess.
" " —A. C. Wertz Co.
Shawano—H. M. Johnson.
" —E. A. Krueger.
Shiocton—F. O. Town.
Sparta—W. S. Jones
Spooner—Lemmer Drug Co.
Sturgeon Bay—Stiles Drug Co.
Tigerton—W. A. Winkel.
Tomah—Thos. Schmidt.
Tomahawk—Dan Clark & Son.
" —J. N. Meaner.
" —Ed. Peppler.
Viola—O. Anderson & Son.
Waterford—Malone & Kempken.
Watertown—Herro & Son.
Waukesha—J. B. Chrimph.
Wausau—T. H. Buller.
" —Philbrick's Pharmacy.
" —F. A. Schmidt.
" —Wausau Drug Co.
" —Wichman's Pharmacy.
Wautoma—J. J. Fry.
" —Haut & Harris.
Wauwatosa—J. A. Schwinger.
West Allis—C. J. Conrad.
" " —Edw. Jones.
" " —Theo. Mueller.
West Bend—Neuman Regner Drug Co.
Westfield—Wetlaufer & Waldo.
Weyauwega—Hinchey & Keeney.
" —L. D. Post.
Wild Rose—T. W. Stephens.
Wittenberg—J. C. Dietz.

WYOMING

Douglas—A. R. Merrin.

Candy Recipe Book GIVEN AWAY

You are entitled to a copy of our beautiful Milady Candy Book when you buy a box of Milady Chocolates, whether you purchase from your dealer or send your order direct to us. This book contains many original recipes for delicious, home-made candies—never before given to the public.

Milady Candy Book is printed in seven colors on Japan plate paper, with heavy embossed cover. The recipes are the best known to the art of home-made candy making.

How to Get Book

Your dealer will hand you a copy of Milady Candy Book if you will present to him the attached coupon when you make your purchase.

If you order from us, enclose the coupon with your name and address written in and we will forward the book with the box of Milady Chocolates.

Candy Book Coupon

American Candy Co.
Dept. P, Milwaukee, Wis.

For enclosed 80 cents send me a one-pound box of Milady Chocolates and a copy of Milady Candy Book.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

Dept. P, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

American Ball Bearing Co., Cleveland, O.
Covered with 100,000 square feet of J-M Asbestos Roofing—

A Ready-to-Lay Roofing Made of Solid Rock Fibres

J-M Asbestos Ready Roofing is literally made of solid rock fibres.

Its base consists of felt made of *stone*—pure *Asbestos*. And Asbestos is a natural *rock* formation. Like all rock or stone, practically everlasting. And known the world over as fire-proof. It is the same material that is used to hold the flame in gas grates—the same material of which we make Asbestos Theatre Curtains. You know Asbestos Curtains are required by law, as protection against fire, in the theatres of nearly all cities.

So no wonder this Asbestos or *stone* roofing never catches fire, even when neighboring buildings burn to the ground.

J-M Asbestos Roofing

Won't Burn—Won't Rot or Decay—Needs No Paint

We use several layers of this Asbestos or stone felt. And cement them together with genuine Trinidad Lake Asphalt—that wonderful *mineral* cement which, in Asphalt pavements, stands the grinding of wheels and the hammering of hoofs for 30 or 40 years.

With such indestructible materials as these, do you wonder that J-M Asbestos Roofing often outlasts the building it covers? And do you wonder that this *all-mineral* roofing will never need a single cent's worth of paint to keep it from rotting, decaying or otherwise deteriorating?

Interesting Book Sent Free

If you want a permanent roof—if you want to save the expense of painting and repairs—if you want protection against fire, and against leaks—write for a sample of Crude Asbestos and our free Book No. H-49. It clearly explains the big difference between J-M Asbestos Roofing and all other kinds, and gives the names of many well-known plants where this roofing has been in service ten to twenty-five years.

We'll sell you J-M Asbestos Roofing direct from our nearest Branch (also apply it, if desired) if your dealer won't supply you.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

BALTIMORE CLEVELAND MINNEAPOLIS PITTSBURG
BOSTON DALLAS ASBESTOS LONDON NEW ORLEANS SAN FRANCISCO
BUFFALO DETROIT LOS ANGELES NEW YORK SEATTLE
CHICAGO KANSAS CITY MILWAUKEE PHILADELPHIA ST. LOUIS 1568

For Canada—THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Ont. Montreal, Que. Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B. C.

Reduce Painting Expense by Using CARTER Strictly Pure White Lead

With Carter White Lead and pure linseed oil and tinting colors any good painter will make beautiful and durable paint, any color, which will offer you four separate opportunities to reduce the painting expense on your house.

Reduces Cost Per Gallon

100 pounds of Carter White Lead, 5 gallons of linseed oil (average proportions), a pint of drier—and a little tinting color if white is not desired—will make 8 gallons of absolutely pure paint, the kind that architects specify and that prominent decorators use for their finest work. Ascertain what this will cost at your local dealer's and compare it with the present cost of any other paint you would think of using.

Reduces Gallons Required

Carter is known among painters as "The Lead with the Spread." The foundation of its success was demonstrating to painters that on measured surfaces it would cover and protect an average of one-fourth more surface than the white lead they were using.

Reduces Number of Paintings

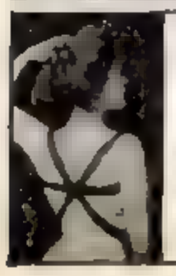
Repeated tests have shown, and any old-time painter will testify from his experience, that Pure White Lead makes the most durable and lasting paint, because white lead alone has an affinity for linseed oil. It makes considerable difference in the average annual painting expense how often painting is necessary.

Reduces Cost of Repainting

If paint containing hard, inelastic pigments is used, cracking, peeling and scaling are certain to follow, and when this once sets in no paint can be made to stick until all the old paint is removed clean to the wood; this is an expensive operation which is never necessary when a house is painted continuously with white lead and linseed oil.

There are facts which should interest every owner of property. If you are interested in the reasons behind the facts send for our free book, "Pure Paint." It will give you much valuable information about house painting, and we will send with it a set of beautiful color plates which will help you to select tasteful and durable colors for your house.

Carter White Lead Co., 12080 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.



$1 BREATHE-RITE

If you have any regard for your personal appearance or your health, you should wear a BREATHE-RITE. The BREATHE-RITE holds the body gently but firmly erect, whether walking, sitting or standing. It corrects round shoulders and strengthens the back. Made of white washable elastic fabric. Adjustable for men, women and girls. One size fits anybody. You can't Breathe Wrong with BREATHE-RITE. Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of price - One Dollar.

BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., Room 101, 45 West 34th Street, New York
Send for descriptive booklet. If dissatisfied for any reason money promptly refunded.

Sic Transit Gloria All-America

(Concluded from Page 17)

of newspaper stories about his career that weighed four pounds. He knew the differences between eight kinds of wine by the taste and he had a perfect education in forkology, waltzology, necktiematics, and all the other branches of social science.

He would never forget, he said, how he felt when he was graduated and the university moved off behind him and left him alone. It was up to him to keep on being a famous character, he felt. His college demanded it. He had to make good. But there he was with a magnificent football education and no more football to play. His financial training consisted in knowing when his bank account was overdrawn. His folks had pretty nearly paralyzed themselves putting him through and he wasn't going to draw on them any further. He went to New York because it seemed to be almost as big as the university, and he started all alone on the job of shouldering his way past the captains of finance up to the place where his college mates might feel proud of him some more.

The result was so ridiculous that he had to laugh at it himself. He lost five yards every time he bucked an office boy. His college friends kept inviting him out and he went until they began offering him jobs. Then he cut the whole bunch. He didn't care to have them watch the struggle. He'd been in New York two years when he met us, he said, and he hadn't earned enough money to pay his room-rent in that time. There were times when he might have got a decent little job at twelve dollars per, or so, but he would have had to meet the boys who had looked up to him as a world-beater and somehow he just couldn't tackle it. When we had come over and paid homage to him he saw we had taken him for a successful man of the world, as well as a member of the All-America team, and he hadn't been able to resist the desire to let two human beings look up to him again. He hadn't invited us to his room, he said, because part of the time he didn't have a room; and he even confessed that once or twice he'd walked up to our rooms from downtown because he was crazy for a smoke and didn't have the price.

I guess there never was a more peculiar dinner party in New York. Part of the time I sniveled and part of the time Allie sniveled, and once or twice we were all three all balled up in our throats. But after a while we braced up and I told Jarvis what the Boss had told me, and we drank a toast to the glad new days, and another to success, and another to Jarvis, the coming business pillar, and some more to our private yachts and country homes, and to commencement reunions, and this and that. Then we chartered a sea-going cab and took Jarvis home with us. We made him sleep in the bed while we slept on the floor, and the next morning we loaned him a pair of overalls that we had honorably retired and we all went down to work together.

The next three months were perfectly ridiculous. We simply couldn't order Jarvis around. Suppose you had to ask the Statue of Liberty to get a move on and scrub the floors? We couldn't get our ingrained awe of that freight hustler out of our systems. Of course when any one was around we had to keep up appearances, but when I was alone and I had something for Jarvis to do I'd call him in and get at it about this way: "Er—say, Jarvis, could you help me out on a little matter, if you have the time? You know there's a shipment for Pittsburgh that's got to go out by noon. I think the car is at door 6. Those barrels ought to be put into the car right away, and if you'd see that they get in there I'd be very much obliged to you. I'd attend to it myself, but they've given me a lot of stuff to go over here."

Then Jarvis would grin cheerfully and hustle those barrels in before I could get over blushing. If you don't believe football has its advantages in after life you ought to watch a prize tackle waltzing a three-hundred-pound barrel through a car door.

By day we ordered Jarvis about in this fashion, and made him earn his one-fifty with the rest of the red-shirted gang. But at six o'clock we dropped all that like a hot poker. Nights we were his adoring young friends again. We sat together in restaurants and said "sir" to him to his infinite disgust, and made him tell over and over again the stories of the big games and the grand doings of the old days. When his promotion came, three months later, and he went into a small job in the office, with a traveling job looming up in the offing, we held a celebration that set us back about half the price of a railroad ticket home. It meant more to us than it did to him. To him it was three dollars more a week, congenial work and a chance. But to us it was the release of a great man from grinding captivity—a racehorse rescued from the shafts of a garbage cart; a Richard the Lion-hearted hauled from the gloomy dungeon, where he had had to peel his own potatoes, and set on the road to kingly pomp and circumstance again. Excuse me for this frightful mess of language. I can't help getting a little squashy with my adjectives when I think of that glorious banquet night.

I'm glad to say that Jarvis kept coming along after that. He developed into a first-class salesman, and in a couple of years he came in from the road and took a desk in the house with his name on the side in gilt letters. When this happened we made him look up every one of his old college friends again. He hesitated a little, but we got behind him and pushed. We pushed him into his college club and back to commencement, and we really pushed him out of our life—for every one was glad to see him, of course, and to his amazement he found that he was still a grand old college institution among the alumni. So he trained with his own crowd after that, but even now we go over to his club and dine with him at least once a year—always on some anniversary or other. And for the last two years he has been sending his machine around for us.

Oh, no, you don't! I'm paying for this lunch, young fellow. Don't fight any one about paying for your lunch just because you still have the price. It's a privilege we older chaps insist on with you newcomers anyway. And remember, there is always a bunch of us before the fire at the club Saturday evenings, and we don't talk business. While you're waiting for that job, don't you dare miss a meeting. And say—one thing more. Don't be afraid of those blamed office boys. They're all a bluff. I'm getting so I can fire them without even getting pale.

Where the Cats Fish

THE cleverness of cats is not sufficiently appreciated. Perhaps it is because, unlike dogs, they use their intellect exclusively for their own benefit.

At all events, one cannot but admire the ingenuity of the cats at Atlantic City, which have developed a fishing industry of their own. In autumn, when the summer population of that thriving seaside resort has departed, many pussies find themselves deserted and left homeless. Being thus deprived of regular meals they seek provender on the beach.

All through the winter they are able to pick up more or less food in this way, but the autumn is their time of harvest. At that season immense numbers of fish of a tiny eel-like species arrive, frequenting the shallows along the very edge of the strand. In pursuit of them are hordes of frost fish, from which they try to escape by burrowing into the sand. The cats, at night, go after these little fish, pull them out of the sand with their paws and greedily devour them.

So much for the cats; but, at the same season, many of the human inhabitants at Atlantic City, who are permanent dwellers in the place, hunt the frost fish. They go down to the beach at night and capture the frost fish with their hands.

If there is no moonlight they take lanterns—the method usually adopted being to grab the frost fish between breakers, so to speak; for the frost fish run up so close to the edge of the beach in pursuit of their quarry that they are constantly left floundering about on the sand, high and almost dry, by the retreat of the wave which has fetched them inshore. The next wave would set them afloat again; but, taking advantage of the opportunity, the experienced fisherman picks up the fish before it can get away. In this simple yet effective manner a person can often capture thirty or forty fine big frost fish in an hour or so.

MAKING INSURGENTS

(Concluded from Page 13)

figured out that in this one shipment alone it had been discriminated against to the tune of four hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars. But don't argue from this that Jersey City got the benefit of this half a million dollars.

What interested me was not who got the money, but out of whose pocket it was paid. A brief time afterward I got the answer. Part of it I paid and the rest of it the public paid. Now, of course, this statement may seem a little far-fetched, but that it was actually true was driven home to me beyond any question of a doubt.

Let me give you the facts.

Among our customers in this district was a jobbing house, the trade of which was largely among shops in the city's poorer section. A number of these, especially the ones along the waterfront, presently began to go out of business. As a result the jobbing house lost heavily and was itself ultimately forced to the wall, owing us at the time a somewhat heavy bill. Inasmuch as I handled my firm's credits I felt some interest as to the cause of the failure, so I sought the concern's senior partner.

"The explanation's simple," he replied gloomily; "business has been slack for a long time all through the waterfront districts."

I knew this to be true, but I wished to find out why it was so.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, when I questioned him as to the cause; "the sugar refineries have been shut down and the grain elevators never work at full capacity. This has thrown a lot of people out of work. Besides," he added, "there used to be a lot of business from shipping that's stopped coming here."

In the City of Brotherly Love

It required only one more question to give the reason for all this. "What's caused it all?" I asked.

"The railroads, I suppose," he answered listlessly.

He was right. On looking into the matter I found out that, by and large, all the trouble was due to railroad manipulation.

In the case of the sugar refineries it was another instance, not of rebating—no, of course not—but of accessorial charges. Spreckels, the sugar manufacturer, said he could make sugar three-eighths of a cent a pound cheaper in Philadelphia than anywhere else on earth. But the Sugar Trust, for various reasons, doesn't wish either to concenter in Philadelphia or to let the independents get too great a foothold there. So it obtains from the railroads at New York an accessorial charge for lighterage and drayage in amount between thirty-five and forty-seven per cent of the westbound inland rate. Jersey City figures also in this. The Brooklyn refineries, in delivering their product on their own lighters to Jersey City, first haul it directly past the railroad's own lighterage wharfs in Brooklyn. But I have yet to hear that sugar is any cheaper in Brooklyn than it is in Jersey City or elsewhere.

Tell it to the Marines

The reason, however, why business was slow at the grain elevators seemed less evident. That is to say, the accessorial charge at New York amounts only to about twenty per cent. Why it is granted I can't say. At all events, the roads allow these concerns one cent a bushel for handling grain through the harbor. At Philadelphia, on the contrary, where it costs less to load from the car into the vessel than it does at New York, a charge of three-fourths of a cent a bushel is exacted from the shipper. In other words, for the benefit of the trunk lines' pool and other interests, Philadelphia exporters are charged three-quarters of a cent a bushel for a service which at New York is given free of cost. However, that's but a mere detail of rate juggling. It costs more to buy Minneapolis flour at, say, Boston, Massachusetts, than it does to buy the same Minneapolis flour at Liverpool, England, a difference in distance of twenty-eight hundred miles.

Now to get back to my other proposition: After I'd found out about the sugar and wheat phases of railroad manipulation it became pretty evident why the shipping had gone elsewhere. But don't believe that this condition is purely local; something like it is happening in every district through which a trunk line passes. Railroad officials say that rebates and other unlawful discriminations no longer exist. I repeated this remark recently to the transportation man of a western commercial exchange, whereupon he looked at me quizzically.

"Yes, that's what they say," he observed and dryly added: "Some day they'll get over taking the public for the United States Marine Corps."

THE DASHEEN

A New Crop for Wet Lands

THE event of the recent annual dinner in Washington, District of Columbia, of the National Geographic Society was the ushering into the gastronomic world of a new débutant, the dasheen, which was served stuffed in place of the orthodox potato. The cordial welcome given to this new arrival by the five hundred guests present at the dinner has a distinct economic significance to the proprietors of Eastern lands, from the Gulf to the Potomac, that are too wet for anything but ducks and rice.

The dasheen is a tuber of chemical content similar to that of the potato, and it has for many centuries been a staple crop and article of food in China, Japan, the Pacific Islands, Africa and the West Indies. It is a legitimate relative of the tropical taro, and also of our own jack-in-the-pulpit, and our ornamental plant, the caladium, or elephant's ear.

In appearance the dasheen resembles an undersized cocoanut, having a similar reddish-brown color and a coating of fine, short, hairy fibers. The tubers average about the size of a duck's egg and are attached to a central rootstalk, which also can be eaten though it is not of so delicate a texture.

But the tongue presides over a higher court in judging of a new vegetable than does the eye. One may view with unfavorable prejudice the rough red coat of the dasheen, but at the higher tribunal of taste the dasheen wins a handsome verdict of approval. Bake and butter a dasheen and a potato, take them spoonful for spoonful, and you are reminded first of solid cream and then of the milk from which the cream has been skimmed.

If you form a composite mental picture of the following random impressions of the dasheen gathered at the Geographic Society dinner, the result will be an appetizing prospect of what is to come in the way of gastronomic enjoyment when the dasheen crop is large enough to supply all: "Artichoke flavor"; "like salsify"; "sweet potato without sugar"; "half way between a sweet and a white potato"; "a sort of gamy potato"; "texture mucilaginous"; "reminds me of a potato cooked with cheese"; "decided improvement over potatoes grown on river-bottom land."

This last is especially important, since it points to the place of the dasheen in agriculture. It will grow anywhere that it finds a rich, wet, loamy soil, but is better adapted commercially to the South, where the growing season is at least six months long. It will endure more standing moisture to better advantage than any other edible root crop. The dasheens used at the banquet were grown at Gough, South Carolina, on land only five to eight feet higher than the Cooper River that flows near by. In the rainiest part of the summer the water lay over a portion of the field for more than a week. The yield was from four to seventeen pounds to the hill, or estimated by the acre about ten to twelve tons—from two hundred and fifty to three hundred bushels.

Another point in favor of the dasheen as compared with the potato is that, though the starch content is slightly larger, the

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Except for excessive speed it is as capable. (Maximum 25 miles per hour.) With it is achieved, more than ever before, the ultimate aim of all practical motor car builders—

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See what the Motorette means to you!

It means a *low after-cost car* in which you may go quickly to business in the morning—fit and fresh for the day's work.

A *low after-cost car* in which you may go home to lunch—every day.

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It means a *low after-cost car* in which the children may go to school, on errands, etc. A healthy girl of ten can crank a Motorette.

With it the old hindrance to motor car ownership—cost of maintenance and operation—is reduced to a *minimum*.

The Motorette is not an experiment. The first car was built in 1898, and will run today.

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Simplicity of design and few parts make its low price possible.

Brief specifications—Motor 10 H. P. Two-Cylinder opposed, water cooled. Engine bearings, Parsons White Brass. Enclosed planetary transmission, two speeds forward and one reverse. Heavy motorcycle tires in front, 3 inch automobile tire on rear wheel. Wheel bearings of ball type. Springs of special alloy spring steel made by makers of those of Packard and Pierce Arrow.

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Have him show you why we can sell this sterling quality Motorette at such a low price.

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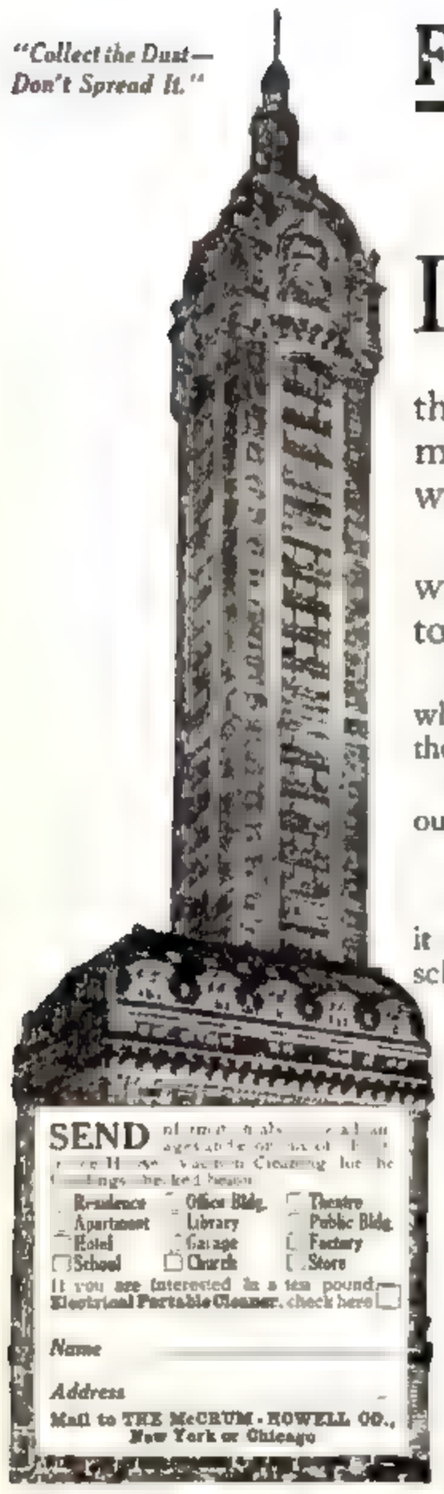

Five Men Clean this Whole 41 Story Building

IN the Singer Tower (shown here) there are more than a *thousand separate offices*.

By brooms and dusters it is estimated that it would take more than twenty-five men to do the cleaning—and the offices would never be *absolutely* clean.

With "RICHMOND" vacuum cleaning, which is used, only five men are required to do the work and to do it thoroughly.

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What vacuum cleaning does for an office building, it will do for a residence, an apartment, a hotel, a school, a library, a church, a theatre, a factory, a store, a garage or a public building

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It can be readily installed in old buildings as well as new.

The initial expense is small; the annual saving is great. Write

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.
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starch grains are much finer, thus probably giving the dasheen the advantage in digestibility.

The commercial prospects of the dasheen are signified by the fact that two large metropolitan hotels have entered orders for as large a portion of the 1911 crop as can be spared. It is then up to the Southern farmer whether or not a new word shall be added to the cookbook and a new friend given to hungry man.

Jungle and Desert Combined

EXPERTS of the Department of Agriculture have recently made a study of a region in northwest Washington that exhibits certain very extraordinary features. It is, as one might say, a combination of jungle and desert. Once upon a time it was a desert; it has become a jungle and special precautions will have to be taken to prevent it from being transformed into a desert again.

In that part of the country, almost anywhere west of the Cascade Range, the natural vegetation is of astonishing luxuriance. Indeed, the exuberance of plant growth is such as to render the district almost impenetrable. This growth is dominated by great cedars and Douglas firs, many of which are two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet in height and seven to ten feet in diameter. Below, gigantic ferns rise to a height of eight or ten feet. Conspicuous in the undergrowth is the "devil's club"—a perennial shrub with a thorny stem, so crooked that, when stepped on, it rises and strikes the wayfarer. Beneath, the ground is covered with Oregon grape and red huckleberry; and the surface of the soil is spread with a dense mat of fir needles, dead leaves of devil's club and fern, and mosses.

In this remarkable jungle the air is very moist—so much so, indeed, that the ground is soaked all the year around. It is almost impossible to make any progress except along trails, which are always wet. Water is constantly gathering in puddles here and there, and everything is adrip at all seasons.

Yet, only two feet below the surface of the ground is the most absolute desert to be found anywhere in the United States. At that depth the earth is so dry that no root can penetrate it. Hence the great firs are obliged to maintain themselves by sending out lateral root systems to a distance of fifty or seventy-five feet, none of the rootlets dipping more than twenty inches or so.

In the forest, these huge trees are protected against windstorms; but if one of them becomes isolated it is soon overthrown and, as it lies prone, its torn-up root system forms a wall fifty feet or more in height—a wall flat and vertical as that of a house.

The secret of this remarkable state of affairs lies in the fact that the soil of the region is a glacial drift—that is to say, it is composed of ground-up rock brought by vast ice-sheets and deposited as the ice moved sluggishly down from the Cascades toward the coast. It is a fine powder, mixed with gravel, pebbles and boulders. There are almost no surface streams; and, owing to this circumstance, the country would be a desert but for the vegetation, which, during the rainy season, has a tendency to spread very slowly from the higher slopes of the mountains. In the course of ages this vegetation, retaining the winter's rain through the summer, after the manner of a sponge, has covered little by little the foothills and lowlands.

Plant life, in a word, has adapted itself to a hostile environment; and, as a result, the desert, though it remains such at a depth of only two feet, has been covered by a jungle rivaling in luxuriance anything to be found in the tropics. The whole region, however, will certainly become a desert again unless the forests are conserved, or else replaced with crop plants that will retain moisture through the summer. Accordingly a project is on foot by which the state will assume control of the whole problem, teach the people just what kind of intensive farming they should practice and itself acquire ownership of such areas as cannot economically be brought under the requisite kind of culture.

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining Lifebuoy Soap, we will send you, on receipt only of the coupon below and 25c in coin or stamps, 5 full size cakes, which cost us 28c. to mail for postage alone.

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Gentlemen—Enclosed find 25c. Kindly send, postpaid, 5 full size cakes of Lifebuoy. If same proves satisfactory I agree to ask my dealer to carry it in stock.

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A strong, cozy, portable house for outing or a permanent home. Warm in winter, cool in summer, ideal for seashore or mountains. One season's expense at summer resort pays for it. Put up or take down in one day. Made of seasoned lumber—covering of Kenyon Ready Roofing. Weather proof, vermin proof, fire proof. Perfectly ventilated. Attractive as well as cozy and complete in every detail. Any size, 1 to 5 rooms.

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Increase Your Speed,
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During their long experience in making automobile lubricants, our experts discovered so many useful facts about the care of automobiles that they have prepared a booklet entitled "POLARINE POINTERS." This booklet not only gives valuable hints on lubrication, but it also tells the causes of all kinds of engine troubles.

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THE *first reason* why "Porosknit" Union Suits are so desirable in summer is that many men and boys wear belts, and if they wear drawers are obliged to pin them to their pantaloons to keep them from dropping down; but the "Porosknit" Union Suits (which are cut to fit) hang from the shoulders and, therefore, have none of these disagreeable features.

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Union Suits have so many *other* qualities that, taken altogether, they make the most comfortable, most hygienic, and the coolest undergarments you can wear.

If you want to experience real underwear comfort and satisfaction in every way, just buy a few of these suits now. A pure white "Porosknit" Union Suit is not only cool and comfortable, but also looks cool and clean. Some prefer the Egyptian color, for the reason that it does not show the soil as easily.

These are only a few good reasons why you should wear "Porosknit" Union Suits. You'll get more satisfaction from them than from any other summer underwear you ever bought. In six years we built up the largest business in the world in light-weight Union Suits for men and boys. Pleasing the wearers did it.

You can get "Porosknit" Union Suits in short sleeve, knee length; short sleeve, ankle length; long sleeve, ankle length; or the athletic or sleeveless styles.

Of course we make shirts and drawers in all styles, long sleeve, short sleeve or athletic shirts, ankle length or knee length drawers.

"Porosknit" is sold in practically all Men's Furnishing and Dry-goods Stores. It is up to you to try it.

Be sure the Underwear bears the "Porosknit" Label, shown above, otherwise you are not really getting "Porosknit"

For Men, **$1.00** Union Suits All Styles For Boys, **50c**

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Write us for Illustrated Catalogue showing all styles of "Porosknit" in Union and Two-piece Suits for men and boys

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

A CLOSE FINISH

(Continued from Page 7)

hard and direct; and when the committee went into session it was certain the amendment would be adopted. Hitchcock was there again. He had his amendment with him.

After two hours of discussion of that and other amendments the committee adjourned at four o'clock, having placed the amendment in the bill.

The bill was sent to the printers by Senator Penrose and the amendment became public property. It followed an amendment, on page 21, concerning weighing of mails, and read: "That during the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, 1912, the rate of postage on textual and general reading matter contained in periodical publications other than newspapers, as described in the Act of Congress approved March third, 1879, entitled 'An act making appropriations for the service of the Post-Office Department for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, 1880, and for other purposes,' and in the publications described in an Act of Congress approved July sixteenth, 1894, entitled 'An act making appropriations for the service of the Post-Office Department for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, 1895,' shall be one cent per pound, or fraction thereof; and on sheets of any publication of either of said classes containing, in whole or in part, any advertisement, whether display, descriptive or textual, four cents per pound, or fraction thereof: *Provided*, that the increased rate shall not apply to publications mailing less than four thousand pounds of each issue."

The effect of that amendment was apparent instantly to any person with even a superficial knowledge of the publishing business, and doubly apparent to any person with knowledge of political conditions. It was well devised. In the beginning the provision was made operative only through the life of the bill to which it was attached – that is, the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, 1912. This was to prevent a point of order under Rule Sixteen of the Senate, which would hold against the provision if it did not specifically run for the life of the bill only, on the ground of general legislation attached to an appropriation bill. There is where the fine Italian hand of Vice-President Sherman was seen.

Then newspapers were excluded from the operations of the amendment, although newspapers carry more advertising, proportionately, than magazines and periodicals. This was a sop thrown to the newspapers by Hitchcock, and entirely discriminatory and unfair. The provision concerning the act of 1894 would hold the fraternal papers by giving them the right to carry advertising, which they hitherto had not had.

The Ambiguous Sheet Clause

The real nubbin of the amendment, however, came along toward the last. Note the line "on *sheets* of any publication of either of said classes containing, in whole or in part, any advertisement, whether display, descriptive or textual." Ordinarily, the wording by a layman would have been "pages" instead of "sheets." When he put in the word "sheets" he put in a provision that practically taxed every page in magazines and periodicals of a certain form, for "sheets" run from front to back of the books, and make up many pages. Then came the last provision, exempting publications that did not put out four thousand pounds at a mailing. This was put in as a buffer against possible criticism that this increased postage would put out of business the smaller magazines. It was suggested by Senator Taylor.

There had been no chance given the publishers for a hearing, no chance to protest, no chance to show how unjust this amendment was, especially as it was contended that it was premised on incorrect figures and as devised would give the Postmaster-General, and, through him, the Administration, a tremendous discriminatory power over the press of this country.

Some telegrams were sent from Washington by persons interested there to persons interested elsewhere, and that night, Thursday, February ninth, two men connected with large publishing houses came to Washington. The situation was explained to them, and the campaign that resulted in the complete overthrow of Mr. Hitchcock's plans to censor the periodical and magazine press was begun. Much telegraphing was done. Men in the publishing business in all parts of the United States when they received those telegrams got their first information of just what Hitchcock and the Administration were trying to do to them. They had had no notification. They had not been given a chance for a hearing. They had not been asked to put their side of this disputed case before the Senate Committee. They had been shown no consideration at all, except the implied consideration that Hitchcock might give them through the discriminatory power the amendment gave him, a power that allowed him to define what is a newspaper and what is a periodical, to let one in as a newspaper and keep another out as a periodical by forcing it to pay the increased rate.

The Publishers Fight

Meantime Washington, so far as Congress was concerned, was in almost as complete ignorance of what had been done as the rest of the country. There had been but little publicity. The matter had never been before the House of Representatives at this session, nor the House Committee on Post-Offices, and the task at hand was not only to notify the publishing and allied interests and the people of what was in contemplation, but also to notify Congress, which included the entire House of Representatives and all the Senate, except those Senators who were on the Senate Post-Office Committee. Mr. Hitchcock had kept his scheme well under cover. Although he is artistic in gaining publicity for himself, maintaining a press-agent, he did not want publicity for this grand coup.

The newspapers would take news about it, but there was little news beyond the recital of what Mr. Hitchcock had in mind. The arguments of the publishers—which they had not been allowed to make before the committee—must be published, and advertising was resorted to in the newspapers of Washington and throughout the country. Being experts in advertising, the publishers presented their case forcefully and culminatively. Other publishers and representatives of publishers arrived and a headquarters was opened. Every man in the publishing business, every allied interest was asked to protest to Congress against the amendment. It was shown conclusively that the proposed law would be confiscatory in many cases, that it was based on wrong premises, that the figures of the Post-Office Department were incorrect, that the statements of the department as to the profits of the publishing business were absurd.

The activities of the men representing the publishing business did not end here. After the country had been thoroughly aroused and the protests began to come in, a canvass of the Senate was made. It was soon found that there were Senators, and many of them, who would fight to the end. They were eager for information and anxious to make the fight, being in no way beholden either to the President or to Hitchcock, and regarding the whole affair as an attempt at reprisal, with politics back of it and nothing else, notwithstanding the Hitchcock plea that it would increase the revenues of the department and lessen the deficit.

The parliamentary situation was favorable. The Senate calendar was congested. Several important matters, like the Lorimer business, the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people, the tariff board bill and Canadian reciprocity were pending, and numerous appropriation bills were unacted upon. The Senators were furnished with information showing the error of the contentions of the Post-Office Department, and delegations not only of publishers, but also of printers, pressmen, mailers, stereotypers, electrotypers and the other allied trades sure to be affected by any curtailment of the publishing business arrived on every train. The flow of incoming telegrams of protest was unceasing. These telegrams and letters came from all parts of the country, not only from publishers and their allied interests, but from the people who declared they would not stand for this tax on the popular magazines. The Senate was overwhelmed with these protests.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock devoted almost all of his time to pressing the measure.

The Only Razor Adjustable to Every Face

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR
The STANDARD of SAFETY, EASE and COMFORT

The ideal razor should be not only safe to use but *capable of adjustment*. The space between the guard and the edge of the blade should vary to suit varying beards and tough or tender skins.

THE GILLETTE is the only adjustable razor in the world—the only razor that *can* meet every shaving requirement. A simple turn of the screw handle automatically alters the angle of the blade and the distance of its edge from the safety guard. This combined with the angle stroke, given by the natural slant of the hand in using the razor, gives a perfect shave to any face—clean, quick, safe and comfortable—a GILLETTE shave.

GILLETTE BLADES are made from the finest steel by special processes. Flexible, with mirror-like finish, Rust proof and antiseptic. The keenest and hardest edge ever produced. Packet of 6 blades (12 shaving edges) 50c; 12 blades (24 shaving edges) in nickel plated case, $1.00.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
22 West Second Street Boston, Mass.
New York, Times Building; Chicago, Stock Exchange Building; Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal; Gillette Safety Razor Ltd., London; Eastern Office, Shanghai, China.
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris.

Standard Sets, $5.00 *Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line.*
Combination and Travelers' Sets, $6.00 to $50.00

NO STROPPING – NO HONING
KNOWN THE Gillette WORLD OVER
King C. Gillette
"If it's a Gillette—it's the Safety Razor."

Packard

The buying of a piano is one of the most important transactions of a life-time. You'll make the mistake of a life-time if you buy a piano without first considering—thoroughly—thoughtfully—the Packard

Packard pianos—and piano players—are sold by the better dealers everywhere—or direct by The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Send for Catalogue BB—and our liberal payment plan—to-day

Children like Sanitol. They will brush their teeth eagerly if you provide Sanitol Tooth Powder. The flavor delights them—the antiseptic properties clean and preserve their teeth.

SANITOL

Korrect Shape Shoes

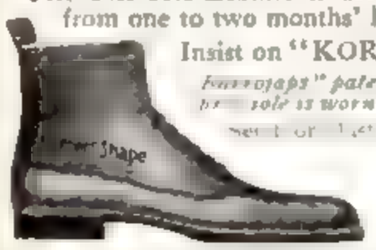
FOR MEN

STYLE 218

If Tite-Oke is Stamped on Shank, You Are Sure of Getting Good Soles on Your Shoes.

Tite-Oke soles are not loaded with glucose, and other cheap weighty stuffing, a practice which is common in the tanning of ordinary sole leather, and which Dr. H. W. Wiley, the resourceful chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, has pronounced as a simple fraud.

Tite-Oke Sole Leather is tanned by our organization in our tannery at Salem, Mass Tite-Oke Sole Leather is used exclusively in "KORRECT SHAPE" shoes and gives from one to two months' longer wear than ordinary sole leather.



Insist on "KORRECT SHAPE" trade mark being stamped on sole.

Patent leather guaranteed. If the upper breaks through before the sole is worn through, we will replace with a new pair FREE

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BURT & PACKARD CO., 103 Field St., Brockton, Mass.

Hy-Rib is a steel sheathing, stiffened by deep ribs— used in concrete and plaster work—a complete unit of lath, studs, reinforcement and centering—makes a better wall at half the cost of brick—a permanent, fire-proof construction that is very inexpensive.

Sidings—Partitions—Roofs—Floors—Ceilings

In walls and partitions, merely set up the Hy-Rib sheets and plaster both sides. In roofs and floors, lay the Hy-Rib over the supports, spread the concrete, and plaster the underside. In any building, large or small, Hy-Rib will save money and give best results.

Free: Hy-Rib Catalogue, 80 pages of details, illustrations and specifications,—a book worth money to you. Write today.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY

601 Trussed Concrete Building, Detroit, Mich.

He had a canvass of the Senate made. It showed that he had the votes for the measure, if it could come to a vote; but back of that was the knowledge on the part of many of those who said they would vote for it that a vote was impossible. However, Hitchcock kept at it. He utilized every bit of power at his command, and the President helped him to the full extent of his enormous power by literally ordering those Senators he could issue orders to to support the amendment.

The Postmaster-General put out two statements in answer to the advertising and arguments of the publishers. One of these statements was based largely on the advertising literature of a publication that was trying to sell stock by mail, and used glittering guesses in its circulars; and the other was a specific attack on a magazine that was instantly shown to be wrong in every essential detail. However, these statements were the least of his activities. He began compromising and conciliating and promising and discriminating before the amendment was off the presses of the public printer. He pointed out how newspapers were not affected. He pointed out how the smaller magazines were safe under the four-thousand-pound proviso. He assured the publishers of agricultural papers, magazines and periodicals that he did not mean them, and that they could continue at the old rate of a cent a pound. He wrote letters to Representatives and Senators, showing how the proposed increase would affect only a few, or none at all, of the publications in their districts or states. He compiled a list showing that less than four hundred publications, all told, would be affected. In fact, he excluded so many publications that the possibility of adding any large sum to the revenues of the Department dwindled ludicrously.

The Gumshoe Brigade

Gumshoe men, who made as much noise as if they wore wooden shoes, were thick as bellboys in the hotel where the publishers had their headquarters, standing about, loafing in the halls, watching the men who were at work fighting the amendment. This part of the proceedings had a comic-opera aspect, for the sleuths were apparently trying to get information that the men who were fighting the amendment were spending money to advertise.

About a week before the fight ended with the withdrawal of the amendment, Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, had a talk with a man conversant with the situation and especially with the publishers' side of it. It was explained to Mr. Nagel that the question of the cost of transportation of second-class matter was one of fact, that the dispute was one of fact, and that the publishers were willing to submit the case to any proper tribunal to decide on the fact and willing to abide by that decision. This seemed a reasonable proposition to Secretary Nagel, and he started out to see if anything could be done along that line. Later he came back and said:

"I can do nothing. It is too ripe. It must go through."

That was Mr. Hitchcock's attitude, but it was not the attitude of the Senate by a long shot. They were not anxious to pass that amendment up in the Senate, and every day's delay in the consideration of the Post-Office Appropriation Bill made the fight so much easier for the magazine and periodical people. The protest became overwhelming. It came not alone from those directly affected—from the publishers, from the allied interests—but from the people, the people who buy and read the magazines and periodicals and who knew that any increase in the cost of publication must inevitably fall on them, as there could, in most cases, be no increase in the revenue from advertising.

For the last three or four days of the fight the Postmaster-General was much on the floor of the Senate, buttonholing Senators and urging his amendment. Then came Friday, March third, and the bill was up for consideration of committee amendments. The fight was over then. The Postmaster-General knew he was whipped. There was no chance for the bill to go through, provided it contained that amendment. There were half a dozen Senators on the floor—more than that—prepared to talk it to death. Senators Bristow, La Follette, Clapp, Owen, Gore, Bourne, Cummins, Beveridge, Borah, Brown and some others were loaded with facts. Congress would adjourn at noon the next day. The Senate did not want to let any of the appropriation bills go unacted upon and the Senate decided to throw out Mr. Hitchcock's amendment.

The Text of the Rider

Senator Carter, for the committee, made a half-hearted speech advocating increased postage. Senator Jones fulminated some. Senator Owen made four points of order, three of which were overruled by the Vice-President and one by a vote of the Senate. Senators Bristow and Cummins made brief statements, giving the real facts about this movement on the part of Hitchcock, briefer than they would have been had not Senator Penrose announced before they began that the amendment was dead; and then Senator Penrose withdrew the amendment—while Hitchcock, just behind him, saw his cherished plan for gaining power go for naught—and submitted the following amendment for a commission, which the Senate adopted:

> *Resolved, etc.*, That the President shall appoint three competent and impartial persons, one of whom shall be a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the other two of whom shall hold no office, and none of whom shall be connected with the Post-Office Department or have any interest in any business, directly or indirectly, affected by the publishing of magazines or newspapers using the mails of the United States, to examine the reports of the Post-Office Department and any of its officers, agents or employees, and the existing evidence taken in respect to the cost to the Government of the transportation and handling of all classes of second-class mail matter which may be submitted to them; such evidence as may be presented to them by persons having an interest in the rate to be fixed for second-class mail matter; to make a finding of what the cost of transporting and handling different classes of such second-class mail matter is to the Government; and what, in their judgment, should be the rate for the different classes of second-class postal matter, in order to meet and reimburse the Government for the expenses to which it is put in the transportation and handling of such matter, and on or before December 1 to make a report of their proceedings and findings to the President, for transmission to Congress: *Provided*, That the sum of $25,000 is hereby appropriated to pay the expenses of such commission, including compensation to the members thereof, for the necessary secretaries, stenographers, and other incidental expenses. Such compensation may be awarded to the Federal official member of the commission, anything in the existing law to the contrary notwithstanding.

When the bill, having passed the Senate, reached the House, Representative Moon, of the House Post-Office Committee, a Democrat, objected to the substitute amendment and it went out. Later, a joint resolution was passed providing for the commission and that resolution was signed by the President and became a law.

Next day Mr. Hitchcock's press-agent, in reviewing the situation for his chief, said Mr. Hitchcock took great pleasure in the passage of the postal commission resolution.

The publishers expect a full and fair hearing before the new Commission and a thorough investigation of the Post-Office Department. They are confident that such an investigation will show that the true causes of the deficit are politics and inefficient and wasteful methods.

"What Splendid Clothes He Wears!"

You may not consider it important to pass high muster in feminine eyes. You may, in fact, force an unconcern *even for good clothes* into your mind. But you cannot take the respect for them out of your taste.

A well-groomed "personal appearance" has an appeal that is almost universal. And no man can blot out his *natural* appreciation for harmonious dress.

Morganfeller may boast of his bagged trousers. He can *afford* to indulge in many extravagances. But when he picks a new employee to carry the message to Garcia and bring home the business bacon—he gives preference to the tailor-dressed man—other things being equal.

Perhaps you CAN ram your way to success in overalls or jumpers. But any man to-day is foolhardy to penalize himself, in the opinion of business or society, the fair sex or stern, with handicaps that are unnecessary—and not even heroic!

"Splendid clothes" are usually tailored-to-order clothes. And Royal Tailoring brings the best in tailored-to-order clothes to good dressers everywhere at a price that is universally economical.

The college man at almost any American university can locate a Royal dealer within a few blocks of the campus. The ranchman in Texas can walk into a nearby store and find Royal Tailoring. The lumber dealer in North Dakota can drive to a neighboring haberdashery and select a Royal fabric.

And each can order, at his own dealer's, the best in metropolitan tailored clothes, as easily as can the clubman on Broadway.

$20, $25, $30 or $35 brings you the utmost in a Royal Tailored to your order suit or overcoat; absolutely ALL PURE WOOL; legally guaranteed to fit and please you in every respect or you need not accept it. If you do not know the local Royal dealer, write to us for his name. Insist on seeing the Royal tiger head on all woolens shown. Look for the Royal silk label, with the tiger head woven in, in the finished garment

SIX BIG FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
1 Made To Your Measure
2— All Pure Wool —
3 A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
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5 Cost No More Than Ready Mades
6 Six Day Schedule Deliveries

This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit Soutsly and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it — Not to Pay One Penny

Even the very day for delivery is guaranteed in Royal Tailoring. If your garment is not completed on schedule time, we forfeit $1 a day in cash for each and every day's delay. This service is a Service of Certainties

The Royal Tailors

Chicago — New York

Joseph Nelson
President

Royal Tailored-To-Your-Order Clothes

"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"

A Salesmen's Dialogue that holds two strong hints for every well dressed man.

"I tell you, Tom, it's easier selling these Hallmarks than other shirts. No temptation to exaggerate—the truth about them can't be beat for selling talk."

"Well, I've had to put through an extra order for more SLIDEWELLS—they're going faster every day It's the real things that get there, every time."

WE ascribe their steady and phenomenal growth in sales to the fact that men who once buy and try them invariably come back for more

SLIDEWELL COLLARS

the collars with the little back button shield that lets the tie slide freely, saving time and tie and temper.

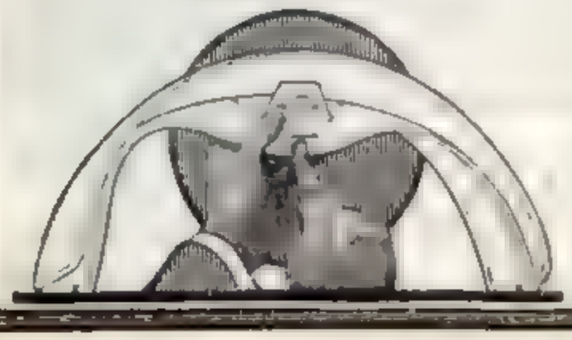
Men have gone through the daily tussle with their collars so many years that they fully appreciate the difference only when they once actually try the SLIDEWELL. Then they wouldn't go back to the old kind tie-tight collars for the world.

Another thing that has operated to make SLIDEWELLS such a success is style and refined appearance—and wear and laundry resisting quality.

15c; 2 for 25c

You ought to find SLIDEWELL collars on sale everywhere. They're the livest feature in the trade—ask for them. But if you don't find them on sale at once, order direct, stating what collar you now wear, enclosing 75c for 6.

Complete Slidewell Style Book mailed on request.



WHEN the salesman shows you this line of shirts his satisfaction will be equalled only by your own at seeing them.

HALLMARK SHIRTS

A new and higher standard of shirt style and quality at the prices.

$1.00 and more

The most extensive and attractive line of Spring and Summer fabrics; colors absolutely fast; more attention to details than given even custom-made shirts; every model for well dressed outing, business and formal wear.

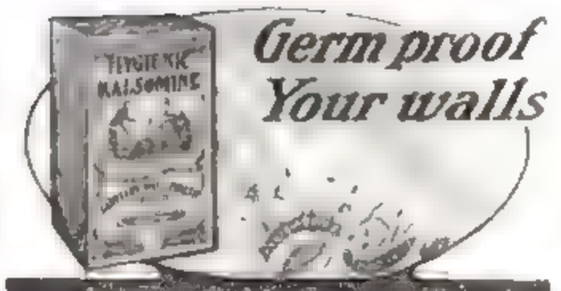
"Please show me HALLMARK Shirts!"

Address this request to the man behind the goods. Even if he hasn't them in stock, he will appreciate what you want and show you the very best he's got.

And if he has them (which is most probable, as we have distributed them by tens of thousands of dozens everywhere), you will have put before you a selection that, for the first time in your shirt-buying experience perhaps, will give you the quality and style you want to *wear*, at the price you want to *pay*.

You get a lot for the mere asking when you ask for HALLMARK shirts.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, New York



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Oldest and best flower magazine in the world Illustrated 40th year Will delight you.

SEND 25c TODAY for the Magazine 5 yrs., add 5 cts. (30 cts in all and I'll mail you 3 dozen splendid Gladiolus fine blooming bulbs (not dozens of an ordinary kind but a mixture of all colors, many exquisitely ruffled and striped) These bulbs make a grand display the first year and are — something different — an assortment of gorgeous colors. 6 lots $1.50. Club agents wanted. I import direct from a European specialist a car load of these high-class bulbs It was a great bargain and I share it with you but may not be able to make another such offer Send 30 cts. for Magazine 5 yrs. and 3 dozen fine Gladiolus Money back if not pleased.

3 Doz. Gladiolus 5 cts
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Park's Floral Guide all about flowers Many illustrations printed in the proper colors Free if you write for it at once

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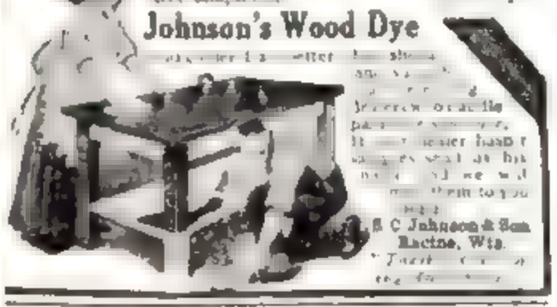

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With fittings, including propeller and shafting stuffing box wiring, etc

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3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00

Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog.

Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

HIS SUCCULENCY—THE OYSTER

(Continued from Page 19)

the difference. But it is easier to tell the genuine Blue Point than any of them. The water he grows in is on the ocean side of Long Island and contains a much smaller percentage of lime, of which the shell is composed, since there are no rivers to bring down quantities of it in solution. Therefore its shell is very small, thin and rounded, when compared with other baby salt-water oysters.

All of these well-known brands of oysters are cultivated. They differ naturally in color, size and flavor much less than they are supposed to differ. But the difference brought about by artificial means is very great; as, for instance, in the oyster that has been "floated" or "plumped"—the process goes under half a dozen different names. The proper word for it, however, is bloated.

This so-called fattening is nothing but one of the tricks of the trade. The custom has never been defensible from any standpoint and the only excuse for it now is the poor one of "long usage." Begun years ago, its original purpose was fraudulent, being almost exactly parallel to the trick of the drover who keeps water from his cattle for a long period and then allows them to drink abnormal quantities of it just before being sold on the hoof.

There is this difference, however: the cattle are not permanently injured; they are merely increased in weight for the time by so much water. But the oyster sustains serious damage. And right here should be quoted the exact words of Dr. H. F. Moore, the biologist of the United States Bureau of Fisheries:

"The process of plumping consists in changing oysters from denser to less dense water, causing an interchange of fluids through the walls of the animal; the denser fluids in the tissues passing slowly outward, the less saline water in which the animal is immersed passing more rapidly inward. The net result is to cause a swelling of the tissues by an increase in the fluid contents, in much the same manner as a dry sponge swells when moistened. The oysters are not usually placed in absolutely fresh water, which would kill them if exposed too long, but in fresher water than that in which they have been living. The fluids which have passed out from the tissues carry with them salts and some fats, chemical experiment showing that the oyster, though larger after plumping, has lost thirteen per cent of its original nutritious substances—protein, fats, carbohydrates and mineral salts.

"Sufficient water will have been taken up, however, to increase the total weight of the oyster from twelve to twenty per cent. The same result is produced by placing the oysters in fresh water after they have been removed from the shell. It will be seen that what the oysters have gained is simply water, of no value as food."

Dr. Wiley on the Trail

"If the living oysters are left too long on the floats they will again become 'lean'—leaner than before, in fact—owing to the state of equilibrium which is finally established between the density of the juices within the tissues and without. If oysters are taken from brackish water to that which is considerably more saline they become shrunken, tough and leathery, owing to a process converse to that of plumping."

Not long ago a Baltimore packer voluntarily showed the writer a lot of floated oysters in the shell from another state, though the custom is more or less common everywhere. They had been floated three, perhaps four, tides and were apparently in splendid condition, even firmer to the touch than any others. But their color was a livid, pasty white, like putty, and there was comparatively no natural liquor in the shell. Their stale, sweetish taste, if such could be called a flavor, was even more unpalatable than their appearance. If you were to hold one of these oysters, two or three days out of the shell, as high as your shoulder and let it drop, it would squash against the floor as though its tissues were already broken to pieces or worn out, so drained of its natural strengthening juices it will be.

The estimates in Doctor Moore's report of the amount of water taken up by the floated oyster are those of Doctor Wiley, and they are considered by some other scientists much too small. The amount, however, would seem to be dependent upon the length of time the bivalve remains subject to the process.

It is only fair to the oyster to say that he would not thus debilitate himself if he could help it. The process of swapping his natural juices for so much water is quite involuntary, being due to what is called osmosis.

Now it needed no demonstration by a "poison squad" for Doctor Wiley, of the Pure Food Commission, to put a ban on these floated oysters under the interstate commerce law. This action has roused a great outcry, for the custom has prevailed so long that in certain sections of the country the people have for many years eaten nothing but floated oysters when they have eaten them at all.

They know nothing else and, in consequence, want nothing else. In the West, for instance, and, strange to say, in Philadelphia, there are very few naturally fat oysters eaten.

Doctor Wiley started the rumpus when he decided that it was a violation of the pure food law to ship the oyster that had been floated, because "a substance has been mixed and packed with it so as to reduce or lower or injuriously affect its quality or strength," and also because "a substance had been substituted wholly or in part for the article." Whereat the shippers of "natural fat" oysters danced in glee.

The Plight of the Oyster Floaters

Then Secretary Wilson came along with the decision that it was not unlawful to ship floated oysters, provided they carried a label plainly stating that they had been floated. And now the natural fat shippers are up against it, for they fear that the words "floated oysters," followed by the legend "guaranteed under the pure food laws," will start an increased demand for them. Therefore Congress is to be petitioned to suspend the ruling while a law is passed that will be fair to the oysters of all sections; as, the shippers now say, the bivalves in different parts of the country need different treatment. All of which is merely begging the question.

The situation is laughable, for the petition says: "There are oysters, the spat and spawn of which thrive in their native beds in the cold waters of the north; others equally thrifty and healthy in the less salt and brackish waters of the bays and rivers of the south; while others, known to be of the same oyster family, but of a dark color and flavor characteristic of their own, thrive most luxuriantly in their native mud beds of the salt-water coves of the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

"*These oysters all require different treatment and that which alone is best known to the producers thereof;* and, therefore, the harsh treatment exacted in the said decisions, especially that of compelling them to brand their product as 'floated oysters,' is regarded as most dangerous to the best interests of the planters, shippers and dealers, as well as obnoxious to the consumers."

This is nothing but the ancient cry of the oysterman, begging to be let alone. But as the statement of the biologist concerning the injury done by floating is capable of exact demonstration, it is doubtful if the ruling will be changed.

It is strange, too, under the circumstances, for any reputable dealer will tell you that the pure food laws have put the industry on a firmer, cleaner, more wholesome basis all around. This is by no means saying that every shipper of floated oysters is disreputable.

The retailer, no matter where he is located, may now get his oysters from any packer in a perfectly air-tight sanitary tin can containing a full, solid measure. The cans now generally used are the ordinary friction cans, which serve the purpose admirably. The top is pressed in, and once opened they are never as completely air-tight as at first. When full of oysters these cans are now packed with ice on the outside, and are thrown away after being emptied.

There are also excellent patented devices by which oysters are shipped without any ice at all.

The packer of natural fat oysters may now have "guaranteed under the pure food law" stamped on the friction can under the firm name. Therefore the consumer may

An Old Joke with A New Moral

(NOTE: This joke in various forms has been sent to the makers of Pompeian Massage Cream by several hundred people. Hence the following must be pretty true to life):

He: Please hand me my Pompeian, dearest.

She: *Your* Pompeian! Why this is a *family jar.*

He: If you don't buy your own Pompeian pretty quickly there *WILL* be a *FAMILY JAR* in this house!

Moral. It is a wise family where both husband and wife not only appreciate the merits and benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream, but also realize that Pompeian Massage Cream differs entirely from "cold" or "disappearing creams" in purpose, use and results. Since nearly every family uses some face cream, you should know the difference between Pompeian and "cold" creams to get the best results.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

Will Your Face Cream Bring These Results?

1. Will your face cream get into the pores and, after a few moments of massaging, roll out, laden with dust and other infecting matter, which cause so many complexion ills? *Pompeian will.*

2. Will your face cream bring a natural, healthy glow to the face? *Pompeian will*—it is so scientifically made that a slight invigorating friction induces the rosy circulation through your cheeks.

3. Will your face cream remove the dry skin tissues, which cause so many of the dull, sallow, lifeless complexions? *Pompeian will.*

4. Will your face cream work without clogging the pores or leaving any greasy, sticky or shiny after-effect? *Pompeian will.*

5. Briefly, will your face cream transform an unattractive skin into one that indicates the "clean-cut" man or the "deliciously clean" woman? *Pompeian surely will.*

Use "cold," "grease," or "disappearing creams" for cold cream uses. But when you want an invigorating, completely cleansing massage cream—get Pompeian. It has no substitutes "just as good." "Don't envy a good complexion—use Pompeian and have one."

$100.00 PRIZE CONTEST

Below are the winners of the Valentine Contest. Read the prize sentences which the judges (not the Pompeian Mfg. Co.) selected. We thank the several thousand unsuccessful contestants, and though we regret that all could not win, still we know that all "good Americans" are "good losers" in a fair contest.

$50 Prize: Miss H. Gaylord, 204 West 94th St., New York, N. Y. "Use Pompeian and go through life undated."

Note.—Haven't you often heard this? "She says she is 30, but she is 40 if she's a day!" Thus are women dated—unless they keep young-looking. Moral! Use Pompeian.

$25 Prize: G. F. Stahl, Hotel Lenox, Boston, Mass. "Women using Pompeian never worry how they look. They know."

$15 Prize: E. C. Gibson, 2624 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill. "Do I? Thanks. I used Pompeian after shaving this morning."

$10 Prize: C. E. Martin, Post-office Box 75, Vallejo, California. "Clear skin and youthful glow; use Pompeian, both you'll know."

LIBRARY SLIPS

Trial Jar and Art Picture both sent for 10c. (stamps or coin), for postage and packing

All dealers 50c, 75c and $1

For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now, we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. This "Pompeian Beauty" is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 40 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin, for postage and packing), for which please send me a trial jar of [illegible] Pompeian Beauty Art Picture.

Name

Address

City State

Imperial $3 Hats

NO matter how well you are dressed, the IMPERIAL HAT will add that finishing touch of individuality. Let the IMPERIAL agent in your city prove it. 50 styles to choose from, and every one guaranteed.

Send for our style portfolio; 'twill interest you.

SAMUEL MUNDHEIM COMPANY

15 Astor Place MAKERS New York City

We have a very interesting proposition for the live hatter in towns where Imperial Hats are not for sale.

American Gentleman Shoes

You may look for a shoe that is comfortable—or that is stylish—or that will wear well.

Any one of these three qualities may be your first consideration, but you will find all three of them in the American Gentleman Shoe.

The comfort comes from your ability to get a perfect fit—style from the maker's ability to adapt the best conceptions to his idea of a comfortable shoe. Wearing qualities come from a combination of the best leather and workmanship.

The shoe illustrated is the very latest in footwear fashions. It is a gun metal Calf Blucher Oxford made on the Fenny last. The extreme high toe has a swing that is [illegible] style is also made in tan and patent leather.

You are not limited in the selection of an American Gentleman Shoe—there are all styles, shapes and leathers. Go to the dealer in your locality who sells the American Gentleman Shoe. Select the style you prefer, then ask to be fitted in that style. You will get the utmost in shoe satisfaction.

Send today for a free copy of our new Souvenir of Footwear Fashions

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.—St. Louis—Boston

now get his oysters in the original package, just as he gets many of his other supplies.

The old way was to ship them in buckets, tubs or half barrels. In the case of the barrels, for example, which held eighteen gallons, the proportion was twelve gallons of solid oyster meat, the remaining six-gallon space being occupied by a block of ice. This method not only bruised and crushed the oysters during transportation but allowed them to soak up the melted ice.

Now, as a matter of fact, a five-gallon can full to the brim of solid oyster meat may be sent on its journey of five hundred or a thousand miles. By the time it has reached its destination the constant jolting will have packed the oysters down an inch or two only from the top; and in the process a corresponding amount of the oysters' natural liquor will have been squeezed from them and be found on top. This is a perfectly natural consequence, which should easily be recognized by the food inspectors of the distant inland states.

The interstate commerce law, of course, applies only to oysters shipped from one state to another. Therefore it is up to the separate state governments to regulate the treatment oysters receive at the hands of the average retailer, even though he shucks his own oysters or buys them from the packer at the wharf. He generally gets them in the afternoon and allows them to soak overnight or longer.

The process of absorption being automatic, the shucked oyster in the tub has the power to take up more water than the live one in the shell. According to one of the foremost biologists in America, the shucked oyster can absorb anywhere from twenty-three to eighty-five per cent of water.

If you still buy them in the old way, the next time you go to your dealer watch him closely as he dips out of his tub a quart or a gallon of oysters. He probably uses an ordinary tin dipper with no holes in it, or so few of them that they make no difference. With a casual flourish he will stir the oysters in his tub—"loosen 'em up"—whirling them to the surface, and then calmly ladle you, say, three quarts or a little more of solid meat to the gallon. It is done so easily, so naturally, that you just don't notice it. He should use a dipper made of wire, or one with enough holes in it to enable the oysters to drain quickly, and so give you a full "dry measure." But even at that it would be interesting to figure how much solid oyster meat you get.

It has been said that this practice of floating began with the scallop fishermen. The dry scallop is firm, with a delicate pink flush most attractive in appearance and savory of odor; many people prefer it to the oyster. When soaked it looks as if it had been bleached to a ghastly white, like tallow; moreover, it smells like stale fish and shrinks one half in the cooking. But when it was discovered that, by floating them in "soaking tubs" two or three days, thirty-two gallons could be taken out for every twenty-four put in, the fate of the small scallop was sealed. Enormous beds of this peculiar and valuable mollusk in and around Long Island Sound have been destroyed, and this seems to be the ultimate fate of the industry as a whole. The contention that the supply seems always to equal the demand is no argument in a discussion as to why the industry is dwindling. It ought to be plain that if the quality of a product is habitually lessened the demand for it will inevitably be lessened also. And the oysterman who depends upon the natural bed for his supply may well take the lesson of the scallop to heart.

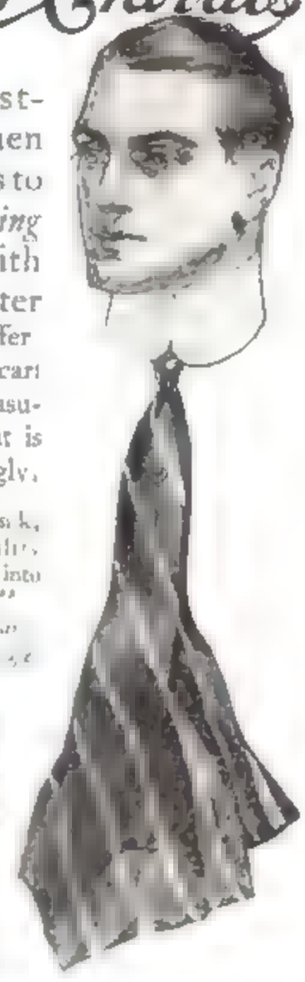
Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles on the oyster by Harry Snowden Stabler. The third will appear in an early issue.

A Double Precaution

THE Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, chaplain of the United States Senate and President Taft's pastor at a Washington Unitarian church, told a group of senators a few days ago of a letter he had received the previous morning from a strong Methodist friend of his. The letter read:

"*Dear Doctor:* Yesterday morning, while on the way to services in my own church, I was overtaken by the heavy rain we had. As I did not have an umbrella with me and was near your church, I went in and for the first time listened to one of your sermons on the tenets of the Unitarian faith. Next Sunday I am going to carry an umbrella."

LeMar Cravats



THE best-dressed men want their scarfs to be *full* and *flowing*—lots of silk with a lot of character in it. That's the difference between a scarf that is *glanced* at casually and a scarf that is *gazed* at admiringly.

WE put the *most* silk, the *utmost* quality, and the *uppermost* style into "*LeMar Cravats.*"

Then,—we put a *Guard* on the neckband that *guards* your purchase.

When you buy your [illegible] specify "*LeMar Cravats*" by name and [illegible] them at your haberdasher's *to-day*. Our Booklet B—"A Trip to Scarfdom"—takes you to and through the fashion centres of the world. Sent *free* to you for a postcard. Simply address today

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PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Look for Name PARIS on every garter

25¢-50¢

A. STEIN & Co. Makers

506 Center Ave

CHICAGO U.S.A.

$6 $15.00 Value

Genuine Panama $6

[illegible] genuine Panama straw, [illegible] a genuine $15.00 value South American Panama, sent express prepaid for $6.00. [illegible] This saves you two profits. [illegible] Peak [illegible] Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Address

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A

"Panama Hat Kings" Houston, Texas

You see my "Fresh-from-the-pen" copies. Good penmanship counts when [illegible] position for a position. [illegible] Prof. L. H. Hausam, [illegible] penmanship by mail. [illegible] Book Free. The Hausam School, Box 3035, Hutchinson, Kans.

You can be the Typewriter King in YOUR Community!

What would you give to hold an Exclusive Agency Contract, direct from The Oliver Typewriter Company—*a document giving you absolute control of all sales of The New Oliver Typewriter, the latest model, the great No. 5, in your community during the entire life of the arrangement?*

—The same scepter of power that has enabled Wm. A. Parker to dominate the typewriter situation in Mexico—A Contract that carries with it attractive possibilities of Profit and the personal Prestige that comes from being actively associated with one of the foremost industries of modern times. These Contracts are *not for sale at any price. We present them* to men who qualify, who will give, in fair return, *loyal, efficient service.* We offer to *one man* in every city, town and village—THE MAN OF MASTERFUL PURPOSE—this remarkable business opportunity.

The Typewriter King of Mexico

Some fifteen years ago, a long, lank Kentucky youth, fresh from college, struck out for Texas to seek his fortune.

The bicycle fever was at its height and William A. Parker—for that's the name of the "hero" of this little business story—secured a position as agent for one of the large bicycle manufacturers.

They are talking yet, down in Texas, about the Kentucky Whirlwind on Wheels who popularized bicycles to such an extent that it was considered "bad form" to walk. A year or two later his firm sent Parker to the City of Mexico to take charge of their branch, and he was soon selling bicycles in Spanish at a rate that astonished the natives.

One day an official of the Wells-Fargo Express Company came down to the City of Mexico with an Oliver Typewriter. Parker saw the machine. It was a case of love at first sight. He gave up the bicycle business and secured the Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter.

With The Oliver Typewriter strapped in one hand and a bunch of Order Blanks in the other, Parker started out to *convert a nation* to a machine that up to that time had scarcely been *heard of* in Mexico.

It was a stupendous job and meant years of striving against overwhelming odds. But to this man of iron will, *obstacles* were merely *stepping-stones to success.*

To make a long story short, William A. Parker is today the Typewriter King of Mexico. He controls the sale of The Oliver Typewriter in the entire republic.

He has branch offices in all the leading cities of Mexico, heads an army of agents, and the Mexican Government reports are authority for the statement that more Oliver Typewriters are imported into Mexico every year than all other makes of typewriters combined.

Mr. Parker is an important figure in Mexican commercial affairs, stands high with the Government, and is rapidly accumulating the fortune he started out to seek.

Millions Spent Annually for Typewriters

Consider for a moment the vast, rich field which the Agency System of The Oliver Typewriter Company has opened to the Young Men of America.

Many millions of dollars *a year* are being expended for typewriters.

The Typewriter Industry, great as it is, is just entering upon a cycle of expansion whose limitless possibilities almost stagger the imagination.

A nation of a hundred millions of people is just awakening to the full realization of the value and convenience of typewriting as the *universal method of written communication.* The time has come when *all who write* are possible purchasers of typewriters.

The typewriter has come into its own.

A Public-Utility Franchise

The typewriter is today a recognized Public Utility, ranking in commercial importance with those twin agencies of civilization, the *Telegraph* and the *Telephone.*

Think of being able to secure for yourself a Franchise giving you the Exclusive Control in your locality of one of the greatest Public Utilities, *so that every new Oliver Typewriter sold therein pays profit-tribute to you!*

World-Wide Sales Organization

The Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter admits you to an International Sales Organization that is widely famed for the wonderful sales records it has made. The training in Practical Salesmanship which Local Agents receive develops to the utmost each man's inherent abilities. No matter how high you aspire, there are places in this Organization which you can fill if found worthy.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

No Limits Set to Earnings

The Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter gives abundant scope for the exercise of that splendid quality—*initiative.* It brings latent powers into free play and full development. It puts men on their *mettle*—brings out the best there is in them. Every *success* arms them with *new weapons.* We ask for *loyal service,* yet demand no more of your time than you choose to give to the work. Whether you work one hour or ten hours a day, is left to your own discretion. The rewards are in direct proportion to the time and effort expended. We set no limit on your earnings.

We not only give you the *opportunity* but assist you in every practical way to *cash in* on it

Our field men—a "flying squadron of sales experts"—are especially trained to help close local sales. *You get all the profit on every sale in your territory regardless of help thus rendered.*

You touch elbows with the mighty army of Local Agents, scattered from coast to coast, who are setting the world aflame with Oliver enthusiasm

The Famous "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan

This plan sweeps aside the objection—"I can't afford The Oliver Typewriter."

The Local Agent is authorized to sell The Oliver Typewriter for 17 Cents a Day! He collects and sends in the small cash payment, then we attend to the details. He makes the *regular profit* on all machines sold for *pennies*

The effect is to vastly *widen the market* and make each Local Agent's territory yield the *maximum of sales.* The liberality and convenience of the Penny Purchase Plan is adding thousands to the list of Oliver Typewriter owners.

Promptness Wins! Write at Once

Wherever you live and whatever your present work, this proposition should command your *immediate* attention. The delay of *one day* may mean that your territory goes to *another.* Prompt, decisive action wins the prize. The mail is none too fast to speed your application for the Agency. *We do not pay telegraph tolls on messages of inquiry,* but if you are intensely interested in securing the agency for your locality, you will not hesitate to use the wires for a *prepaid telegram.*

On receipt of the Coupon or letter we will immediately mail the *"Opportunity Book"* and full information regarding the Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter.

MAIL TODAY!

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
276 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send *"Opportunity Book"* and details of your *Agency Plan.*

Name _____

Address _____

Address Agency Department (92)

The Oliver Typewriter Co. 276 Oliver Typewriter Building, CHICAGO

Make sure that your beautiful new pedestal dining table is equipped with the

TYDEN LOCK

a simple one lever mechanism that eliminates the disfiguring gap in the base that has ruined so many expensive tables. The Tyden Lock clinches the leaves of your dining pedestal tightly together, while the lever moves the base to take two or three extra leaves without dividing the pillar, always centering leaves firmly over the base. By raising the one lever, you can move the pillar to any part of the table with the assurance that the resulting top will be as safe and rigid as new. The Tyden Lock comes without extra cost on your next dining table. Tyden Lock tables are sold by leading dealers. Look for the lever with the trade-mark on the lever handle at the side of the base.

Tables fitted with a book letter describing Tyden Lock in detail sent upon request.

TYDEN LOCK ADVERTISING BUREAU,
861 C Monadnock Bldg., Chicago

TYDEN LOCK

Collar News

If such a collar trouble exists, we'd like to show you what we have had 35 years experience and more to offer in the way of collar service. Send for booklet showing these and other styles.

A COLLAR can't be better than the material in it. Any collar can have all the style a linen one has—but it won't launder as well, last as long or hold its shape.

BARKER BRAND LINEN COLLARS

are Warranted Linen (note that), the best collar material. They have the style, too. Look for the trade mark and get the best. Linen collars are so stamped. ¼, ½ and ¾ sizes. 2 for 25c. If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.00 for 8 postpaid.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

What Would it be Worth to You

If, by a series of swift key strokes, you could verify your postings in a few minutes each day;

And by the same means extend and check all incoming and outgoing bills in a small part of the time it takes to do it mentally;

Figure inventories with fractions, single and chain discounts, two or three times as fast; extend piece-work payrolls, prorate costs—all accurately with one machine!

YOU CAN DO ALL THIS AND MORE WITH THE

Easy to Learn — **Comptometer** — Rapid Durable Accurate

SOLVES MULTIPLIES DIVIDES & EXTRACTS

Invaluable as an assistant in every department of accounting.

One firm alone uses 181 Comptometers. Try one in your office at our expense.

Write for booklet "Rapid Mechanical Calculation"

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
1709 N. Paulina Street CHICAGO, ILL.

Typewriters Cost Too Much

You can save $50 by selling to yourself. No money down.

Part of the $100-price on standard visible typewriters is due to the cost of selling through agents against fierce competition. It is folly to pay it.

This Syndicate sells a standard visible typewriter fresh from the factory, at $50—just half the standard price.

We are the largest buyers of these machines in America. The price we pay is close to making cost.

We sell without agents or salesmen. Each machine is sent on five days' approval, without any deposit, and left to sell itself. The saving goes to our customers.

We sell on credit. If you keep the machine, after five days' trial, send us $5. Then $5 monthly for nine months. Or deduct 5% for cash.

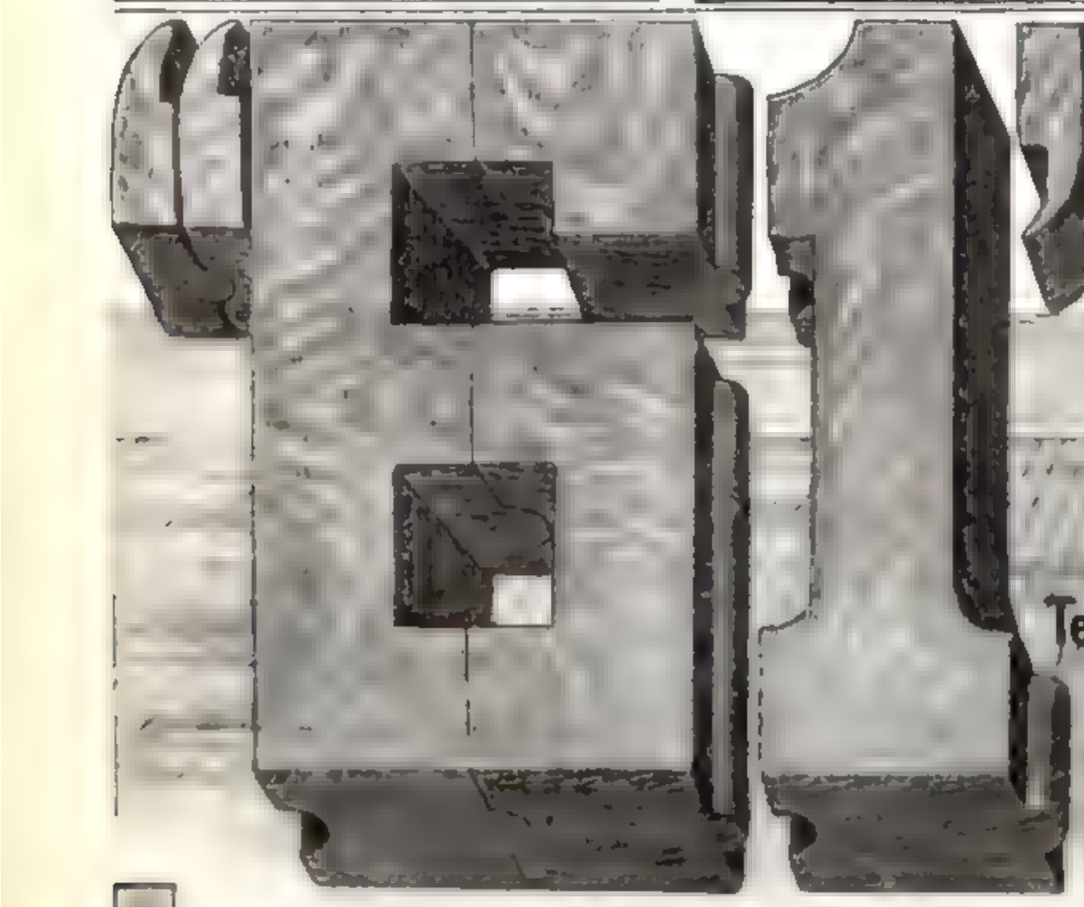
These machines come fresh from the factory. Each is as perfect, each as complete, as the same model at any price. It is sold under standard warrant.

Write for our book—a postal will do. Then judge if you want to pay double price just to be sold in person. Write us now.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
718 Masonic Temple, Chicago (19)

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

"Shows Only the Reflection"



Test It With a Hammer

Heel-proof Mar-proof Water-proof

THIS is the famous floor finish which withstands the hard usage of hammer or heel test. Gives a tough, elastic coating that doesn't mar white, crack nor blister, but wears well where the wear is heaviest. Water doesn't hurt the "61" Floor Varnish nor turn it white. Unlike cheap varnishes and cheap floor finishing preparations, "61" does not need constant care and touching up. Unexcelled for linoleum. Easily applied by anyone.

Send for Free Sample Panel

finished with "61." Test it with a hammer. Stamp on it with your heel. It will prove to you that *you may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish.* Send for free booklet, "The Finished Floor"—tells how to finish a floor right and care for it.

Remember, there are 300 Pratt & Lambert Varnishes. Varnishes for houses, factories, public buildings, boats, railroad cars, paper, metal-work and for every conceivable use. Each is as good for its purpose as "61" is for floors. Every kind of work has its own peculiar requirements—each needs a varnish made especially for them.

Pratt & Lambert Varnishes are made from the costliest varnish gums and oils. They always look well and wear well—they are made to last. If you are building, ask your painter or architect about them. If you are a manufacturer, write us about your finishing problems. Our 62 years' experience is yours for the asking.

Send for Free Booklet, "Decorative Interior Finishing"

It tells what varnishes to use in all parts of your home. Use "38" Preservative Varnish for interior trim; P & L Spar Finishing Varnish for all exterior work and marine use; Vitralite for superior white enamel work.

Dealers everywhere sell Pratt & Lambert Varnishes. If yours doesn't, address: Pratt & Lambert, Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada: 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

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NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO
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ESTABLISHED 62 YEARS

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A Responsible Agent Wanted

To the right man—a protected territory with aggressive backing.

VACUNA
Turbine Vacuum Cleaner
the best made

is mechanically perfect, weighs 45 pounds and does work usually requiring an installed plant. For Particulars Write

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Hudson Terminal Bldg
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YALE 1911

The quality feature that is the keynote to service predominates in every YALE motorcycle 1911 YALES are the highest type of QUALITY PRODUCTION known to present day mechanical engineering

1911 4 H. P. YALE $200
With Bosch Magneto $235
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Long stroke motor, specially heat treated cylinder, ground to thousandth part of an inch, valves drop hammer forged from highest quality nickel steel, perfectly seated and of generous size. New positive grip control (patented) and offset cylinder

YALE for 1911 is worth while ready [illegible]

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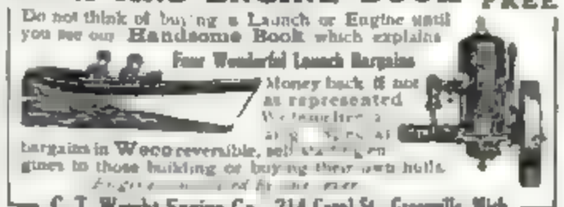
BOAT AND ENGINE BOOK Mailed FREE

Do not think of buying a Launch or Engine until you see our Handsome Book which explains



Four Wonderful Launch Bargains

Money back if not as represented

bargains in Waco reversible, self-starting engines to those building or buying their own hulls.

C. T. Wright Engine Co., 214 Canal St., Greenville, Mich.

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That's all we want to know

Now we will not give you any grand prize or a horse [illegible] free stuff. If you answer this ad. we'll tell you how to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, who can make money [illegible] portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning,
813 Hagmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Chairs & Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples
Worthington Co.
408 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

Weather Bureau

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT has *proved* the durability of

NEPONSET

Paroid Roofing

For Different Types of Buildings

and each year the Government orders over half a million square feet of these roofings. What better evidence could you ask of NEPONSET service than the continued use by the Government during the past twenty years?

NEPONSET roofings are used by all the leading Railway systems and by thousands of manufacturers and farmers in all parts of the world.

Write for Book of Plans for Farm and Poultry Buildings

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Established 1795

Originators of Complete Ready Roofing and Waterproof Building Paper

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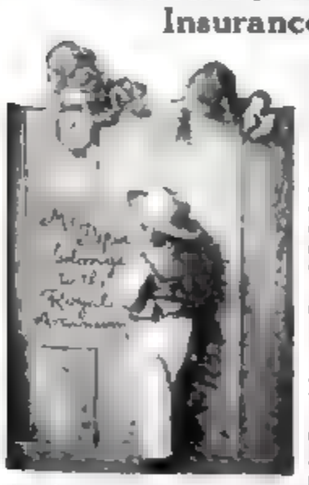

Membership in this Fraternal Beneficiary Society is effected through some one of its nearly 2000 Councils in this country and Canada.

Certificates are issued in amounts of $1000, $2000 or $3000 payable to legally designated beneficiaries at a member's decease.

Over $139,000,000 has already been paid to 52,000 such beneficiaries. Assessments moderate and in easy monthly payments.

Any man (between 21 and 55 years of age) desiring to be a partner in this great secret Fraternal Beneficiary Society of 246,000 members, brotherly assistance in accident or sickness through its local Councils and Hospital Bed Fund Associations, and protection of his loved ones at his death, can learn full particulars by applying to any local Council, or by addressing

ALFRED T. TURNER, Supreme Secretary
Box E, Station A, Boston, Mass.

Its constitution prohibits membership to residents of Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, South Carolina and certain specified districts in Alabama, Arkansas and Texas

$10.00 120-Egg Incubator 120-Chick Brooder

Biggest Value Ever Offered

Safest, surest hatcher made. Metal covered all around. Self regulating. Big Free Book tells about the famous **IDEALS**. Freight prepaid east of the Missouri River and North of Texas. Send for free Catalogue and bargain offer.

Freight Paid

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THE GRAIN OF DUST

(Continued from Page 35)

Fred nor Dorothy had any special reason on any given day to try to alter their relations; so the law of inertia asserted itself and matters continued as they had begun. It was, perhaps, a chance remark of Tetlow's that was the remote but efficient cause of a change, as the single small stone slipping high up on the mountainside results in a vast landslide into the valley miles below. Tetlow said one day, in connection with some estate they were settling:

"I've always pitied the only child. It must be miserably lonesome."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he colored violently, for he remembered that the Normans had but one child. Norman seemed not to have heard or seen. Tetlow hoped he hadn't, but, knowing the man, feared otherwise. And he was right.

In the press of other matters Norman forgot Tetlow's remark—remembered it again a few days later when he was taking the baby out for an airing in the motor—forgot it again—finally, when he took a several days' rest at home, remembered it and kept it in mind. He began to think of Dorothy once more in a definite, personal way, began to observe her as his wife instead of a mere part of his establishment. An intellectual person she certainly was not. She had a quaint individual way of speaking and of acting. She had the marvelous changeable beauty that had once caused him to take the bit in his teeth and run wild. But he would no more think of talking with her about the affairs that really interested him than—well, than the other men of large career in his acquaintance would think of talking of those matters to their wives.

But —— he was astonished to discover that he liked this slim, quiet, unobtrusive little wife of his better than he liked anyone else in the world; that he eagerly turned away from the clever and amusing companionship he might have at his clubs to come down to the country and be with her and the baby—not the baby alone, but her also. Why? He could not find a satisfactory reason. He saw that she created at that Hempstead place an atmosphere of rest, of tranquility. But this merely thrust the mystery one step back. How did she create this atmosphere?—and for a man of his varied and discriminating tastes? To that question he could work out no answer. She had for him now a charm as different from the infatuation of former days as a calm sea is from a tempest-racked sea—utterly different, yet fully as potent. As he observed her and wondered at these discoveries of his, the ghost of a delight he had thought forever dead stirred in his heart, in his fancy. Yes, it was a pleasure, a thrilling pleasure to watch her. There was music in those quiet, graceful movements of hers; in that quiet, sweet voice. Not the wild, blood-heating music of the former days, but a kind far more melodious—tender, restful to nerves sorely tried by the tensions of ambition. He made some sort of an attempt to define his feeling for her, but could not. It seemed to fit into none of the usual classifications.

Then he wondered: "What is she thinking of me?"

To find out he resorted to various elaborate roundabout methods that did credit to the ingenuity of his mind; but he made at every cunning cast a barren water-haul. Either she was not thinking of him at all or what she thought swam too deep for any casts he knew how to make in those hidden and unfamiliar waters. Or, perhaps she did not herself know what she thought, being too busy with the baby and the household to have time for such abstract and not pressing, perhaps not important, matters. He moved slowly in his inquiries into her state of mind because there was all the time in the world and no occasion for haste. He moved cautiously because he wished to do nothing that might disturb the present serenity of their home life. Did she dislike him? Was she indifferent? Had she developed a habit of having him about that was in a way equivalent to liking?

These languid but delightful investigations—not unlike the pastimes one spins out when one has a long, lovely summer day, with hours on hours for luxurious, happy idling—these investigations were abruptly suspended by a suddenly compelled trip to Europe. He arranged for

Chalmers Talk Number Seven

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AROUND the edge of the radiators of Chalmers cars there is a bright blue line.

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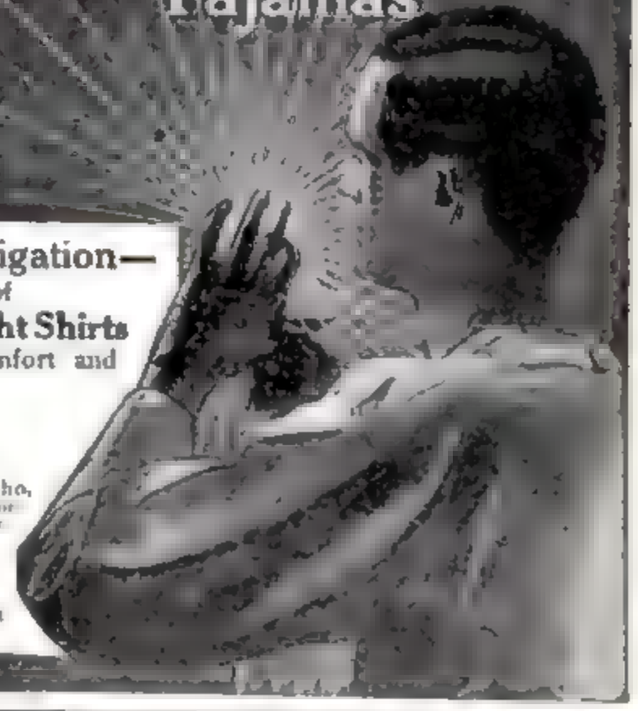

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Pay for quality, wear, exquisite lustre and neatness of fit. You will come out better in the end. No need to pay for insurance features if you buy Notaseme.

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Notaseme 4-ply cable-twist heels and toes, though soft and flexible, are of amazing long wear.

If your dealer has none in stock we will send post paid a pair of silk-lisle half-hose, ladies' hose or child's ribbed hose on receipt of 25c coin or stamps; Pure silk—with cotton heels and toes and tops—50c.

NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Dorothy to send him a cable every day "about yourself and the baby" and he sent an occasional cabled bulletin about himself in reply. But neither wrote to the other; their relationship was not of the letter-exchanging kind and had no need of pretense at what it was not.

In the third month of his absence his sister Ursula went over for dresses, millinery and truly aristocratic society. She had little time for him, or he for her, but they happened to lunch alone about a week after her arrival.

"You're looking cross and unhappy," said she. "What's the matter? Business?"

"No—everything's going well."

"Same thing that's troubling Dorothy, then?"

"Is Dorothy ill?" inquired he, suddenly as alert as he had been absent. "She has said nothing about it."

"Ill? Of course not," reassured Ursula. "She's never ill. But—I've not anywhere seen two people as crazy about each other as you and she."

"Really?" Norman had relapsed into interest in what he was eating.

"You live all alone down there in the country. You treat any one who comes to see you as an intruder. And as soon as darling husband goes away, darling wife wanders about like a lost soul. Honestly, it gave me the blues to look at her eyes. And I used to think she cared more about the baby than about you."

"She's probably worried about something else," said Norman. "More salad? No? There's no dessert—at least, I've ordered none. But if you'd like some strawberries ——"

"I thought of that," replied Ursula, not to be deflected. "I mean of her being upset about something besides you. I'm slow to suspect any one of really caring about any one else. But, though she didn't confess, I soon saw that it was your absence. And she wasn't putting on for my benefit, either. My maid hears the same thing from all the servants."

"This is pleasant," said Norman.

"And you're in the same state," she charged, with laughing but sympathetic eyes. "Why, Fred, you're as madly in love with her as ever!"

"I wonder!" said he reflectively.

"Why didn't you bring her with you?"

He stared at his sister like a man who had just discovered that he, with incredible stupidity, had overlooked the obvious. "I didn't think I'd be away long," evaded he.

He saw Ursula off for the Continent, half promised to join her in a few weeks at Aix. A day or so after her departure he had a violent fit of blues, was haunted by a vision of the baby and the comfortable, peaceful house on Long Island. He had expected to stay about two months longer. "I'm sick of England and of hotels," he said, and closed up his business and sailed for home the following week.

She and the baby were at the pier to meet him. He looked for signs of the mourning Ursula had described, but he looked in vain. Never had he seen her lovelier or so sparkling. And how she did talk!—rattling on and on, with those interesting commonplaces of domestic event: the baby, the household, the garden, the baby—the horses, the dogs, the baby—the servants, her new dresses, the baby—and so on, and so on—and the baby.

But when they got into the motor at Hempstead station for the drive home silence fell upon her—he had been almost silent from the start of the little journey. As the motor swung into the grounds, looking their most beautiful for his homecoming, an enormous wave of pure delight began to surge up within him, to swell, to rush, to break, dashing its spray of tears into his eyes. He turned his head away to hide the too obvious display of feeling. They went into the house, he carrying the baby. He gave it to the nurse—and said

"It certainly is good to be home again."

The words were the tamest commonplace. We always speak in the old stereotyped commonplaces when we speak directly from the heart. His tone made her glance quickly at him.

"Why, I believe you are glad!" said she.

He took her hand. They looked at each other. Suddenly she flung herself wildly into his arms and clung to him in an agony of joy and fear. "Oh, I missed you so!" she sobbed. "I missed you so!"

"It was frightful," said he. "It shall never happen again."

(THE END)

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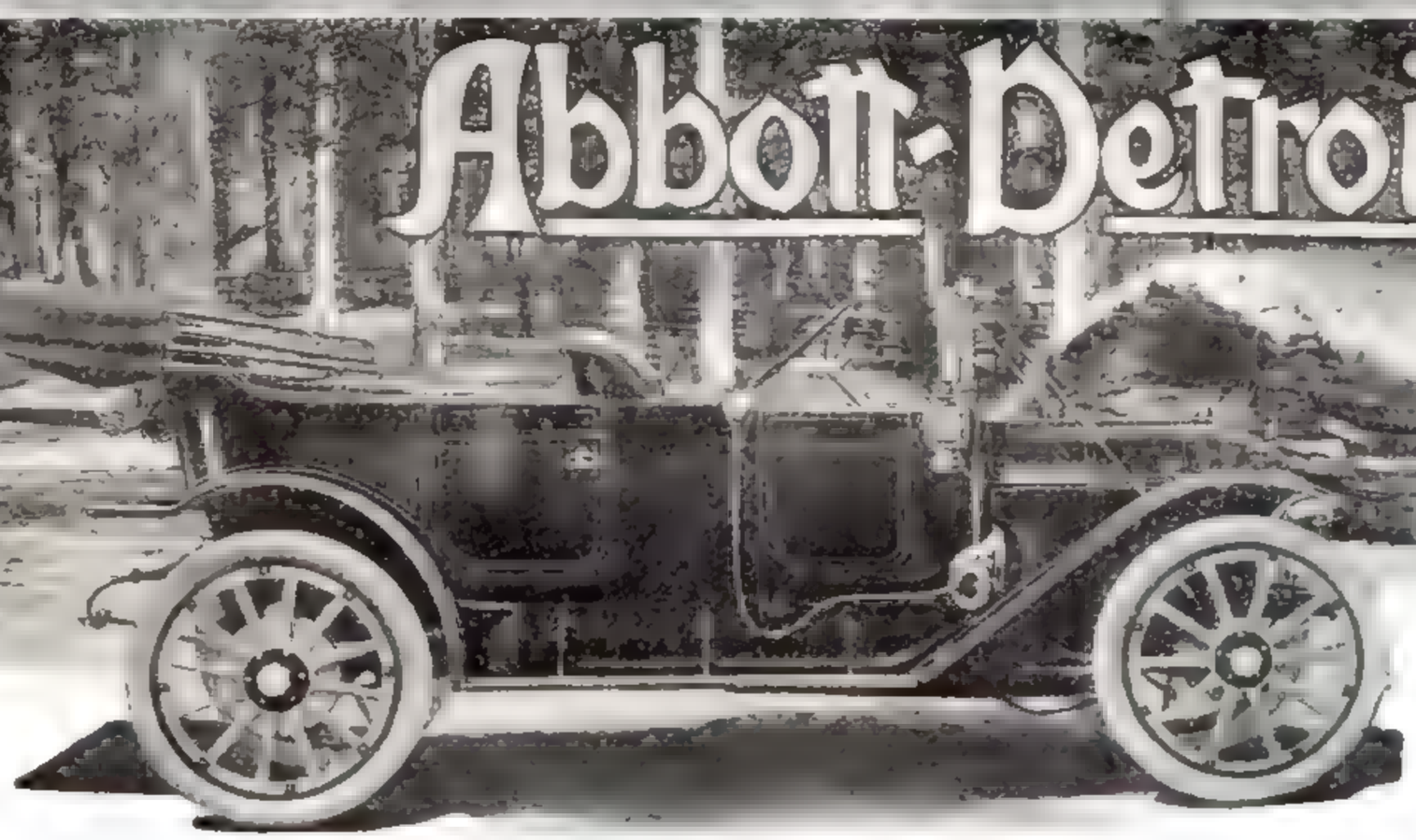

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Don't confine your range of America to the narrow view obtained from a Pullman car window. Look down far over the bending road that winds thru the hills. June at the seashore, July in the Berkshires, August in the Yellowstone, September in Canada—seek new scenes this year and enjoy yourself to the fullest extent in an Abbott-Detroit.

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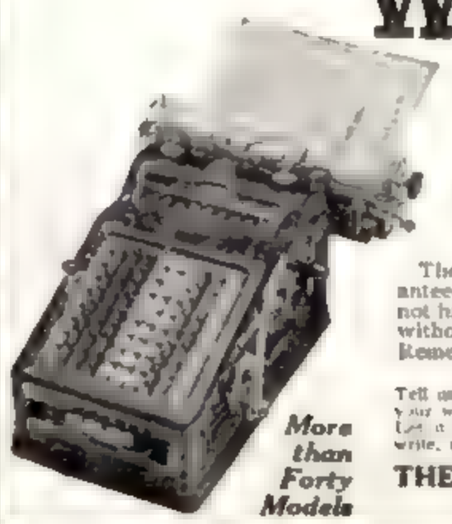

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Ten Chips 5c

IN A HANDY METAL BOX

If they're not sold near you, send us 10c. in stamps for a full box of each.

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BILLY FORTUNE AND THE ABLE-MINDED LADY

(Continued from Page 5)

at 'em that way, with her forty thousand acres and the biggest cattle herd in the country, and all that. It wouldn't have took much braveness in some men to listen to her. But I never thought about her land, nor her cows, nor her money. The thing I thought about first when she said "love" to me was them three graves she'd made up back there on the hill. I'd seen 'em that morning, close together, with the stones piled up on 'em to keep the coyotes out. I didn't want to get in that class somehow. Every man is more or less prejudiced about some things, ain't he? I had to try hard before I could answer her without my chin tremblin'. I blew some smoke first.

"Love?" I says. "Oh, yes, I've had it. It took on me good too." I couldn't see that I needed to tell her how many times. I couldn't remember anyway. "I ain't afraid of bein' exposed to it any more."

It didn't seem as if it bothered her much to hear me say it. She kept still a minute, lookin' at me steady. "That's what's ailing that girl upstairs," she says after a bit. "She's got a bad case of it."

That was different. I took a big, deep, easy breath and started to feel through my pockets for another match, on account of havin' let my cigarette go out. "Oh, that's it, is it?" says I. "And the man ain't willin'? I should think he would be."

"Him?" says the widow. "Yes, he is. They're crazy about each other. But her folks won't have it. She's some kind of a cousin of one of my husbands' people and they've sent her out here to me so she can forget him. As if I didn't have troubles enough of my own! I don't know why they done it."

I could have told her it was mebbe because she'd had a whole lot of experience in forgettin'; but I didn't. What was the use rubbin' it in? "What's the matter with him that they don't like?" says I. "What's he done?"

"Nothing at all," says she. "That's what they object to. His father got rich making soap and left the money to him, and he's never done anything but try to find ways to spend it. The girl's folks ain't got anything but a pedigree and they think soap ain't respectable enough. I don't know why it ain't."

"Me neither," says I: "I've knew pedigrees that would have been helped a heap by a little soap. Besides, ain't it respectable to be clean? And ain't soap a part of the pedigree of cleanness? And don't that come pretty near makin' soap respectable? Do you reckon her family could answer that? They must be awful unreasonable. A liberal spender has mostly got pedigree enough to suit the general run of people."

"He don't suit them," says the Able-Minded Lady. "They're awful set against him. That's all right enough if they hadn't saddled it off on to me. It's nothing to me. I'd never set eyes on her before. I didn't even know there was any such a girl till they wrote me to know if she couldn't please come. It's going to be mighty unhandy with all the work. But I've told 'em I would, and I will."

She commenced to reach for the dishes, scrapin' the scraps up as if she'd got through with what she had to say to me.

"Well, but where do I come in?" says I. "What made you tell me about it if that's all of it?"

She just grinned at me, with a funny shine in her eyes. "Billy," she says, "you and me have got to make her forget him. I want you to help. Will you?"

"Me?" I says. "Me against the son of the rich soapmaker? Me and my pedigree? What kind of a jack-pot are you tryin' to steer me into?"

She didn't seem bothered a speck. "I've seen the son of a soapmaker's picture," she says. "I don't want to flatter you; but you'd make a better one to set up beside the lookin'-glass. She's right young and healthy, Billy. And as for the pedigree, the only kind of a pedigree a healthy young girl really cares for is the one a man makes for himself. Pshaw, though! You ain't going to need to be coaxed, are you? I want you to help me, Billy. Will you?"

Would I? Thirty-five dollars a month and my board, for helping make a pretty girl forget another man! It looked like a cinch to me. But I had to say one more thing.

"Say, ain't it playin' it sort of low-down on the girl?" I says. "I don't mind him; but I ain't got any grudge against her."

"Oh, fiddle!" says the Able-Minded Lady. "She's got to get some education sooner or later. It would serve her folks right, too, for making me take the responsibility. She was just kin to my husband before the last. That don't make her any kin to me, does it? Now you say yes or no."

"Yes'm," says I.

After she'd got her dishes done up she come out to where I was tinkerin' a busted barnyard gate.

"Put my saddle on the roan mare," says she. "I'm goin' to ride fence for a couple of hours. I told the foreman to do it yesterday; but I know it ain't been done. He was that lazy he'd sit and let the grasshoppers eat holes in his breeches if I wa'n't lookin'. You can finish those gates while I'm gone and then start diggin' the potatoes. I'll be back in time to get supper." And off she went, up over the hill, ridin' straddle and stickin' the spurs into the mare at every jump.

It was a lovely afternoon when I was left alone. It was October, but winter was holdin' off that year. The sun was warm on my shoulders and a warm little wind was triflin' round. If you listened you could hear the creek sort of laughing to itself amongst the stones, and some kind of a bird was mockin' it up in the top of the big cottonwood by the spring. The prettiness of it come on me all at once when I'd got the latch fixed and I straightened up to look around and listen. One minute they was just a lot of different little sounds and feelings; the next minute I'd forgot 'em every one. The sweetness of the whole day seemed as if it had come to a point right there before my very eyes—for the girl was comin' down from the house straight toward me.

If a man's fit to be called a judge of beauty he ought to like some kinds more than others, oughtn't he? Well, I'm always that way. I don't like but one kind any time, and that's the kind that's nearest. It's a bully way; it's the only way I can keep from gettin' awful mixed in my judgment. Wouldn't it confuse a body to have one sort in front of his eyes, willin' and wishful and waitin', and know that he liked another sort better that wasn't there? Don't you feel sorry for them lads?

But sometimes there's one that comes and goes again and then after she's gone I remember her. There's not many of 'em; but just once in a while when I'll be settin' and lookin' down in the bright shine of the coals in the round-up fire I'll see one of 'em waverin' there, with a couple of misty eyes laughin' at me; or I'll be layin' in my blankets on the ground, and when I wake up at night all drowsy, with my eyes half shut, I'll get a funny notion that one of them fluffy little clouds of stars is the thick hair that has come loose over a pair of lovely shoulders, or something like that. A man can't explain them things, can he? He don't even mention 'em much. But those kind are the ones that count with him. He loves 'em all, every one; but there's always a dozen or so of special ones. And this girl she was one of 'em.

She was a little, little girl. After she'd got up close to me she didn't reach to the top button of my shirt. And she had on a blue frock—a sort of hazy blue, like the color of the blue of a hill when it's so far away you can just see the shape of it. 'Most any kind of blue on 'most any kind of a girl makes me take notice; but this one just caught me by the attention and wouldn't let go. And her hair! A cobwebby mist of gold, that's what it was. With the shine of outdoors on it I couldn't tell where the sunlight left off and the hair begun. It looked as if a breath of a breeze would have drifted it away, light as a curl of smoke. After I'd been lookin' at the Able-Minded Lady all morning, so big and hearty, the girl didn't look much like she was real anyway; I was afraid to wink for fear she'd disappear.

But she didn't. While I stood still watchin' she come on down till she stood right beside me, with her eyes lookin' up

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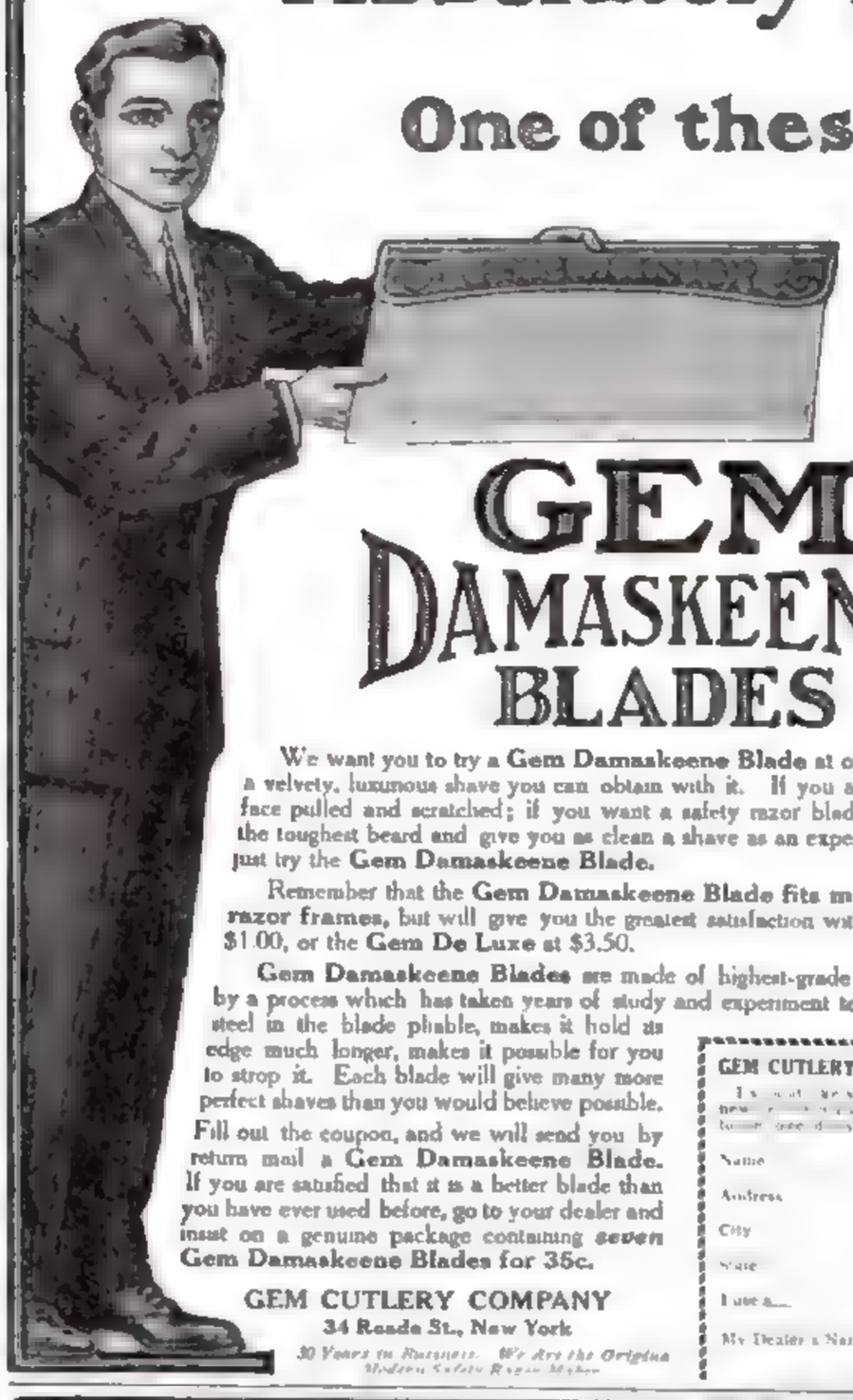

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Save Money, Time and Labor in Building

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD is cheaper and better than lath and plaster. Easily nailed to studs. Applied dry, it is ready at once for paint, paper or burlap. Deep panels or artistic decoration. Moves with the studding, stresses in the timber set in Asphalt Mastic, insuring a solid, substantial covering for

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Will not shrink, warp or crack. Clean, odorless and sanitary. Guaranteed proof against *dampness, heat, cold, sound and vermin.* Used for finishing new buildings of every description; also for partitions, attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages.

It is the *original* Wall Board, construction patented. BISHOPRIC SHEATHING is made of same materials as Wall Board, but is nailed smooth side to studs with laths and asphalt exposed.

SAVES 75 PER CENT

in material and labor. Does away with building paper. Makes smooth, solid job. Proof against heat, cold, dampness and vermin. *Used under weather boards, flooring and ready roofing or cement,* also as lining for barns, poultry houses, outbuildings and dwellings. Houses finished with Bishopric Wall Board and Sheathing are ready for immediate occupancy. Write today for prices and

FREE Booklet and SAMPLE of { *Bishopric Wall Board* *Bishopric Sheathing* *Bishopric Ready Roofing*

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LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogs and learn our unheard of prices and remarkable special offers.

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You cannot afford to leave your business papers to chance or instinct. You must have a system—a practical system, built to fit *your* business needs.

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It would save "clerk hire" and "clerk tire."

It would increase the efficiency of your office and working forces.

Our experience has been very wide—over 480 different lines of business, from the smallest to the largest, are now using specially devised "Y and E" systems.

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into mine. Blue eyes, too, with a sort of innocent baby seriousness in 'em. Trouble? Well, there's troubles and troubles, and I guess everybody's seems real to him; but it seemed plumb ridiculous to think of her knowin' a big one—that little gold and pink and blue wisp of a thing! And love? I knew, right that minute, the sort of chap she was likely frettin' her little heart out about—a pale, thin lad, with his hair smoothed out on both sides over his eyebrows, and a little mustache with perfume on it, and a chin that nobody could notice much, and particular about the wrinkles up and down his pants legs. That's the way I had him sized up. Love? Can a flower fall in love, do you reckon?

"Your name is Billy, isn't it?" she says. That showed me what I was up against. When anybody says "isn't" to me it makes me uneasy. If it's a man I always watch his little finger on the bottom of the deck; and if it's a woman I never know what to watch out for.

"Oh," says I, "you've heard the widow whisperin' it to herself, haven't you? Yes, that's part of my name. That'll do to call me by. The rest of it's Billy Fortune."

"Fortune," she says after me; and the way she said it was soft as a kitten's fur. "Fortune. It's a nice name." Then she did some more lookin' into my eyes with hers. The way she did it was so steady and innocent I couldn't make out how to go on with the talk; but what she said next helped me along. "I came down with you in the wagon yesterday," says she. "Do you remember?"

That kind of put it up to me, didn't it? "Remember?" says I. "Tell me now: do I look like a man that was liable to forget?"

"Mr. Fortune," says she, "I've been thinking about you. I'm going to need a friend out here in this terrible country. I think I can trust you and I want you to be my friend."

Didn't it look as if my thirty-five dollars a month was going to come awful easy? She turned away from me, with her little head bent down and her little hands held tight together in front of her; and then the first thing I knew there was a little bit of a tear slippin' down alongside of her little nose. "I'm so unhappy," says she. "They've been so cruel to me."

I don't know as you'd exactly call that an invitation, but you might call it an excuse. I reached out and took one of her hands in mine, cuddlin' it up. She let me do it for a short minute, then she took it away from me.

"Don't, Billy," she says. "You mustn't!" She lifted her eyes again and looked at me. Somehow or other they didn't seem so childish this time. Either she'd aged terrible fast since that first look or else I'd been fooled bad, because she was a woman now. I stuck my hands behind me and held 'em there till I could find out what it was goin' to be safe to do with 'em. "You must help me to trust you," she says. "Aunty McGee says there's nobody here but you. You're the only one who can help me. That's why I've come to you. I don't believe I'm mistaken in you." She was keepin' her eyes on me steady, gettin' ready for what she wanted to say; and pretty soon here it come: "Mr. Fortune," says she, "I love the best man in the world and he loves me. But my family won't let me marry him. They've sent me out here to this dreadful place so that we can't see each other."

"Well," I says when she stopped, "if he's the kind to stand for it ——" But she chopped me off short.

"Oh, but he isn't!" says she. "He doesn't know where I am. That's the horrible part of it. My brother brought me to Douglas and made Aunty promise that she wouldn't let me write to him at all. Oh, Billy!" She fished a letter out of the front of her frock and stood holdin' it. "Won't you please send this for me?" she says. "And you won't let anybody know, will you? Oh, Billy, please!"

I took it and turned it over in my fingers a few times. It was a fat little pale-blue letter and the name marked on it was "Mr. Montgomery Sims, Chicago." And I was to send it. And I wasn't to let anybody know. And I'd made a contract to help her forget him. It was up to me to tell her "No" real firm, wasn't it?

She stepped up closer to me and put her hand on my arm. "There's a dear boy!" she says to me. "You will, won't you?"

"Yes'm," says I.

Yes, I guess I'd sure got the habit.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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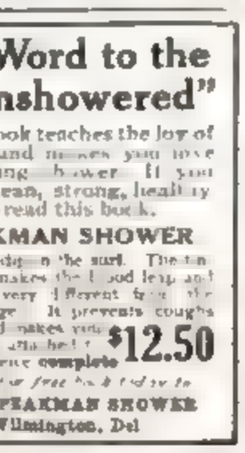

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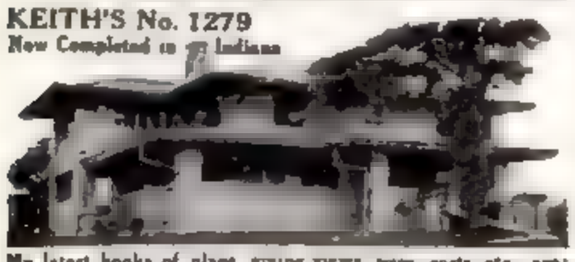

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VERY ROOMY 44 in. long 21 in. wide 21 in. high. Two big drawers. A very magnificent chest. Handsomely finished. With copper bands. A appropriate gift. Many styles. We prepay freight and sell DIRECT from factory to home. Write today for catalog. Shows designs and prices.

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Open construction—can't become soggy keeps clean and sanitary always.

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Patented mechanical construction makes side-slip impossible—the heavier the pressure the tighter it clings. Three-eighths inch thick—lies perfectly flat—rolls up like a rug.

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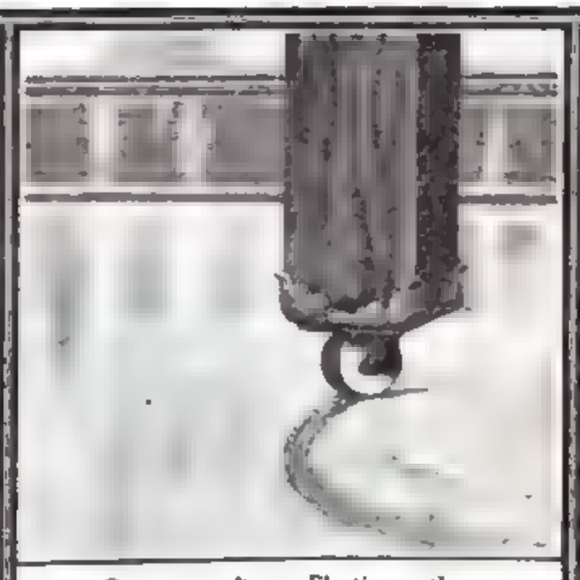
One cannot leave heel marks like this on Elastica



Casters won't mar Elastica as they do brittle floor finish

The dripping of water won't turn Elastica white

"Elastica Stands the Rocks"

All Floor Worries Ended by Elastica Floor Finish

After forty years spent in the study of varnish, we have perfected your highest idea of a floor finish. It is beautiful, elastic, mar-proof and water-proof.

No ordinary usage can mar or discolor it. Unlike other finishes, it remains smooth and bright through the longest, hardest use.

The name is ELASTICA Floor Finish. There is nothing else like it—nothing for floors which begins to compare with it.

The Problem Was This

Ordinary varnish is too brittle for floors—too easily marred. To have true elasticity it is necessary to create a varnish rich in oil.

But an excess of oil, unless properly treated, makes the varnish too soft—too difficult to dry. One can never depend on it.

The problem was to create a mar-proof floor finish—a quick-drying, hard-drying floor finish, yet a floor finish which sacrifices nothing of elasticity and durability.

We have done that by incorporating with the other ingredients the requisite amount of properly treated oil. The secret of making is ours alone. No other floor finish has ever been made which so completely meets the requirements.

Like Nothing Else

There are other floor finishes called "elastic," for elasticity is the aim of all makers. But this one is truly elastic. It is proof against heels and casters, rocking and romping.

Apply it one day and it is ready for use the next. There is nothing else to be done with it.

There is no frequent replacing as there is with wax—no constant retouching as with brittle floor finishes. Water doesn't turn it white.

Just think what it means to have a finish like this—to have durable, mar-proof, water-proof floors—to get rid of all your floor worries.

For All Wood Floors

Elastica is for all floors of hard or soft wood, whether natural, stained or painted. It is also for porches, for linoleum, for oilcloth. It protects the floor; and, if the floor is painted, it protects the paint. It makes old paint look new. It doubles the life of linoleum.

Elastica is essential on any floor that hasn't carpet. It is beautiful, durable and water-proof. It saves scrubbing.

There is nothing to take its place—nothing that lasts like **Elastica,** nothing that so resists wear. We shall prove this to you so you never can doubt it when you write us for the book.

TRADE ELASTICA MARK.

FLOOR FINISH

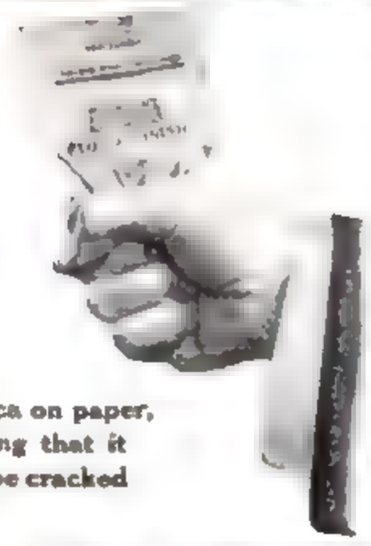
Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

Samples, Book and Bookmark Free

If you will send us your address we shall mail you a book, "How to Finish Floors." It is filled with expert suggestions about finishing old and new floors. We shall also send you samples of **Elastica** Floor Finish, coated on sheets of paper. You can crumple that paper into a ball without cracking the finish. You can soak it for hours without turning it white.

We shall also send you a beautiful bookmark—just to repay your trouble. Please write us now—a postal will do—and all of these things will be sent you. Address Standard Varnish Works, 29 Broadway, New York, 2620 Armour Avenue, Chicago, or 301 Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif. Or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Ask for Book No. 106.



Elastica on paper, showing that it can't be cracked

Elastica Floor Finish is made only by

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

Besides **Elastica** Floor Finish we manufacture **Elastica** No. 1, for exterior use—**Elastica** No. 2, for interior use—Satinette White Enamel, for interior and exterior decoration—Kleartone Stains and other Architectural Finishes.

Ask your dealer. (44)

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Guaranteed Under Bond To Last Until 1921.

Fac-simile of 10 Year Bond

The only way in which a definite and enforcible guarantee could be given was by the aid of a Surety Company, and accordingly we have arranged with the National Surety Company of New York, one of the great Surety Companies of the United States, with assets of $1,000,000 and over, to issue a Genuine Surety Bond with every roll of Congo Roofing.

How long will it last? That is the question you want answered when you buy roofing. Congo Roofing will last ten years—that is guaranteed.

You will find a genuine Surety Bond *in the center of every roll of Congo Roofing*. It goes into effect after you have laid Congo on your roof and returned the guarantee to us properly filled in ready for signature.

The guarantee on 2-ply and 3-ply Congo is for *ten years*.

Our primary motive in establishing the guarantee plan is to show people that we mean what we say. We want our statement to stand as a plain, unvarnished fact. We don't want people to say "Ten years?—Probably they mean seven." We want people to realize that we mean ten years and hence *this positive guarantee!*

Congo is easy to lay. It comes in handy rolls of 216 square feet and is simply unrolled on the roof and nailed down. Nails, cement and galvanized rust-proof caps are supplied free of charge packed in the center of each roll.

Copy of the Guarantee Bond and a Sample of Congo and booklet will be sent free on request.

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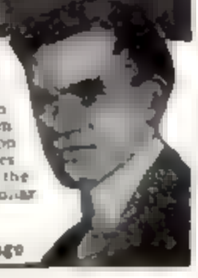

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UNION ARMS CO., 413 Auburndale, Toledo, O., U. S. A.

HE MEANT WELL

"Why is the Crape on Your Door, Little Girl?"
"If You Please, Sir, Daddy's Gone to Heaven."
"Ah, Indeed—That's Too Bad."

Quien Sabe?

I

Porfirio Diaz, your enemies say you are
Quite a bespangled old Indian thug,
Mad about pomp as the Czar that you play you are,
Fond of a peso as some of the jug;
Thriving on knavery,
Dealing in slavery
Yoked on a parcel of Yucatan tribes;
Crooked as Tammany,
Ready to jam any
Measure through Congress—and take it in bribes;
Holding the sword with a hand autocratic,
Slaughtering victims by rule automatic;
Franchise distributor,
Competent grafter—
Better contribute, or
Devil come after!—
Boss Diazpotic—forgive me for punning!—
Forming huge trusts with perfidious cunning;
Selling your stocks with a wonderful knack you
Have of assembling the army to back you;
Señor Diablo!—Oh, say, can you be as
Black as they paint you, Porfirio Diaz?

II

Porfirio Diaz, your friends all declare you are
Washington, Gladstone and Tolstoy in one;
Touch but a hair of your people, and there you are—
First to the rescue till justice is done;
Stern rebukes giving to
High cost of living too—
Blessed from Tabasco to cool Rio Grande.
Patriot bona-fide,
Patience personified,
Feeding the paupers, whenever they're handy;
Quickly forgiving your people their blindness,
Paying off treachery's bruises with kindness;
Reared in austerity,
Ceaseless your labors;
Passing prosperity
On to your neighbors;
Madly abhorrent of anything tainted—
Not yet a hundred and already sainted!
Holding your job during infinite seasons
Merely, they say, for benevolent reasons—
Good Señor Angelo, say, can you be as
White as they paint you, Porfirio Diaz?

III

Wiry old man, as the Hornet of History
Wings as it stings rather close to your pate,
You are inwrapped in a halo of mystery,
Such as, they say, always garlands the great.
Look at King Harry
The Eighth, and Du Barry!
Look at Doc Cook, for the matter of that!—
Shakspere and Bunyan and
Old Doctor Munyon and
William the Silent and William the Fat.
History, quite an incompetent artisan,
Daubs wild impressions—the lying old partisan!
High lights she glories in,
Sulphurous blues;
Splashing her stories in
Primitive hues.
How they soak Nero on history's page!—
Old Christian muckrakers venting their rage—
Yet scribes of the palace—who scribbled on salary—
Swear his detractors just wrote for the gallery;
Laud his good works—well, perhaps! He may be as
Misunderstood as Porfirio Diaz.

Wallace Irwin

No Joke About This

COLONEL JOHN H. CARROLL, the big St. Louis railroad lawyer, came out of his hotel in Washington the other day, red in the face and thumping the sidewalk vigorously with his cane.

"What's the matter, Colonel?" asked a friend who met him.

"Matter?" replied Carroll. "Why, it has got so now in these hotels that it costs more for tips than it does for food and room. This morning I sent down a pair of shoes to be cleaned. One boy brought up one shoe and five minutes later another boy appeared with the other shoe—and each expected a tip!"

From the Initiated

"THE shortest after-dinner speech I ever heard," said Cy Warman, the poet, "was at a dinner in Providence, Rhode Island.

"A man was assigned to the topic, 'The Christian in Politics.' When he was called upon he arose, bowed and said: 'Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: The Christian in Politics—he ain't.'"

A Warm Weather Job

A NEGRO boy from Louisiana got into Boone, Iowa, during a cold spell last winter. He was thinly clad and the first job he got was cleaning snow off the sidewalks.

As he was at work he stopped a passer-by and asked: "Mistuh, cain you tell me whar I kin find some other job than this? I ain't nevah goin' to shovel snow agin whar it's cold."

It's a fact—it can't leak!

It's about as long as your index finger

PARKER

JACK-KNIFE SAFETY FOUNTAIN PENS

THE ink is locked up by the ink-tight inside cap which makes leaking impossible. Geo. Ade, playwright, says it's the *only* fountain pen Thousands of business men, club women, students and other ink-users say the same.

Closed ready for your pocket the smallest size Safety Jack-Knife is [illegible] A man's [illegible] Ladies carry it in their [illegible] It will not at the first stroke [illegible]

We guarantee you never have had a pen with such perfect [illegible] and so absolutely clean as so convenient.

The Parker Jack Knife Safety has the Lucky Curve ink feed like the standard size Parker pens

TEN DAYS' TEST TRIAL—My arrangement with [illegible] Baby size Jack-Knife, like illustration, with No. 2 gold pen $3.50 With [illegible] Standard style Parker Fountain Pens $2.50 to $10. If your dealer does not carry, write to me.

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THE BUSINESS SIDE OF INVENTION

(Continued from Page 15)

word implies disheveled hair, frayed coat sleeves and perpetual motion schemes. It has been said that the art of inventing cannot be taught, but it is certain that before it can command a salary there is much to be learned. Some inventors, like poets, may be born, but they are born incomplete. Like machine-knit socks they are apt to need stretching at the top and sewing up at the bottom. It is accurate knowledge of the industry with which he is identified that counts in the case of the professional inventor rather than innate mechanical aptitude. His chief function is to make those slight improvements in machinery and processes that mean so much in the reduction of costs under the trust system of manufacture, and that are not by any means the flashes of genius commonly expected of inventors. Fifty, even twenty years ago, it would not have paid to invent the hundreds of little feeding devices, mechanical movements, and processes for saving material and labor that the modern trust method of production has brought into being. So enormous is the output of steel, for example, that it is worth while saving a fraction of a cent on the transportation of ore and the making of pig-iron.

When the iron of Pennsylvania was exhausted and it became necessary to mine the Lake Superior beds, the steelmakers found themselves in a peculiar position. Most of the blast-furnaces and mills were located in Pennsylvania, not far from the old mines; the new supply of raw material was deposited a thousand and more miles away. Steel had to be made that could compete in the markets of the world with the product of the German and English furnaces. A new system of transportation had to be devised—a system that stands today one of the marvels of American ingenuity—and almost every element of that system is the work of inventors who were in the employ of the steel companies or who were identified with the industry. They devised an entirely new type of vessel—the lake ore-carrier—and wonderful machines for unloading the vessels at the rate of ten thousand tons in three hours. It was their task to wipe out geographical limitations—to bring the mountain to Mahomet—and they accomplished it. Yet their names are known only to steel men and mechanical engineers.

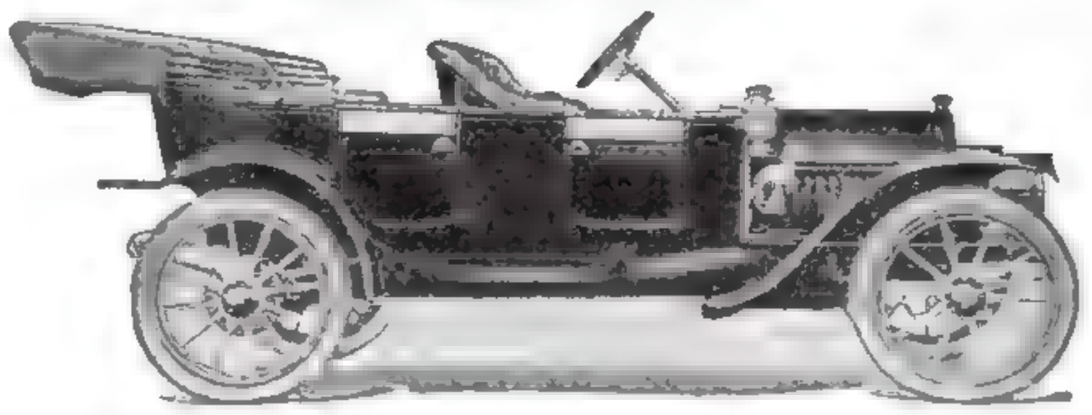
Inventing for the Future

In the actual making of steel a score of inventions are now employed to save money in a way that would have seemed ridiculous fifty years ago. Mr. James Gayley, for example, at one time vice-president of the United States Steel Company—a man whose active life has been spent in the iron district of Pennsylvania—invented what is known as the "Gayley dry-air blast process" for increasing the output of steel by a small percentage. Applied on the vast scale that is possible under modern industrial conditions, the process has saved hundreds of thousands of dollars. In a very small plant it would hardly be worth while to consider it.

Nowadays a successful machine is rarely the product of a single brain. The great electrical companies and makers of machine tools are no more complex in organization than the machines that they manufacture. Their corps of salaried inventors—men who literally rent their minds by the week—patent details that are individually insignificant but in the aggregate highly valuable. Look at the nameplate of a turret lathe, a planing machine, an induction motor, and you will probably find cast in brass the numbers and dates of a score of patents, not one of which was granted for the entire machine, but for a combination of levers and rods, or a peculiar train of gears, that performs some special function in the machine.

Probably nine people out of ten cherish the illusion that the telephone, as we see it, is the work of Alexander Graham Bell. Little do they realize that engineers in the employ of a great electrical company have devoted their lives to the perfection of an invention that was originally barely able to transmit speech—engineers who must keep in mind not only present demands but future needs, who must invent for tomorrow as well as for today. One of these

The Car For You



"We realize that Automobiles of the EVERITT class are driven far more miles in a year than those selling at triple the price. We build EVERITT cars complete in our own factory, to stand this hardest kind of service."

There are several points we would impress upon you who are considering the purchase of an automobile this year.

First, the importance of getting a *manufactured*, rather than an "assembled" car.

—This, not because the Everitt is one of the comparatively few; but because of the greater value of the completely manufactured product to you, its owner.

The one car is the perfected unit conceived and completed by a single organization,—the other, an uncertain collection of "parts," gathered from a hundred sources.

In cars like the Everitt, manufactured in a single factory, their construction is followed through and repeatedly checked for error. Instead of a scattered responsibility, one shop is the maker of every vital detail. You know who you are to look to.

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We wish to impress upon you the importance of buying a car which contains details of modern mechanical superiority, such as are seen in the Everitt.

—Such features as the Long-Stroke, "Block-Type" Motor; Double Drop Frame; Honey-Comb Radiator; Long Rear-Drive Suspension; Light Weight; Generous Tire Equipment; Nickel Steel Gears and Complete Standardization of Parts. All these are desirable features which characterize the most advanced of high-priced automobiles.

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We would like to tell you more about this car and to have you see it for yourself.

There are seven models, costing from $1,350 to $1,750.

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New Skin dries in a few moments after being painted over the wound. It forms a tough, durable, flexible film that can be washed freely with soap and water.

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Pumps Water for 50 Families
—Daily Expense, 10 Cents!

In all parts of the country this midget engine is solving—***for thousands***—the problem of water supply. Read this:

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This is to certify that I have used one of your Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engines continuously for several months on a well where I sell water to the public. I supply water to 50 families. Have 15 head of stock. Always plenty of water in the tank.

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I think anyone could sell a carload of your engines here in a very short time, as our country has been dry for two years. All shallow wells are going dry and the windmills are uncertain.

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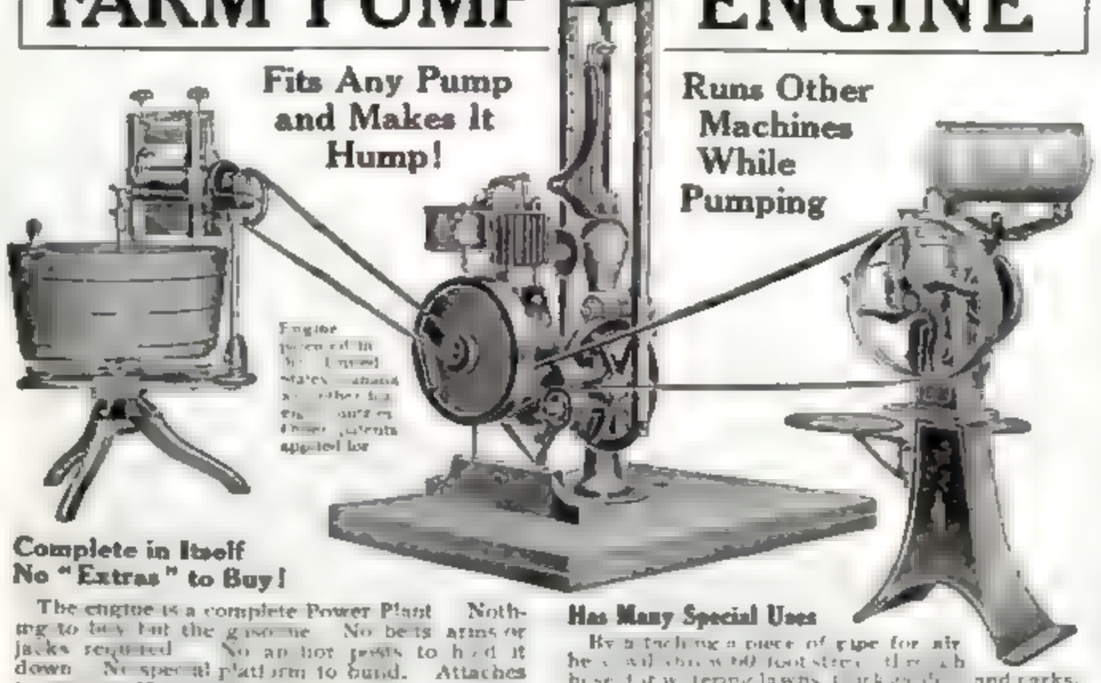
Fits Any Pump and Makes It Hump!

Runs Other Machines While Pumping



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The engine is a complete Power Plant. Nothing to buy but the gasoline. No belts, arms or jacks required. No anchor posts to hold it down. No special platform to build. Attaches to pump in 15 minutes.

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By attaching a piece of pipe for air he can run 200 feet above the ground, thereby watering lawns, parks and parks. Runs on standard Domestic Water Supply System. Ideal for farms, ranches, suburban or country homes, country clubs, summer hotels, public institutions, etc.

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engineers, Mr. Charles Scribner, has taken out several hundred patents; yet the great public that has profited by his work rarely hears his name. However, he is only one of a dozen men to whom the modern telephone is due.

A few years ago we used to call Central by turning a little crank. Now we simply lift the receiver from the hook, place it to the ear and wait for Central to answer. That was the only outward sign of an entirely new system of telephonic communication which necessitated the rebuilding of every telephone switchboard, the installation of thousands of little soldered contacts, relays, coils and flashlamps.

No man's name is connected with this change because the improvements were made by engineers who had submerged their identity in that of the company by whom they were employed.

Time and time again manufacturers hear the complaint that the outsider has no chance. What could an outsider hope to teach a telephone engineer or the superintendent of a rail mill under modern industrial conditions? No one is more bitterly assailed by the inventor than the military or naval expert who passes on death-dealing inventions for the government, or the railroad engineer whose duty it is to reject the complicated guards, fenders, signals and collision-preventers that are constantly submitted for examination. The military and naval experts and the railroad engineer know their subjects; the outsider does not. It may be very well to invent an explosive that will blow a battleship out of the water, but it must be handled by existing weapons with safety. It may be very well to devise a car-coupler that will couple two cars automatically; but if it has about seventy moving parts and is as delicate as a watch it is not likely to withstand the shock of impact. Above all things an invention must fit.

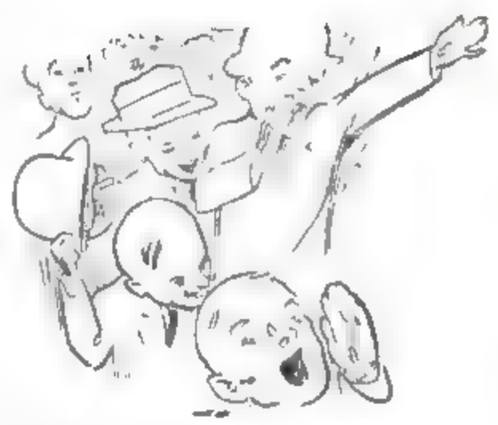
Recently a car fender was called to my attention that seemed to have possibilities. It was tried on a street railway. A car was started at a speed of ten miles an hour. The fender picked up a dummy and deposited it neatly in a basketlike receptacle. At fifteen and twenty miles an hour the invention operated with equal precision. But when the speed was raised to thirty miles an hour the parts were not responsive enough. Instead of being picked up the dummy was hurled for a distance of a hundred yards. The fender was rejected because the inventor never contemplated its use above a critical speed. It did not fit.

Too Safe to be Useful

I recall another contrivance, an automatic device, which sounded a bell and displayed a warning signal in the cab of a locomotive when there was a train in the block ahead. The invention was admirable in all respects save one. The inventor had forgotten to provide a means of effacing the danger signal when the line was clear after the signal had been displayed.

After all, the making of money is the ultimate object of every one of the men who enrich the patent records. If they would only realize that the complicated machinery of the great industrial corporation can be improved only by an engineer who has unlimited wealth back of him, the Commissioner of Patents would not be compelled to appeal annually to Congress for more money to defray the expense of judging the patentability of the thousands of more or less foolish contrivances submitted.

For the amateur, wealth lies in the simple invention, in new and better forms of things that he uses every day, in collar-buttons, in lead-pencils, in household utensils, in games and in musical instruments that he plays himself. No costly machinery was necessary to model the first return ball, to make the first metallic shoelace tip, to produce the little sliding ring that holds the ribs of an umbrella, to construct the removable cake-pan bottom used by every housewife, or to stamp out the convolutions of Pigs in Clover. All these inventions made money because they were simple, because any manufacturer could afford to risk the little money that their production required, and because they appealed to the public appetite for novelty. Revolutionists in invention are as little likely to die rich as are revolutionists in politics, and the guillotine of the business world is ever ready to cut short the career of the Robespierre of mechanics.



The national demand for our clothes was created by the clothes themselves.

Clothiers from Maine to California asked for the line and sold it many years before we advertised at all, outside the newspaper talk of our New York retail stores.

We can take care of a few more representative houses—houses equipped to take advantage of the demand and reputation which our clothes have themselves created.

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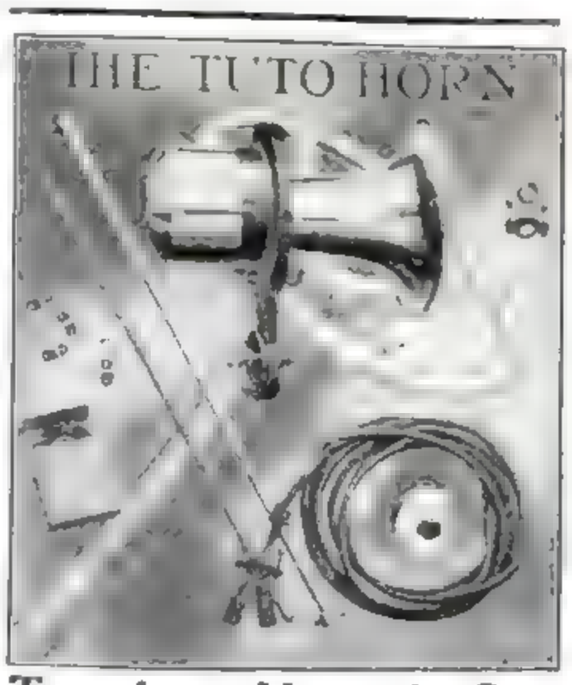

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Oddities and Novelties

New Uses for Odd Substances

NEW and important commercial uses are being found for selenium—a substance which, if melted and quickly cooled, looks like hard tar. If subjected to continuous heat for a while it acquires all the appearance of a metal, showing bright when cut, as lead does.

Selenium oxide is now being employed to give a beautiful ruby color to glass, which is found especially desirable for railroad and other signal lights. It is also being turned to account in the making of an exquisite red enamel for such ware as is used in kitchens. When powdered and burned at a high heat selenium gives a flame of the most lovely blue tint imaginable—a fact which suggests that it might be utilized to great advantage in pyrotechnics.

The most curious thing about selenium is the fact that in the light it is a conductor of electricity, whereas in the dark it isn't. Nobody knows why, but advantage is taken of the fact by using it in connection with gas buoys that light themselves when night arrives and put themselves out at daybreak. In view of this peculiarity, efforts have been made to employ it for sending photographs by wire. Professor Alexander Graham Bell has utilized it in his "photophone" for telephoning along a light ray; and the substance is sometimes used in measuring the intensity of light.

Inasmuch as considerable quantities of selenium are obtained incidentally in the refining of certain metals, especially copper, it is natural that the refiners should be anxious for the discovery of fresh uses to which it may be put. In the electrolytic refining of copper bullion there is a large residuum of "slimes" or "anode muds," as they are called, representing impurities and containing silver, gold, lead, arsenic, antimony, bismuth, tellurium and selenium. These slimes are collected, put into huge firebrick cupels and subjected to high heat with an airblast—the result being that everything but the silver and gold is oxidized and either separates as slag or goes off in flue-dust. The flue-dust is then treated chemically to obtain the selenium.

In Nature, selenium occurs in quantity only in a very few minerals. It is associated with gold in a mine of southwest Sumatra, which is one of the richest in the world. The gold bullion from that source contains over four per cent of selenium.

Tellurium—mentioned above as one of the substances contained in electrolytic slimes—is closely related to selenium. It looks like a metal, somewhat resembling lead, but is more silvery and is hardly distinguishable at a glance from antimony. Metal refiners would be very glad if uses could be found for it, so that a market for it might be provided. As yet, save as a laboratory curiosity, it is valueless.

Organic compounds of tellurium have so frightful an odor that the clothing of chemists who experiment with them must be disposed of afterward by burial. The substance imparts a similar "bouquet" to the breath if taken in the smallest quantities internally; and physicians, unable to persuade fagged-out women patients to forego for a while the exhausting pleasures of society, have been known to compel them to do so by giving them, in disguise, a few tellurium pills, which made them temporarily impossible to their friends.

Whence Did Our Negroes Come?

RECENT discussion of the future of the negro race in this country has elicited from one student of the subject certain very interesting remarks. This gentleman, a Southerner, Mr. D. A. Tompkins, says that our negroes in reality represent not one race merely but a number of races.

When the slave trade was in operation some of the negroes brought across the ocean in ships were absolute savages, while others were comparatively civilized. Not only did they come from different regions but they represented different ethnic stocks. Between the highest and the lowest types there was a difference of thousands of years in mental and moral development.

The highest types were derived from the interior of Africa; the lowest of all were represented by the Guinea negro of the west coast, who was not only a savage but a cannibal. The "blue-gum nigger" of today, whose bite is reputed poisonous, is the direct descendant of the primitive Guinea negro.

Naturally a great majority of the negroes caught and brought to the United States by slave traders were of the inferior types. The descendants of the better types are largely employed at the present time as servants in hotels and private houses, both in the North and in the South.

Mr. Tompkins classifies the negro races found in this country today as follows:

(1) The superior African. From the highlands of middle Africa. Color, dark bronze; high forehead, woolly hair. This race supplies most of the negro preachers and mechanics.

(2) Arab African. From the northeast coast. Color, dark bronze to reddish. Straight nose, thin lips and woolly hair. The women are often very handsome. This race furnishes butlers, body servants and mechanics.

(3) The Dinka negro. Represents a pastoral people from the upper and middle Nile. Strikingly long and lean. Complexion dark, shading toward gray. The famous Southern "mammy" was usually of this type. Occupation, house servant.

(4) The Guinea negro. Color, black; flat nose, thick lips, retreating forehead, kinky hair. This relatively savage type furnishes most of the farm laborers.

It is hardly possible to imagine greater differences than those existing between these races which today, in the United States, are quite as marked as they were originally in Africa.

Studying Light-Bearing Animals

MUCH yet remains to be learned about phosphorescence in animals. Recent experiments have shown that fireflies are sensitive to sound and a sudden noise will darken their light. Yet an electric current passed through them will render them intensely and continuously luminous.

If the luminous organs of a firefly be removed with delicate scissors they will glow brightly for several hours afterward. Pricking the separated organs with a pin, squeezing them between thumb and finger, or plunging them into ice-water will render them more brilliant for the moment; but their light is extinguished above one hundred and twenty-five degrees or below fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit.

Any sort of mechanical disturbance appears to stimulate the light-giving organs in all phosphorescent animals. Thus a luminous jellyfish fastened to a tin plate lightens when the plate is moved, and when water in which it swims is agitated.

Sea-water in warm latitudes is often brilliantly phosphorescent, so that every breaking wavecrest seems actually to burst into flame. This phenomenon is due to the presence of multitudes of minute organisms, each of which holds up a tiny torch, so to speak, to contribute to the illumination: but if the water be raised to a temperature above eighty-six degrees the light is extinguished.

Temperature, it appears, has much to do with the luminosity of sea-water, which must be neither too warm nor too cold. When this and other conditions are favorable, at night, a boat will leave a fiery wake behind it, and even the movements of fish can be plainly distinguished by the streaks of light they make in swimming. When an electric current is passed through a receptacle filled with such water the latter appears literally full of light, which on close examination seems to emanate from minute particles in active motion.

The secret of phosphorescence in animals wherever observed is now known to lie in a chemic substance which shines in the presence of oxygen. Concerning the nature of this substance, however, practically nothing is understood. There is no question but that such light-bearing creatures are able to turn their lamps off and on at will. At the same time, the luminous stuff does not depend for its light-giving power upon the life of the animal concerned—a fact made manifest by the circumstance that when the luminous organs of the firefly are cut out, dried and reduced to powder, the latter, even if kept for a year or longer, will glow brightly at any time when moistened.

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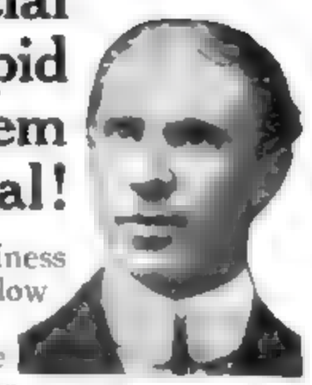

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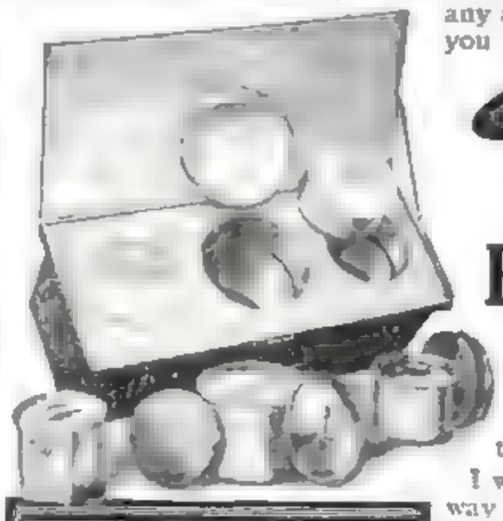

Rapid Fireless Cookers

Just try one a month at my expense and prove that all I say for my Cooker is true. I will take the cooker back gladly at the end of the test and refund all of your money if everything about it is not more than satisfactory. I want you to use the Rapid Fireless Cooker this way for 30 days. Then I want you to take a vote of the entire family and yourself—and if you don't decide that the Rapid Fireless Cooker is a marvel—if the whole family doesn't say that they never had better meals, more wholesomely cooked, and if you don't say that you did it with far less work than you ever did before—then I want you to send it right back at my expense.

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Rapid Fireless Cookers are absolutely sanitary, clean, and most easily cared for. No pads or cloth lining, but everything metal, easily cleaned, kept wholesome and sweet, and with proper care will last a lifetime. Cooking utensils of the very highest grade, genuine aluminum, which if bought alone at any store would cost nearly as much as I ask for the complete cooker.

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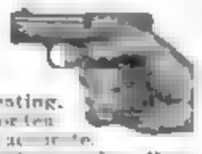

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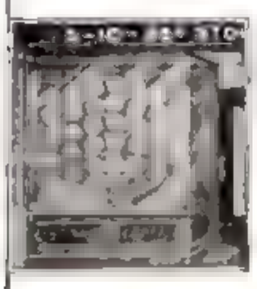

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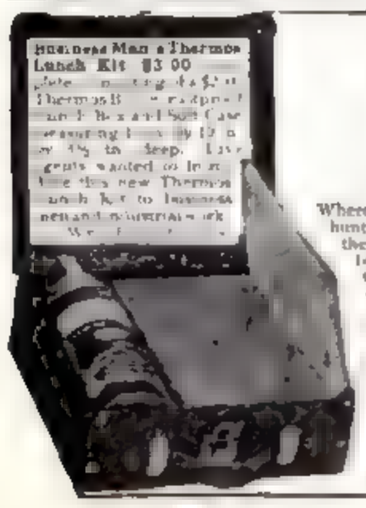

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THE BRITISH BUSINESS MIND

(Concluded from Page 23)

an American, distrusted it—the office fell far short of his idea of a successful financial institution. So he went back to his own office, told the credit man what he had seen and asked him to go down and look the association over. The credit man is a Britisher, conservative to a twopence. In an hour he came back, quite enthusiastic about the cheapness of the pine partitions and the plainness of the chairs and desks.

"Why, that means economical management!" he said. "Instead of putting our money into mahogany furniture and brass railings they pay it back in dividends. I opened an account there myself."

At its best, this instinct for economy gives solidity to many of John Bull's widely scattered enterprises. At its worst, it often narrows and hampers his operations. In dealing with him it is always a trait to be considered.

The Yankee who has always looked on John Bull as a very matter-of-fact person in business is usually surprised when he stumbles upon the rich vein of sentimentality that runs through the British business mind. Perhaps an American sales manager, with some labor-saving office device, succeeds in fully convincing an Englishman that the contrivance will do work more cheaply and accurately and enable him to get along with fewer clerks or operatives. It is a new experience for the Yankee to learn that his prospect considers he owes it as a duty to his country to keep as many employees as possible. Yet this feeling is general and hinders the adoption of modern devices.

Toiling for Leisure

Charity and business are inseparably interwoven in British affairs. An American company negotiated for a vacant floor in the office building it occupied. The structure belonged to a missionary society, one of whose trustees, an able business man, called to quote a rental higher than was paid for any other floor. The present income now met all expenses, he explained. As the rent from this floor would be profit, available in the society's work, he felt that the American would cheerfully pay more for that space when he knew that every shilling of the money went to the heathen!

A general reorganization is now taking place in British business. Conditions will change radically for the better during the coming ten years. It is just within the possibilities that, as part of the reorganization, somebody may introduce into Parliament a bill with some such title as An Act to Establish the Respectability of Work. This would be a more consistent bill than that, for instance, which proposed to save daylight by setting all the British clocks ahead in summer, so people would get up earlier. Anything that will give work a better status with John Bull is sure to do his country a lot of good. The Britisher is not an idler by any means. He toils hard enough; but his highest ambition is still to work just hard enough to get just money enough to stop work altogether and be a gentleman. The employer has this ambition and so have his clerks and salesmen. All regard business as a necessary evil. They apologize for their presence in it, explaining that the "guv'nor lost his money, you know, or I should have been in a profession." Each has in his mind's eye the salary or profit he wants; and when he has reached that he spends the rest of his energy in sports or hobbies. There is an unmistakable belief in the sentiment of the old toast that "Work is the curse of the drinking classes."

This takes the heartiness out of British business life and prevents a general understanding that business in this modern world offers one of the greatest opportunities for service. It makes money the end of business, instead of the by-product, and fills the British world of affairs full of Dombeys, great and small. When the whole heart, soul and mind of the Britisher is put into business channels, though, many of the evils of his civilization are pretty certain to disappear; and his country is bound to go ahead into the future at such a pace that he will hardly have time to stop and ask you where you think it is going.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early number.

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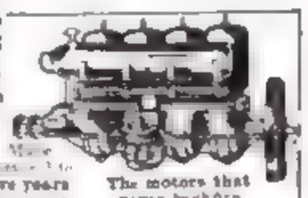

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The Countryman

Good Country Fun

THREE months and not a single party, not even a neighborhood entertainment or a church social! Can the young folks of this country community be blamed if they seek the town for entertainment and recreation in motion pictures and vaudeville?" The speaker, a country school-teacher, had just related her experiences in a certain country community during the previous winter. The almost entire lack of clean, wholesome, intelligent entertainment in many country neighborhoods is particularly distressing to the fun-loving teacher who, by virtue of an appointment not wholly within her choosing, is compelled to spend half the year among the people of that locality. Good country fun is one of the vital needs of thousands of rural communities; and the jolly round of parties, husking bees, dances and sleigh-rides is by no means generally representative.

In the community described by this teacher there were some thirty young people in their teens who had absolutely no social life other than a single church service on Sunday, the various family dinners, or "keeping company," as the regular visits of courtship were called. The natural desire of the youth for some recreation found its outlet in the small town eight miles away, where two motion-picture shows, a dancing academy, an opera house, which billed a melodrama at least once a week, were to be found. This town drains the country for twenty miles in every direction and has so completely sapped the social life of the open country that the single ambition of the young people is to get old enough to go away to normal school, business college—or just anywhere out of the sterile home country. Those less brilliant or otherwise bound to their homes remain to continue the community, which has a hopeless future in prospect with its second generation of inbred leftovers forming the majority of its people.

The Need for Wholesome Play

A certain rural magistrate found it to be his duty to sentence a group of young country lads to heavy fines. They had been proved guilty of a series of midnight raids on poultry houses, cellars and storehouses of the community. When the kindly justice questioned them closely for the real motive for their offenses the leader replied: "We did it just for fun. There was nothing doing in the burg and we wanted some excitement." The pent-up fun spirit must have an outlet. With a lack of adequate healthful social life, the desire for play may find its outlet in some illy devised prank.

These, however, are the deep shadows and by no means represent the better country life. Most country folk, both young and old, demand less outside entertainment than city people. Two or three evenings out will content most farm boys and girls, unless their tastes become depraved with a desire for light entertainment through an experience in a small town where, of all places, the standards of social recreation are the lowest. Students of the "keep-the-boy-on-the-farm" problem are impressed with the readiness with which the country boy responds to a plan for organized play.

The country section of the Young Men's Christian Association, now organized in nearly fifty counties in sixteen states, is finding its athletic and social work very loyally supported. Country boys love athletics and vigorous games fully as much as do city boys. Modern farmwork is not always physically tiring; riding a plow or harvester is not a body strain and leaves the country lad with plenty of energy for baseball, football or sprinting. Country athletic field-meets are being held in many localities and the interest of the entire community thereby won for clean sports. The country justice would have had no occasion to have inflicted fines for trespass had there been a well-organized ball team, some well-managed bowling alleys or a few tennis courts in the vicinity.

It is interesting to observe how serious things become play when once invested

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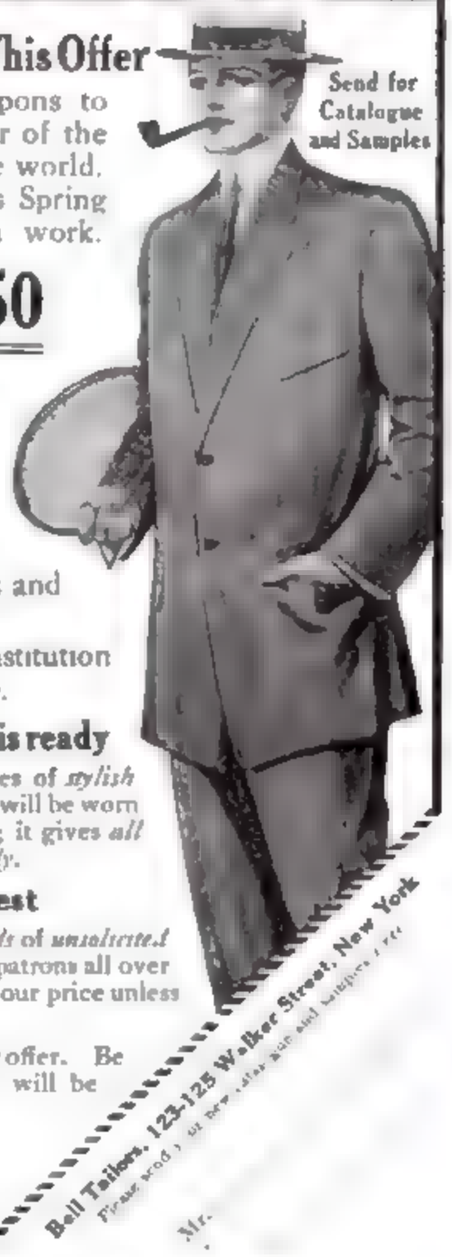

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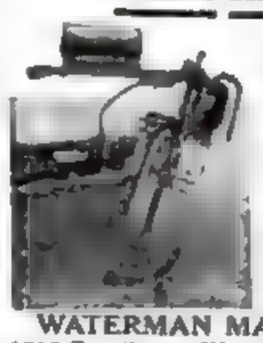

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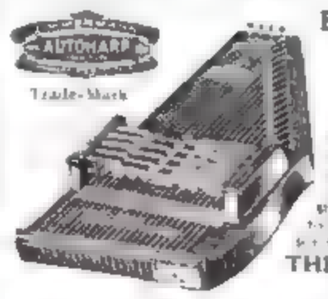

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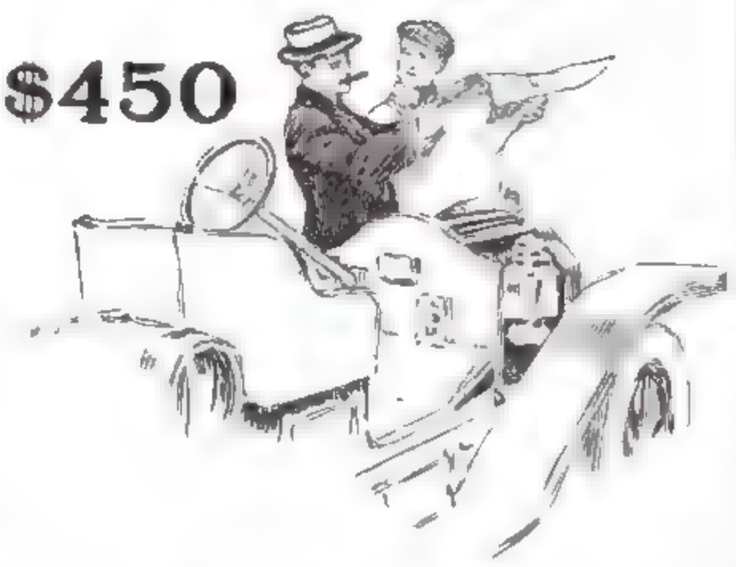

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With an attraction for the youth. The phenomenal spread of interest in corn clubs, garden clubs and the like, particularly among country young people who have always been familiar with such things, demonstrates this point. Growing the corn for prizes would not alone have accomplished the purpose. The competitive show, the excursions of the clubs as a whole, and the various meetings involved have given the clubs a social value that attracts and holds the boys. Where, five years ago, such clubs were almost unknown, now there are thousands of them, with hundreds of thousands of members.

Youth will find its way, but the mature countryman is more likely complacently to take his life as it comes and passively to deny himself any social recreation. Leadership is here the prime essential. In Hendricks County, Indiana, there were a dozen families living up and down a good turnpike for a stretch of eight miles. One farmer, a natural leader, drew them together in a social group and the Neighborly Club was born. Twice a month in winter and once a month in summer the twelve families gather at the home of some member for a social and intellectual time. These meetings last all day. Beginning with a prepared program of practical talks and experiences in the forenoon, the farmers swap experiences in one room while the housewives trade recipes, discuss new methods of labor-saving in the household or demonstrate new dishes in the kitchen. The dinners are feasts indeed. The highest skill of the hostess, stimulated by her professional pride, permits no detail to be improved upon. In the afternoon the program is the joint product of the men, women and young folks. Subjects of lighter vein are discussed, the entertainment features are emphasized and the fun spirit is permitted to break out. In the evening hilarity reigns. Good country fun is the single purpose. Music, games, stunts and dancing are indulged in and occasionally a short play is presented by the young people. The day ends with the whole party about "played out."

The Club of the County

It doesn't require many of these fun festivals a month to satisfy the wholesome desires of the young people for recreation. Coupled with the activities of a live church and the local school, the social program is sufficiently full to foster an appreciation of simple pleasures.

Far too few such clubs exist, because of the notable lack of tactful organizers who can overcome the natural individualistic tendencies of the countryman. The marked success of a few of these clubs, however, demonstrates their value in meeting the needs of rural social life. The husking bee, the spelling bee, the pie supper at the district school, and the neighborhood party, with its simple games, have leached out of our country communities to an astonishing degree. Any constructive program for rural improvement must include some method of organizing the play of the country folk so as to keep it on a high plane.

Some thirty years ago an Englishman settled in Sauk County, Wisconsin, to engage in general farming. He soon achieved more than local success and became the recognized leader of his community. It is noteworthy that he was an Englishman of the best type of English farmer, since the English and the Scotch have been identified with the founding of stable and prosperous American communities in a remarkable number of instances. This Englishman brought with him his countrymen's love for good fellowship and good eating. His home soon became the center of frequent gatherings and was virtually the social center of the community. William Toole then conceived the idea of organizing the Skillet Creek Farmers' Club. This organization has come to be the most important factor in the country life of that vicinity and is responsible for the beginning of many movements of more than ordinary interest or local significance. Its declared object is "to promote sociability and general prosperity among its members." The cosmopolitan character of this organization is indicated by another extract from the constitution: "Any person is eligible to membership who is old enough to be interested in the meetings or young enough to enjoy them, upon the payment of the annual dues of ten cents." The activities

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Most of the leading motor car manufacturers now furnish a Prest-O-Lite Gas Tank free, as standard equipment. Other manufacturers, *or any dealer*, will take off the generator and put on Prest-O-Lite *if you insist*.

Even if you have to pay a slight difference, it's better than to pay the full price of Prest-O-Lite later, as so many thousands have done.

Experience [illegible] you that you want to put [illegible] and annoyance of an automobile [illegible].

Prest-O-Lite floods the road far ahead with strong, steady, dependable light, [illegible] gas jet. And yet Prest-O-Lite [illegible] costs [illegible] the carbide [illegible].

Prest-O-Lite is the *most reliable* and convenient lighting system, and the *most economical*. Get it on your car! Insist

While Getting, Get the Genuine!

The Prest-O-Lite Tank when empty, can be promptly exchanged [illegible] and genuine.

The Prest-O-Lite tank is [illegible] and [illegible], and has a permanent cash value.

These things are not true of any imitation. Don't accept a counterfeit; you may not be able to "pass" it.

NOTICE TO PREST-O-LITE USERS

If you expect full [illegible] Prest-O-Lite service and satisfaction, do not accept as exchange [illegible] was not refilled with gas by The Prest-O-Lite [illegible]

Price of Prest-O-Lite Tanks, $18 to $35, depending on capacity. Motor-cycle size $10 also handy for automobiles as a reserve supply carried in tool box.)

If we can serve you with literature or other information, write us.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Make Your Old Building Look Like New

THIS handsome structure, the W. G. & W. J. Jordan Building at Minneapolis, was a dingy old building until covered with

Glidden's Liquid Cement

"Wears Like Stone"

Now it looks like new. The owner writes "Old timers in the city hardly recognize the place."

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Keeps solid food or liquids *hot* ten hours; *cold*, thirty hours.

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The perfect fireless cooker; used from Maine to California. Our free book "**How to Live Better at Less Expense**" tells the story; tells the wonderful results vacuum accomplishes for the housewife; how cereals are prepared with full flavor and nourishing quality; how less expensive but equally wholesome and nutritious cuts of meat are cooked deliciously tender.

It shows our various cookers with single and double compartments for home use, and big ten-gallon sizes for hotels and hospitals. This book will save you money. Send us your dealer's name and we will mail it free.

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Solid Braided Cotton

Smooth, pliable, non-stretchable—will not stain the clothes—will wear for years and years. Sold by leading hardware and department stores, or write to us direct.

Send for Sample and Booklet!

The spots are our trade mark.

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of this organization include a number of annual events, such as the corn show, patriotic meeting, summer and winter picnics, and frequent meetings for intellectual and social purposes. It has been a prime factor in improving the local fair, encouraging a wider use of the library, discouraging the granting of liquor licenses, promoting rural telephones, and in improving other community interests.

The countryman can never entirely divorce his home life and his social interests from his business. This is possible for the city dweller and he may lead a dual existence as it were; but for the farmer this is impossible. Social workers, with the urban point of view, have frequently failed to accomplish much good because they ignored this fact. Any rural social organization, to be widely adopted, must include some vocational aspects. The order of Patrons of Husbandry, with its local granges for each community, has been a great success in fostering the farm spirit, because it combines the intellectual, vocational and recreational aspects of the countryman's life in a happy combination. Fun has always played a large part in the Grange, and the very nature of the organization has prevented deterioration into a mere social club.

The great need is leadership. Whether the church, the school or the farmers' club is to provide the needed fun for the countryman depends upon the leader. When Matthew B. McNutt became pastor of the Dupage County Church, in Illinois, few of the farmers of that region believed that the church had any very great social obligation to the people. Through an intelligent campaign of organization, this one man with the spirit of true leadership has transformed a community. From what was a prosperous farming section barren of social life has developed a community that is self-sufficient in its fun-making and has no fear of its younger generation deserting it.

There are plenty of examples of rural schools that have become community centers; and many are looking to the school as the savior of the country because of its intimate touch with every growing family. Whatever the agency and whatever be the method of social advancement, it must be internal and include the whole family rather than merely a part of it. The country community is a collection of home units that are difficult to divide, and any campaign of country-life advancement must hold each family together and provide good country fun for all.

The Habit

I've beat my way wherever
Any winds have blown;
I've bummed along from Portland
Down to San Antone;
From Sandy Hook to Frisco,
Over gulch an' hill—
For, once you git the habit,
Why, you can't keep still!

I settles down quite frequent;
An' I says, says I:
"I'll never wander fu'ther
Till I comes to die."
But the wind it sorta chuckles:
"Why, o' course you will!"
An', sure enough, I does it—
'Cause I can't keep still!

I've seed a lot of places
Where I'd like to stay,
But I gits afeelin' restless
An' I'm on my way;
I was never meant fer settin'
On my own doorsill,
An'—once you git the habit,
Why, you can't keep still!

I've been in rich men's houses
An' I've been in jail;
But when it's time fer leavin'
I just hits the trail.
I'm a human bird of passage
An' the song I trill
Is: "Once you git the habit,
Why, you can't keep still!"

The sun is sorta coaxin'
An' the roads is clear;
An' the wind is singin' ballads
That I got to hear.
It ain't no use to argue
When you feel the thrill—
For, once you git the habit,
Why, you can't keep still!

—*Berton Braley.*

DEALERS in a dozen different lines are coining dollars from the Munimaker. Why not you?

Wherever there is a stand to hold the Munimaker, and good wholesome American thirsts to quench, there is a chance for big profit. ***HIRES*** is today, and will continue to be, the most popular American drink, because of its wholesomeness and goodness. This new device makes it far and away the most profitable drink that you can dispense.

Hires Munimaker

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

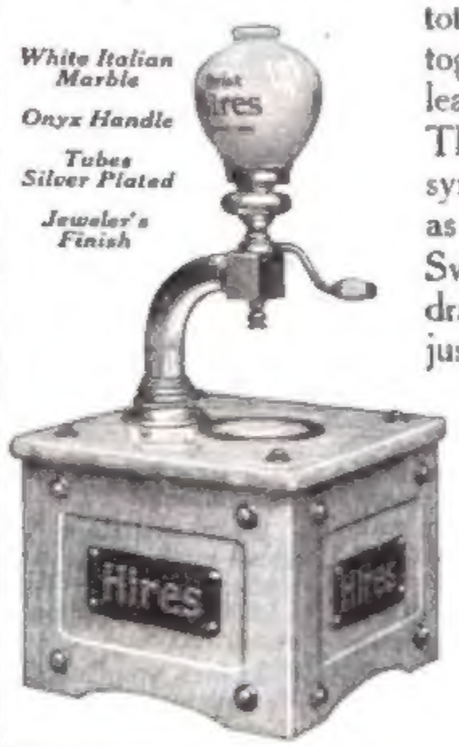
a handsome, compact fixture of Italian marble, 15 inches square, will be placed in your store or on your stand on monthly installments of only $25.00. The sale of only 5 gallons of syrup will pay the total monthly installment for the Munimaker, together with the cost of the syrup, and leave you a profit in your cash box.

That is because the Munimaker saves the syrup. Automatic in action, it saves time as well as money.

Switch the handle to the right and you draw ***HIRES*** Root Beer—just right—just the way the customer wants to drink it.

Press to the left and the fixture delivers carbonated water. Thus the Munimaker represents two machines in one.

White Italian Marble
Onyx Handle
Tubes Silver Plated
Jeweler's Finish



Thousands upon thousands of people who want their favorite thirst quencher *just the way it should be* are looking for the Munimaker. A postal card will bring you our booklet, "The Money Making Munimaker."

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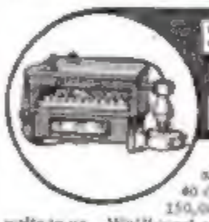

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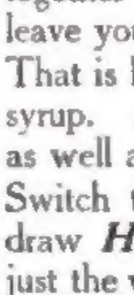

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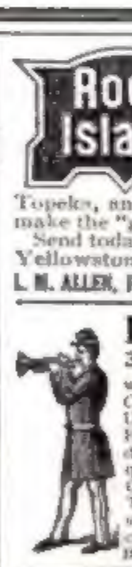

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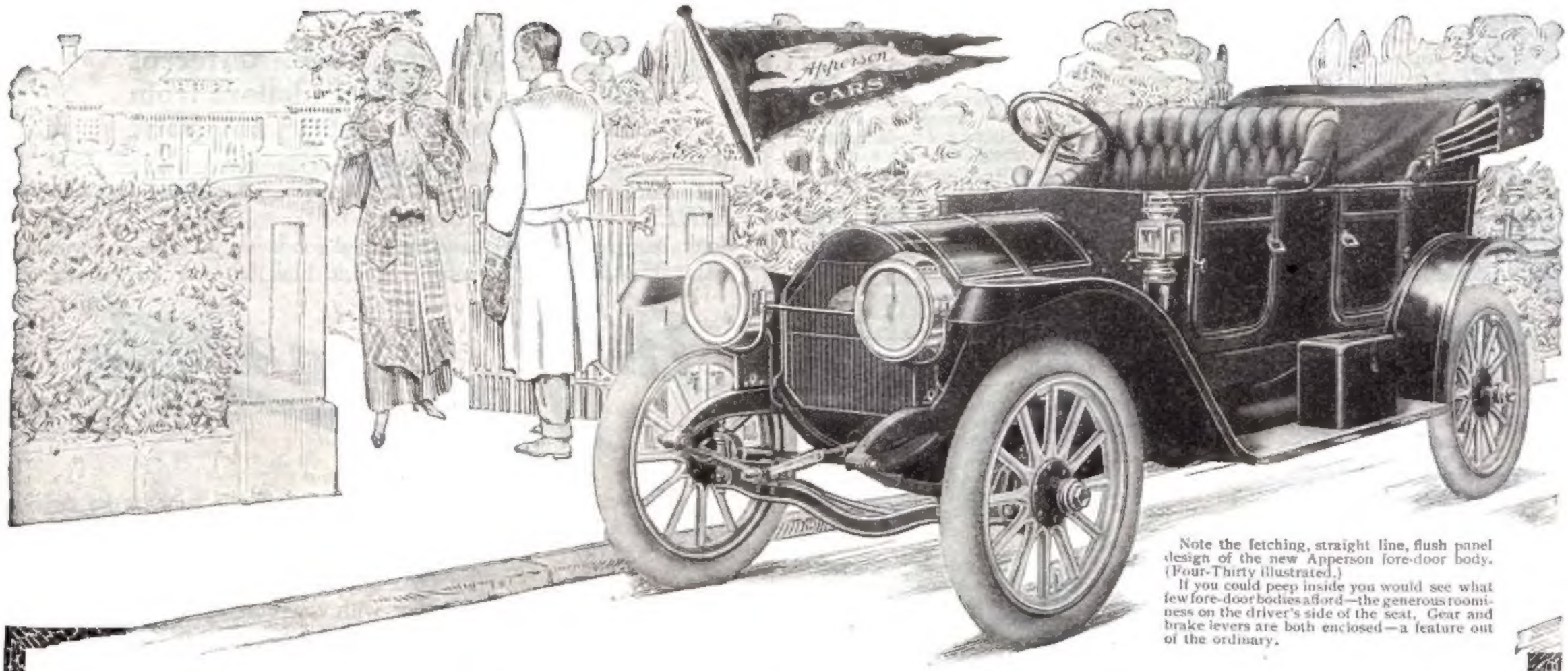


Note the fetching, straight line, flush panel design of the new Apperson fore-door body. (Four-Thirty illustrated.)

If you could peep inside you would see what few fore-door bodies afford—the generous roominess on the driver's side of the seat. Gear and brake levers are both enclosed—a feature out of the ordinary.

To those who know something of the Apperson Car and should know more:—

This is a great big nation—so big, in its tremendous stretch between two oceans, that there is plenty of room for homes which this announcement will enter, whose acquaintance with the Apperson car is only of the hearsay sort.

There is space enough in the nation for a dozen motor car reputations of the highest character to flourish; one without jostling the other.

At any rate, we are going to assume that you are not as familiar with the Apperson as we think you ought to be.

It will be a salutary experience to remind ourselves that everybody does not know that Apperson brothers built the first American car; and that everyone is not aware that they have built, ever since, so fine a car that the supply, year after year, has lagged sadly behind the demand.

Eighteen years ago Apperson brothers built that first American car; and since that time they have never stopped building better and better. And in the minds of hundreds and hundreds of your fellow-citizens there has been no car **but** the Apperson for years—and still perhaps you weren't conscious of it.

These thousands of Apperson owners we speak of, will tell you that the reason they prefer the Apperson is that they have learned that the more thoroughly a car is manufactured in all its vital parts, in one plant, the longer its term of service and the lighter its cost of maintenance. They will tell you that the Apperson is, in a stricter sense than any other in America, a manufactured car—that it partakes not even in a minor degree of "assembling."

They will show you marvelous mileage schedules—some fifteen or twenty who have written us during the past year having individual scores of 75,000 miles or more for each car, with a flawless repair record.

In fact, your inquiry into the Apperson is apt to be replete with surprises. You will find, for instance, that the Apperson model which costs most money is not one whit superior as to power plant and chassis (except, of course, in the amount of power supplied) to that model which costs the least.

How you are going to avoid the conclusion, under the circumstances, that the latter model, at $2,000, is superlatively the best value attainable at that price, we can't quite see. And, of course, there is added value, in each instance, to justify the added cost of the other models.

Apperson-built Krupp chrome nickel steel transmissions; Apperson-built T-head motors; Apperson-built front and rear axles; Apperson-built front and rear hubs; Apperson-built steering-gears; Apperson-built radiators, hoods, fenders, mud pans, etc.; Apperson-built clutches, controlling rods, brake-rods, brake levers—doesn't it whet your desire to investigate, to hear of all these, and to bear in mind that **because** they are so well-built not enough Apperson cars can be produced each year to supply the demand?

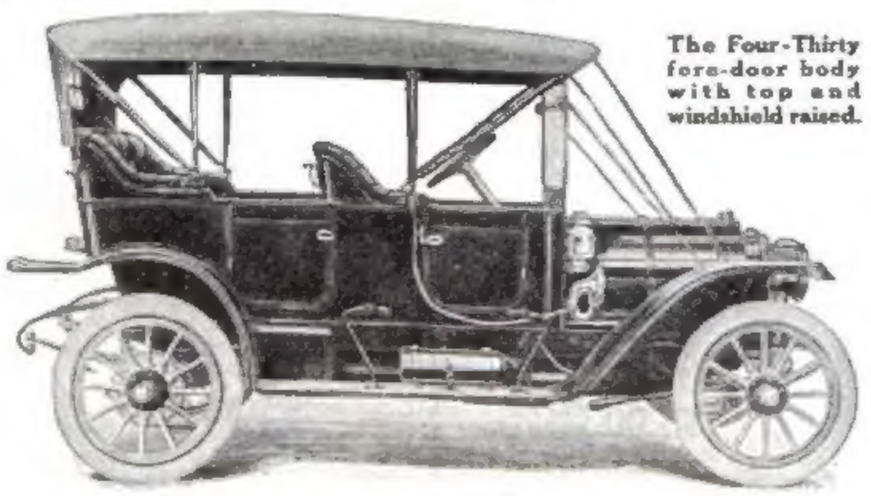
Apperson Models for 1911

Four-Thirty—Four cylinders; 32.4 H. P.; five passenger open touring body, four passenger detachable tonneau, or three passenger runabout—$2,000.

The same chassis with five passenger, fore-door body and complete equipment—$2,250.

Four-Forty—Four cylinders; 40 H. P.; large, roomy seven passenger touring body—$3,000.

Four-Fifty—Four cylinders; 50 H. P.; extra large, roomy seven passenger touring body—$4,200.



The Four-Thirty fore-door body with top and windshield raised.

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Ask *his* advice as to the greatest clothes economy—whether it is wiser to pay the Adler-Rochester price, or pay less and get *cheap* clothes.

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The Book of Men's Fashions—for Spring and Summer, 1911—is more than a mere style book. It is a guide for *your* clothes selection. It tells what is *correct* in clothes—in *color,* in *pattern* and in *cut.* And its information is *absolutely authoritative.*

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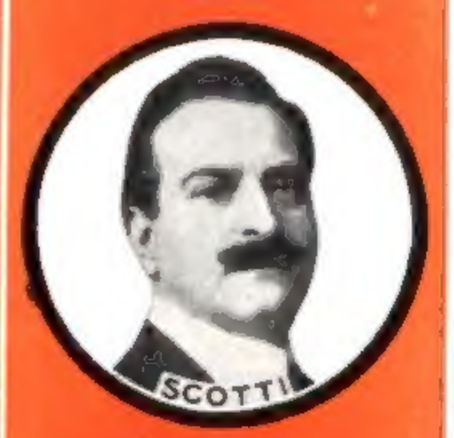

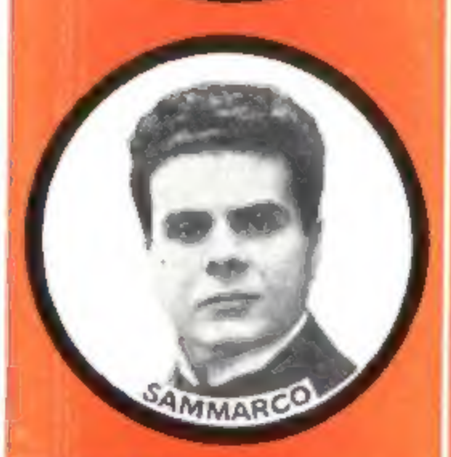

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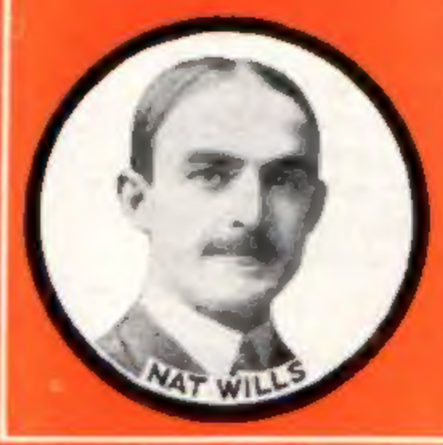

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